AME YOUR PRICE A NOVEL OF Hearts and Riches by MAX BRAND

DEC. 15, 1934

Liberty

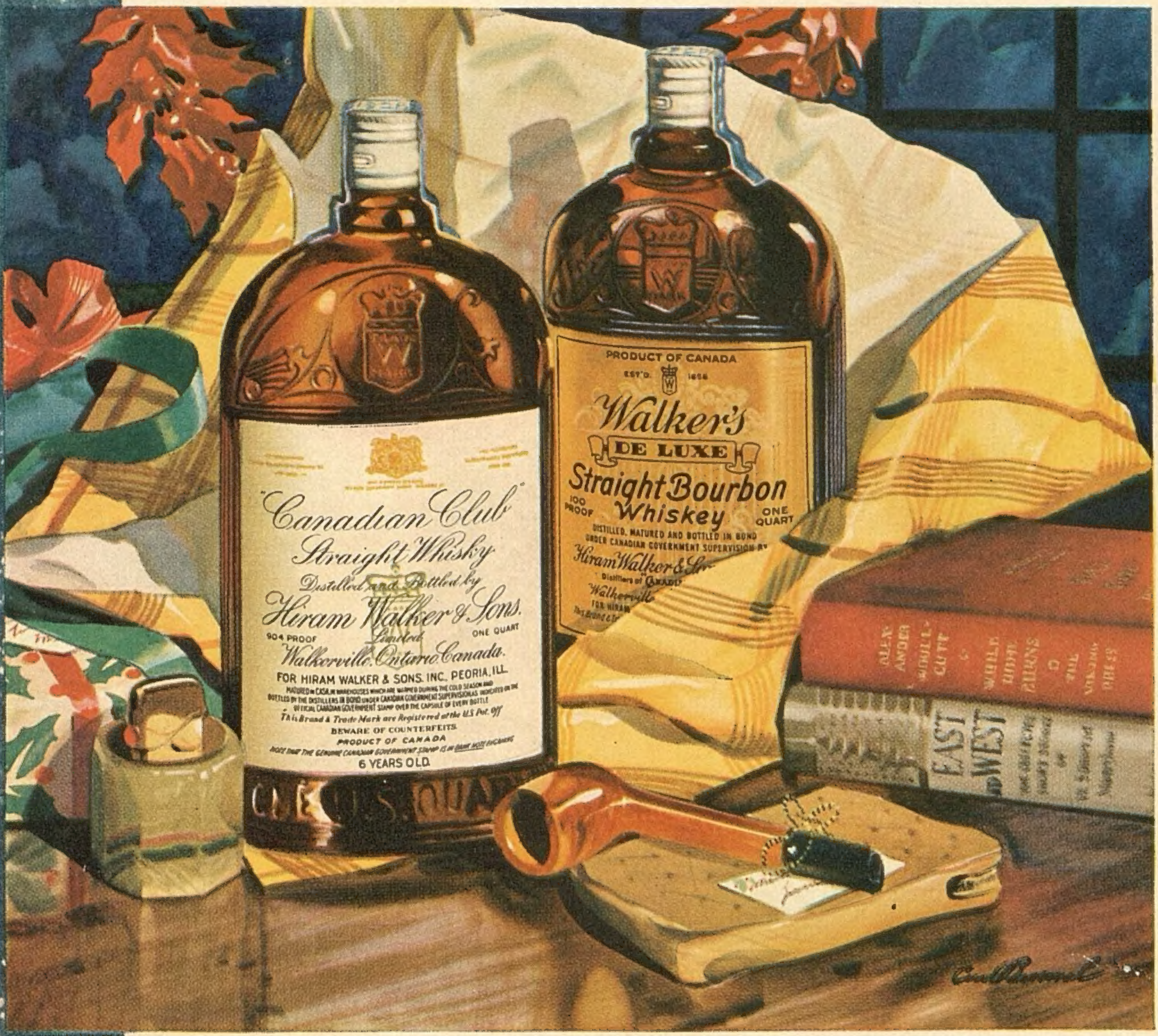
5¢

NRA CODE

Winfield Hall

THE AMAZING CAREER OF FATHER COUGHLIN

"CANADIAN CLUB"


PRODUCT OF CANADA
Walker's
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Straight Bourbon
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"Canadian Club"
Straight Whisky
Distilled and Bottled by
Hiram Walker & Sons.
Limited
Walkerville, Ontario, Canada.
90.4 PROOF
ONE QUART
FOR HIRAM WALKER & SONS, INC. PEORIA, ILL.
BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS
PRODUCT OF CANADA
6 YEARS OLD
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Happy Choice!

From man to man, Hiram Walker's fine old bottled-in-bond "Canadian Club" is a gift well selected. One of the great whiskies of the world, it is a tribute to the taste of the one who receives it . . . a compliment to the friendship which inspires the gift. The same can truly be said of Hiram Walker's De Luxe Bourbon . . . of Hiram Walker's London Dry Gin . . . of all the many quality brands of the famous old house of Hiram Walker & Sons. For all are products of the rich experience of 75 years of continuous distilling. All meet exacting requirements of purity and excellence, and all can be chosen with the definite assurance that they are as fine values as can be obtained.

Hiram Walker & Sons

DETROIT, MICHIGAN

DISTILLERIES AT PEORIA, ILLINOIS, AND WALKERVILLE, ONTARIO, CANADA

FUR COAT FROM REVILLON FRERES

HAT BY LILY DACHE

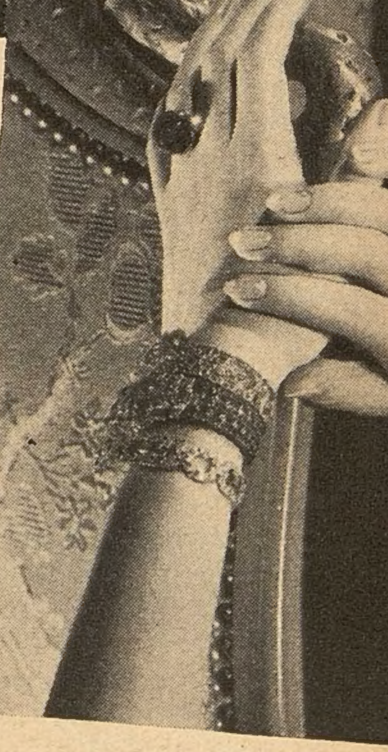
INTERIOR DECORATION BY W. & J. SLOANE

JEWELRY FROM MARCUS & CO.

All hers!

..yet she uses a 25¢ tooth paste

why?



At Palm Beach and Nassau, California and Cannes, every year they flock by scores — those smart, cultured women with enough money to indulge the slightest whim. And the number of them who use Listerine Tooth Paste is amazing. Obviously price could be no factor in their choice. Why then did they choose this tooth paste with its modest price of 25¢? Only one answer: better results.

Direct Cleansing

Listerine Tooth Paste *does* cleanse teeth better than ordinary pastes, says a great dental authority. That is because its cleansing agents come in *Direct Contact* with decaying matter on teeth. With the aid of the tooth brush they spread over tooth surfaces and penetrate hard-to-reach crevices, attacking tartar and sweeping away germ laden debris and discolorations.

Unlike some dentifrices, Listerine Tooth Paste does not cover teeth with a slippery barrier over which the brush slides only partly removing the debris beneath.

See and Feel the Difference

You can *feel* the difference Direct Cleansing makes, the moment you use Listerine Tooth Paste. Your teeth actually *feel* cleaner when you run your tongue over them. Try it yourself and see. And within a few days your mirror tells you that they *look* whiter.

Try It One Week

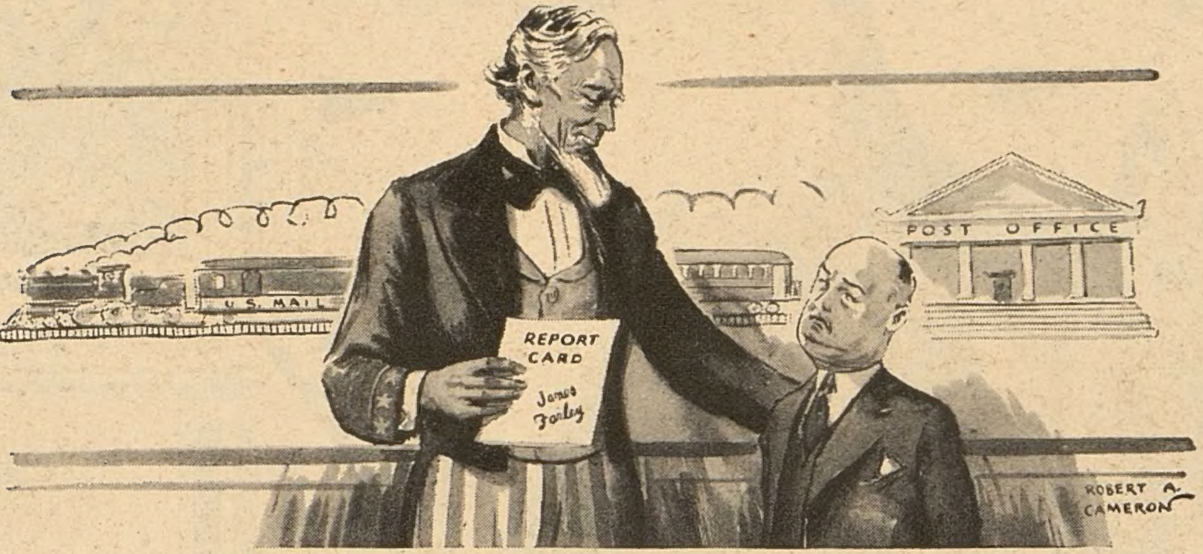
Why not give Listerine Tooth Paste a trial? Why not let it make your teeth cleaner, more brilliant, more sparkling? In every way this modern tooth paste is worthy of the quality name it bears; worthy too, of the confidence placed in it by millions of women. In 2 sizes—regular 25¢ and double size 40¢. LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Mo.*

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

DECEMBER 15, 1934 **Liberty** VOL. 11, NO. 50

BERNARR MACFADDEN, PUBLISHER FULTON OURSLER, EDITOR WM. MAURICE FLYNN, MANAGING EDITOR
WALLACE H. CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR WILLIAM C. LENGEL, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

THE POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT NOW A PROFITABLE BUSINESS



POSTMASTER-GENERAL JAMES A. FARLEY deserves an unlimited amount of credit for the improvement he has made in the Post Office Department.

Each year since 1919 this department has been conducted at a loss, and the Postmaster-General's ability to reverse the situation, giving us a surplus, indicates the guidance of unusual business ability.

Rarely does a business conducted by the government show a financial profit. It is very difficult to combine politics with business if high-grade efficiency is expected.

Favoritism is almost sure to be shown in the selection of executives and employees.

The Post Office is one department which has been pointed to with pride by many officials of the government as a business that has been managed with unusual ability, though it took Mr. Farley but a very short time to discover various defects. And, as he says, he approached the task of management with the conviction that it was just as much his duty to conserve the funds of the taxpayers as it was to provide an efficient and adequate postal service.

At the close of the fiscal year June 30, 1932, the postal deficit was more than $150,000,000. During the fiscal year 1933, when the present administration had been in office only four months, this deficit was reduced by more than $50,000,000.

In answer to the inquiry as to how this extraordinary saving was accomplished we were informed that before the previous Postmaster-General went out of office he stated that there were thousands of surplus employees in the postal service who would either have to be dismissed from office or payless furloughs would have to be taken. He stated that there was a surplus of at least 10,000 rural carriers. And the present Postmaster-General, in order to avoid wholesale dismissal of employees, arranged to spread the available work among all employees then on the pay roll by giving a thirty-day furlough during 1934.

During the previous administration Congress had allowed a pay cut of 8⅓ per cent at the request of the former Postmaster-General. Mr. Farley found, however, that with an added pay cut of 6⅔ per cent and with careful economy and businesslike management, he was able to reduce the proposed thirty-day furlough to eleven days. Five per cent of the pay cut was eliminated on February 1 and another 5 per cent on July 1, leaving but a 5-per-cent cut in effect. He says he hopes the day is not far distant when the remaining 5-per-cent cut can be eliminated.

The full details of the savings accomplished in this department could not possibly be given here. But the fact remains that we apparently have a business man of unusual ability in this important post. It is a demonstration which proves the great value of business ability in governmental affairs. What the Post Office Department needed in the past was a business man as the supervising executive.

The net profit from the operations of the Post Office Department at the end of the fiscal year June 30, 1934, was more than $12,000,000, which exceeds the aggregate amount of the surpluses for all the years prior to 1912.

We have severely criticized the control of business by the government on numerous occasions, but in this instance it is evident that such criticism is out of place. We congratulate our efficient Postmaster-General for this extraordinary accomplishment.

Let us hope that he will be able to continue to improve this splendid record each succeeding year.

—BERNARR MACFADDEN.

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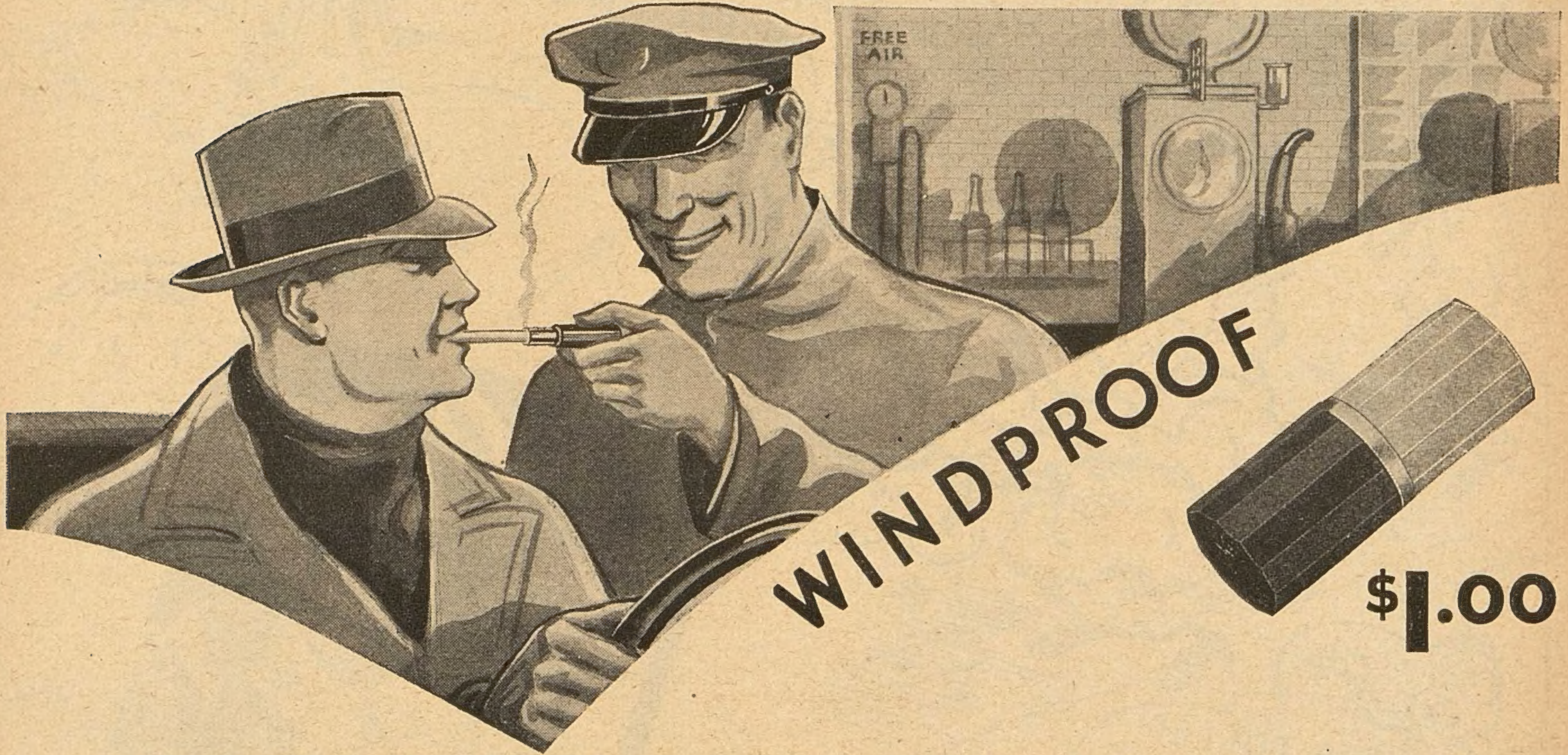
Published weekly by the Liberty Publishing Corporation, 1926 Broadway, Lincoln Square, New York, N. Y. Advertising Office, Graybar Building, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter June 28, 1927, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1934, by Liberty Publishing Corporation in the United States, Great Britain, and Canada. All rights reserved. In the United States and possessions, in Canada, Newfoundland, and Labrador, 5¢ a copy, $2.00 a year. In Argentina, Bahamas, Bermuda, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, Guatemala, Haiti, Jamaica, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Honduras, Salvador, Uruguay, Venezuela, $3.50 a year. In Continental Europe and British Empire, $5.00 a year. In all other countries, $6.00 a year. Contributors are especially advised to be sure to retain copies of their contributions, otherwise they are taking an unnecessary risk. Every effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts, photographs, and drawings (if accompanied by first-class postage), but we will not be responsible for any losses of such matter contributed.

It's the Sensation *of* NEW YORK *and* LONDON!



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YOU will be amazed at the almost magical performance of this small, compact, beautifully designed lighter. Operation is easier than lighting one cigarette from another. Just hold your cigarette against the lighting tip—puff—and without spark or flame you have a perfect light. No odor, or taste. No wheels, flints, batteries, or moving parts. A perfect light instantly and always.

Laboratory tests have proven that flame lighting causes the yellow discoloration of fingers and teeth. Flameless lighting with Glolite will prevent these unsightly stains.

Perfect for motoring and outdoors. Glolite requires no shielding or "nursing"—for there's no flame to blow out. No more scorched brows or eyelashes with a flameless Glolite. Lights in the strongest wind. And unlike the ordinary automobile lighter, Glolite can be passed around for any number of lights.

Unconditionally guaranteed *for one year. If lighter fails for any reason or is broken, return to us with* 10c *postage for handling, and it will be promptly repaired or replaced.*

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Colonial Beacon Oil Co., Inc.

Glolites are on sale at leading stores everywhere, and at the service stations of the oil companies listed. If more convenient, order by coupon.

Glolite Corporation, New York, N. Y.

Enclosed find $......... for which please send me........Glolite Midget Lighters at $1.00 each.

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Address..

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A "MATCHLESS" GIFT . . . FOR YOUR FRIENDS . . . FOR YOURSELF

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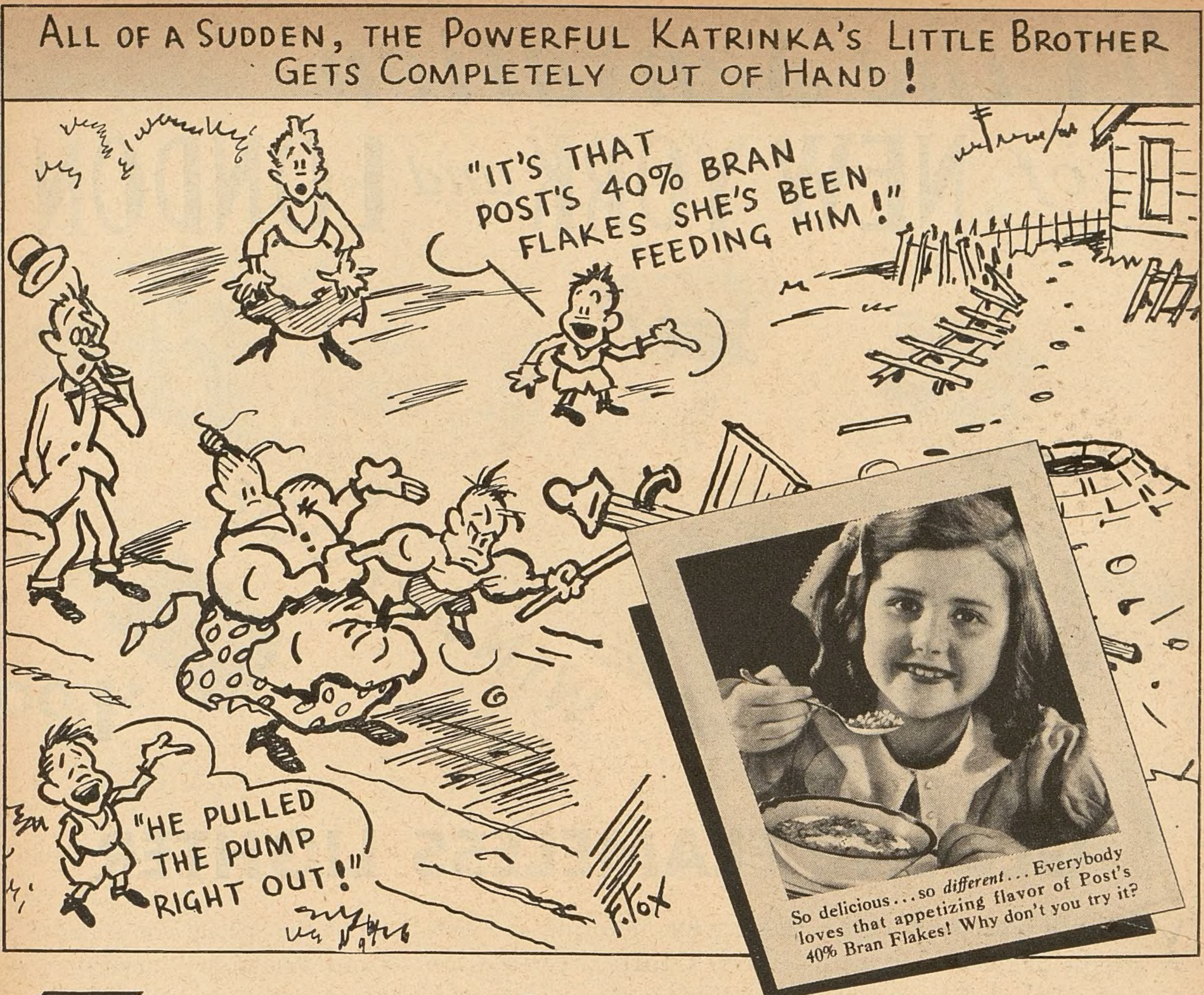

ALL OF A SUDDEN, THE POWERFUL KATRINKA'S LITTLE BROTHER GETS COMPLETELY OUT OF HAND!
"IT'S THAT POST'S 40% BRAN FLAKES SHE'S BEEN FEEDING HIM!"
"HE PULLED THE PUMP RIGHT OUT!"
F. Fox

So delicious . . . so *different* . . . Everybody loves that appetizing flavor of Post's 40% Bran Flakes! Why don't you try it?

That's stretching it a bit?

Well, as a matter of fact
. . . we really think so, too!

TO tell the truth, we'd be rather amazed ourselves to find our Post's 40% Bran Flakes the source of such prodigious strength!

We do think, though, that it might pay you to try this delicious cereal . . . particularly if you're feeling a little bit "draggy" . . . and not quite up to a *real* day's work.

For such a condition often comes just from a sluggish intestine . . . due to lack of bulk in the diet. And Post's 40% Bran Flakes contains bran to supply that bulk . . . bulk you must have to help keep food wastes moving, naturally and easily, along the intestinal tract . . . and to help keep you fit and regular.

It also contains other parts of wheat, to give it that appetizing, nut-like flavor.

So take our suggestion, and try it awhile, as your breakfast cereal. We'll wager almost anything that you'll love its flavor . . . and it may make a world of difference in the way the world looks to *you!*

Post's 40% Bran Flakes With Other Parts Of Wheat is a product of General Foods. You'll find it at every grocer's!

A Delicious Cereal
A Gentle Laxative
Post's 40% BRAN FLAKES WITH OTHER PARTS OF WHEAT
MALT SYRUP, SUGAR AND SALT
THE NEW CRISP PACK

The Amazing Career of Father Coughlin

At Last a Complete Revelation of the Man Behind the Mightiest Voice on the Air — A Story for Which the Author Gave His Soul!

by

EDWARD DOHERTY

READING TIME
16 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

PART ONE—BEGINNINGS, AND "THE LITTLE FLOWER"

THE age of gold had come. Banks in every city in the land boasted billions of dollars in assets. Buildings climbed higher and higher into the sky. Stocks soared on the market. Prize-fight arenas, theaters, and speakeasies drew vast crowds. Gangsters became millionaires and wielded power. Workmen made high wages and spent them recklessly. Richly endowed laboratories and universities made staggering discoveries. Scientists, doctors, and philosophers came into their own. Doctors preached ductless glands—wonders within our bodies that determined our stature, our bulk, our genius or stupidity, our courage or our cowardice, our emotions, and our sins.

Boys and girls in their teens spoke glibly of the libido and the subconscious. There was no shame about the body, its functions, its diseases, its defects.

Science had explained all the miracles of nature. The very laws of the universe were noted—but we had become a nation of lawless people. Even the best of us were "scofflaws."

Life and death had been diagnosed, clarified, and dismissed. Men and women had become as understandable as any man-made mechanism.

The age of gold had come. And it would stay! Nothing could shatter it. Nothing could end it. Gold was the end and aim of every one save fools. Morals were old-fashioned. Souls were old-fashioned and faintly ludicrous—remembered only in some crisis of despair.

There was abundance of everything. Only the churches were empty. The commonest American, we were proud of saying, lived better than any of the ancient kings.

But it wasn't enough.

Man wanted something the age of gold couldn't give him. What it was he scarcely knew.

And at this time a man's voice came out of the ether—a voice crying, "Repent: for the kingdom of heaven is at hand."

Sunday after Sunday the voice spoke, rich with emotion, mellowed with the hint of an Irish brogue. Sunday after Sunday it spoke of God and man's need of God.

Millions heard it. Thousands and thousands heeded it.

The name of Father Charles E. Coughlin began to be heard in the land.

Pilgrims came from all parts of the United States and

Canada to visit his church at Royal Oak, Michigan, a humble wooden edifice dedicated to St. Thérèse of Lisieux, the Little Flower of Jesus.

Why did they come? Turn your dial to WJR, Detroit, the Good Will Station, and listen to that golden voice on the "Golden Hour."

"Boys and girls, Christ used the cross as His pulpit, and His seven last words really were His best sermon. . . .

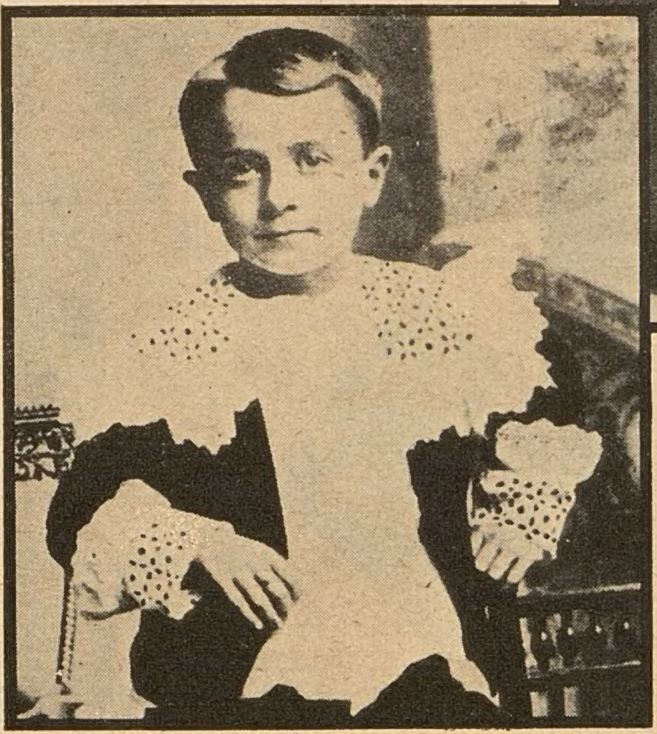
"Just think of this marvelous man, Christ. If a bandit had shot you, out on Woodward Avenue, would you with your waning strength try to rise to fight him back? Or would you do as Christ did—be forgiving and repeat His words, 'Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do'? Or would you, and I, try to get even? That is the animal instinct.

"I am sure my dog Pal would bite you if you hit him. He would not forgive you. He would want to get even. It is easy to double up your fists and try to punch your enemy in the nose. It takes a Christian to be forgiving. We must follow in His example."

Hush! Father Coughlin is speaking now of Christ on the cross—painting for you a bleak hill and a multitude gathered at the foot of the wood, and a Roman soldier standing there with a spear in his hand, and two thieves crucified on either side of the Nazarene.

"All gangsters end the same way," he remarks.

He talks of faith, conviction, of courage to believe in God and to acknowledge Him before the world.



"Chuck" Coughlin at seven—"a bit tough but usually obedient, sometimes devout."

"Our Lord hates a coward, a fence straddler, a man afraid to say what he thinks. Such persons are grown-up parrots without feathers."

Grown-up parrots without feathers!

"He talks funny sometimes," people say—people in Iowa and Montana and New Jersey and Tennessee and Calgary—"but you know what he means. And he's right."

The golden age cracked in the middle with a horrendous sound; and there was weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth. Madness and despair shut out the sun as in the days when Babylon fell, Babylon the mighty.

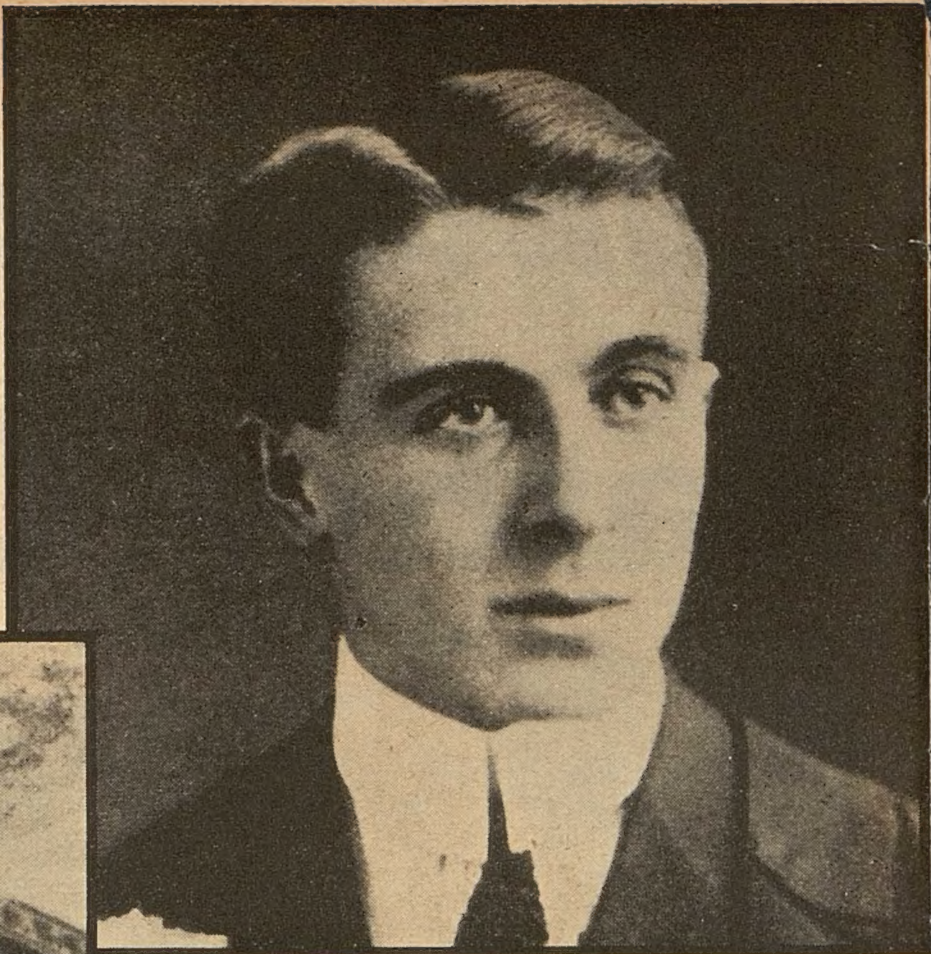
The voice speaking from the Shrine of the Little Flower was more distinct now, more potent, more able to point out the way back to sanity and health and peace. And there was an amazing congregation eager to hear him, a congregation of Catholics, Protestants, Jews, Christian Scientists, Mohammedans, Buddhists, agnostics—all manner of men.

Father Coughlin did not preach the Catholic faith. He preached only religion. Your religion and mine.

Whence had he come, the teacher of these millions? Out of some desert hermitage or some cloistered monastery? Where did he learn the message he delivered? How came he to be shepherd of so vast a flock?

Even as they wondered a change came over the radio priest. The voice that had been so gentle, that had poured out such love of God, began to cry out against the wickedness of the world; it began to scold, to name names, to accuse, to blast. It used invective. It used sarcasm. It was indignant over prohibition, socialism, communism, the wrecking of banks, the exploitation of the poor, the privileges granted the powerful and rich.

A change came over the man himself. Some of his old and close friends fell away from him. Newspapermen who formerly had easy access to him now found he would not see them. Men high in public life criticized him. A cardinal of the Church rebuked him. Newspapers called him a demagogue and a teller of untruths.



"Chuck" as a Toronto University student. "He played hard — on three championship teams."

But Sunday after Sunday he continued to speak; and his congregation grew from twenty millions to thirty, from thirty millions to forty, and still it grew.

More than a year ago Liberty assigned me to interview Father Coughlin and get him to write some articles. After more than a week of persistent effort I did get to see him, through Lee Smitz of the Detroit Times. He would not write for Liberty, he said, nor for any other magazine. He would not give an interview to anybody. I left him in an angry mood.

RECENTLY Liberty sent me to him again. This time I managed to see him through his closest friend, Leo Fitzpatrick of the Good Will Station, WJR, Detroit. I didn't expect an interview, but I got it—AT THE PRICE OF MY SOUL.

"I wouldn't take ten thousand dollars for the story I'm going to give you," said Father Coughlin; "but then I wouldn't take a million for your soul."

"What must I do?" I asked.

"Go back to the Church. Go to confession and Communion—and work at your religion hereafter."

"All right," I said.

"And you've got to tell about this transaction in your magazine," he insisted.

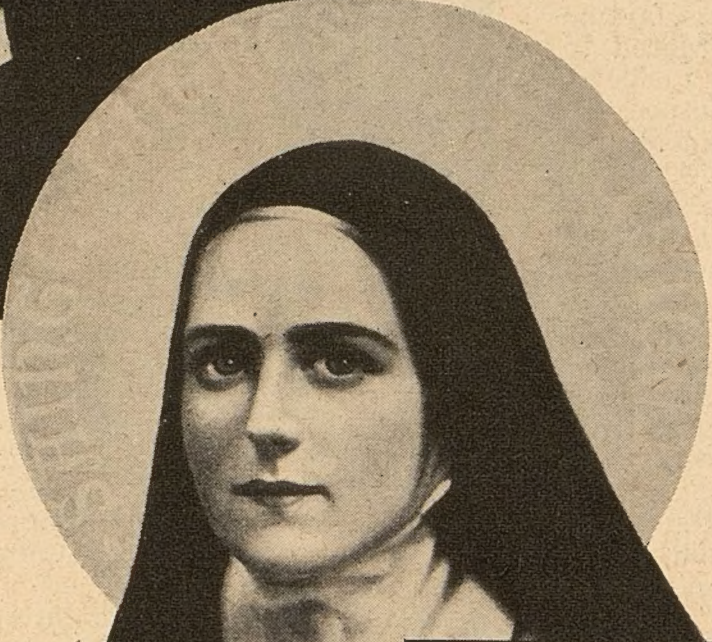
Up to the time he began to dictate his "story"—as he termed it—the priest had been talking in an ordinary voice, without a brogue, without emphasis.

Now he began to walk up and down and throw me words, sometimes from over his shoulder. His voice was vibrant, mellow, deep. There was a brogue in it. It rang. His face changed. His eyes glowed as brightly as the tip of his cigarette. He spoke with an earnestness that impressed me, with conviction, with a sort of divine impatience with worldly folly. He walked like an actor playing a tensely dramatic rôle. Suddenly it was all over. Before I could ask any further questions or beg for more time, the interview was definitely finished. I was dismissed with a handshake, a smile, and an ironic:

"Sometimes we get things when we least expect them."

Acme photos

Father Coughlin broadcasting before his altar. "A hint of a brogue mellows his voice."



I don't understand Father Coughlin. Perhaps nobody does. But I can tell you a lot about him.

He was born in Hamilton, Ontario, Canada, on October 25, 1891. From the windows of his parents' home he could look out at the Cathedral of St. Mary. The chimes sometimes woke him when he was a child. Sometimes he could see the lights shining through stained-glass panels. Always, in his early boyhood, sacred words and sacred music were creeping into his consciousness.

His mother taught him his prayers long before he knew the meaning of the words. When he was four years old he had only one ambition—to be a priest.

He was the third generation of Coughlins born in the New World. His great-grandfather, Patrick Coughlin, came to the United States from Ireland and helped with pick and shovel to dig the Erie Canal. His grandfather, Daniel Coughlin, was a carpenter and made his home in Buffalo. His father, Thomas J. Coughlin, was a sailor on the Great Lakes until he came to Hamilton. He was sexton of St. Mary's for a time. Later he was foreman in the Harris bakery.

FATHER COUGHLIN'S mother was Amelia Mahoney, who had come to Hamilton from Strabane, Ontario. Tom Coughlin met her at the cathedral. Her father, Jeremiah Mahoney, had been a fresh-water sailor and an immigrant.

The boy went to St. Mary's School when he was five. He was bright in his studies. His conduct was better than average, his old teachers say—though he could be a little devil when he wanted to.

The Sisters of St. Joseph taught him to play the piano and his mother made him practice. There were times, though, when he played hookey to go swimming with the gang, or to play baseball or Rugby, or to visit "the mountain," which tourists call "that little hill."

He sang in the church choir. He served on the altar at Mass, at Benediction, at wedding and funeral ceremonies.

He was popular with the boys, not only because candies were made in the bakery where his father worked, nor because his dad now owned a trotter that was as good as some of the best in Canada, but because he could bat and pitch and field, because he could wrestle, and because he wasn't afraid of anybody, no matter how big.

"CHUCK," once he had outgrown his kilts and his curls, was the average Catholic boy. A little wild, a bit tough, but usually obedient and sometimes devout.

"Around the house," his father says, "he wasn't worth a dime."

He never hung up his clothes. He made a sled out of his mother's ironing board. Occasionally he went to bed with dirty feet and dirty hands. Sometimes he shammed illness when it was time to go to school. Once, in flagrant disobedience, he went to see his cousin Mildred when she had the measles. He got 'em. Another time he was ill with typhoid, and kept in bed two months.

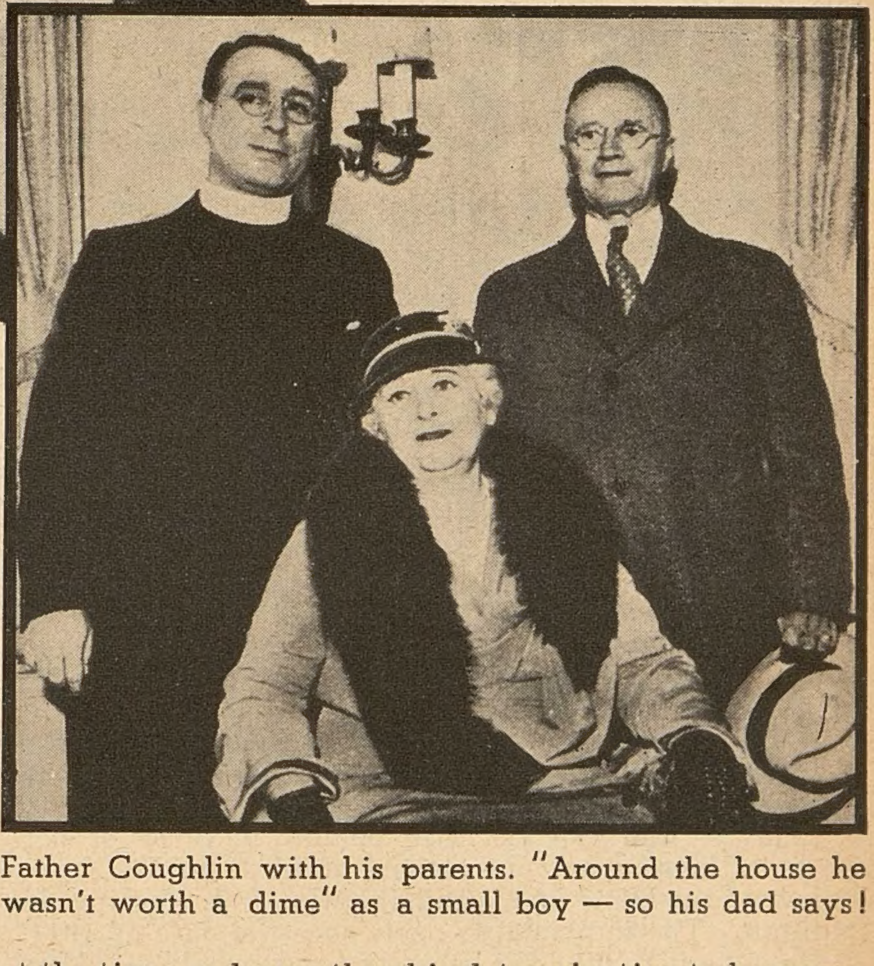
But after he left home to go to St. Michael's College in Toronto, all the neighbors remembered was that he was "good."

He was almost twelve years old at the time, and even then his determination to become a priest was strong. The Basilian Fathers of Hamilton—disciples of St. Basil—knew of it and encouraged him. They wanted him to become a Basilian. He was more than willing.

In St. Michael's, where he received a high-school education, and later in Toronto University, he studied so hard he strained his eyes. And he played hard.

He was a member of three championship teams, the handball team, the Junior City Rugby champions, and the Junior Canadian Rugby champions. He was the

Left: St. Therese de Lisieux, "the little flower of Jesus"—from Pierre Tartou's portrait.



Father Coughlin with his parents. "Around the house he wasn't worth a dime" as a small boy — so his dad says!

outstanding academician as well. He had won honors in philosophy, arithmetic, and economics. He was a leader in literary and dramatic societies.

He had become strong and rugged, able to play all through a Rugby game with injuries that might have sent another lad to a hospital. He had acquired a reputation as an orator. He had become a superb organist. And he had become more and more convinced the priesthood was his vocation.

He entered St. Basil's Scholasticate in 1911 after a short vacation, went through an arduous novitiate, and at the end of it made his first or simple vows.

The Basilians of that day were not a congregation nor an order. Nor was their life so cloistered as that of the Servites, the Jesuits, the Franciscans, or other "order priests," for on one occasion Father Coughlin's mother was allowed to see his cell and its plain and almost inadequate furniture. No woman may come into the usual cloister—not even a nun.

EDWARD DOHERTY *wrote The Diamond Eye and Murders on the Roof — both of which novels were serials in Liberty. He has contributed many articles also. In former years he was a distinguished newspaper reporter and editor in New York and Chicago.*

Coughlin's health suffered during the first years of his "profession." Physicians said he had been overstudying. He was ordered to Waco, Texas, where the Basilians had a college. He had never known until then how picturesque the English language could be. Read any of his sermons and see to what advantage he uses Americanisms.

He came to Waco to teach, rest, and recuperate, he thought. He found he had also come to play baseball and to learn to shoot.

St. Basil's was so small a college that some of the teachers had to be members of the athletic teams. Thus Brother Coughlin, besides being unofficial coach, had to play second base. And for the first time in many years St. Basil's beat its traditional enemy Baylor.

Six months in Texas did much for the young seminarian, and he returned to Canada to resume his studies, to make his solemn vows, and to be ordained.

During these years the Church began the process of canonizing a new saint, a Carmelite nun who died September 30, 1897—Sister Thérèse of the Child Jesus and the Holy Face; Marie Françoise Thérèse Martin, youngest child of M. and Mme. Louis Joseph Stanislaus Martin of Lisieux, France.

She called herself in her autobiography "the little flower of Jesus." It was published two years after her death. Over a million copies were sold in France. It was translated into many languages. It was printed in English in 1901. It sold in the hundreds of thousands. Even Protestant clergymen circulated the book through their congregations.

Miraculous cures were reported throughout the world. Money came from undisclosed sources to hard-pressed missions in far-off lands. Roses were said to have fallen from the sky on desert sands, on snowy wastes.

THE remains of the little nun were exhumed in 1910, in the presence of the entire Episcopal Tribunal of the Beatification. Only her bones were found, and the palm branch placed in her hand as she lay dying and buried with her.

Catholics immediately canonized her in their hearts. Charles Coughlin, studying for the priesthood, was one of these. He bought her autobiography. He sent it to his relatives and friends. He bought pictures of her and gave them away. I saw one of these in the front window of the home of his cousin, Mrs. J. J. Keating, in Hamilton. The imprimatur on it bore the date of 1911.

"He gave it to me long before he was ordained," Mrs. Keating said.

The story of St. Thérèse was more than an inspiration to him. It was the story of a dear friend. She had lived in his own time. She had so wished she could become a priest. She had always prayed for priests, especially for missionaries. And the beautiful things she had written and said warmed him to his Irish heart.

St. Thérèse so loved God she wanted to suffer for Him. Such flaming love enthralled young Charles Coughlin.

The prayers she wrote he knew by heart. The poems she wrote in her bare convent cell while she lay suffering, dying, filled him with piety:

O Jesus! O my Love! Each eve I come to fling
  My springtide roses sweet before Thy Cross divine.
With their plucked petals fair, my hands so gladly bring,
  I long to dry each sacred tear of Thine.

Some day he would build a shrine to her.

He was ordained at St. Basil's in Toronto on June 29, 1916. The next morning he said his first Mass at St. Joseph's Convent in Hamilton and gave communion to the nuns who had shaped his early life. He celebrated his first public Mass in St. Mary's on the altar he knew as a boy.

Ten years of comparative obscurity awaited him.

He spent those years in perfecting himself in a knowledge of men—and their problems. He spent them in study, in teaching, in coaching baseball and football teams—scrub material and rejects of other coaches—and making them win.

Thus when the time came when he felt he should speak out on temporal things, he was ready. Like the prophets of old he assailed the mighty. He denounced Henry Ford, President Hoover, Al Smith—the "first Catholic layman"—Charles E. Mitchell, Samuel Insull, E. D. Stair of the Detroit Free Press, the bankers of Detroit.

HE may not always have been right in his denunciations. Perhaps he was wrong in many instances. Certainly he was inaccurate at times. He has been accused of slander. Efforts have been made to muzzle him. But he has stood by every word he has uttered. Right or wrong, he believes that he told the truth.

The encyclicals of Pope Leo XIII and of Pius XI, the Congressional Record, interviews with ill-paid factory workers in Kalamazoo and poverty-stricken farmers in North Branch, Michigan, and the counsel of influential and knowing friends gave him the facts for his sermons.

He began to preach before he was ordained. Every Sunday while he was stationed at Assumption College, across the river, he came into Detroit to preach.

In 1918 the Vatican disbanded all sodalities of priests, including the Basilians. They might remain secular priests or join some congregation or order. Coughlin and others chose to remain as they were; and five years later Coughlin was taken into the diocese of Detroit by the Right Reverend Michael James Gallagher, Bishop.

He was sent as an assistant to St. Augustine's in Kalamazoo. He had been there but a few months when he was brought to St. Leo's in Detroit. Next he was selected, for his first pastorate, to take charge of SS. Peter and Paul at North Branch, Michigan.

Perhaps St. Thérèse had something to do with Father Coughlin's coming into the diocese of Bishop Gallagher. The bishop was also devoted to the Carmelite nun. He was present, on May 17, 1925, when she was canonized by Pius XI in Rome. And he decided St. Thérèse should have a shrine in his diocese.

He determined to build it in Royal Oak. There were twenty-six Catholic families there who had no church. The neighborhood was hostile to the Church. The Klan dominated it.

The Klan boasted there hadn't been a Catholic church in Royal Oak in a hundred years—and it would be a thousand before there was one.

It would require a fighting priest to build that shrine in Royal Oak, the bishop realized, one unafraid of man or devil, one who loved the "Little Flower."

He found him in Charles E. Coughlin, pastor of the poorest and humblest parish in his diocese.

Father Coughlin producing Shakespeare's plays at Assumption College, Sandwich, Ontario; Father Coughlin running a one-night fair to get his first church out of debt; Father Coughlin courageously buying his first hour on the air! These and other revealing and little-known events of his meteoric career will be vividly pictured by Mr. Doherty in next week's installment.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
FRANK
GODWIN

Name Your PRICE

Beginning a Dramatic and Colorful New Serial— A Novel of Hearts and Riches

by MAX BRAND

READING TIME ● 27 MINUTES 58 SECONDS

PART ONE—A MARE CALLED SCATTER GOLD

HE was about thirty, tall, with the shoulders and the spare body that make a horseman; but his city pallor told her at once that he was not one of her kind. His youth made her so warm with confidence that she began to smile until she noticed that his eyes were as cold as they were clear. The young men she knew were made of easily manageable stuff, but the pleasant brightness of Richard Ainlee, when she regarded him more closely, was the sheen of steel. That, of course, was why he was a partner in an important bank at such an early age.

She felt helpless, empty-handed. It was not that she wanted to take unfair advantage of her looks, but she could not help knowing that her hair was that red-gold which startles men more than the sight of riches. The cause of her visit to the bank was so desperately important that she was prepared to use everything—a little; yet she found herself stopped at once by a fellow to whom she was no more than a matter of fact. It was easier for her to look at Tolman, the president of Tolman-Granger & Company, though he was fifty and resembled a bullfrog, all yellowish about the mouth as though the stain from his cigar were spreading over the skin.

Tolman, in fact, came at once to her assistance with an explanation.

"As you know, Richard," said Tolman, "we are foreclosing tomorrow on the house of Miss Paula Hartley's father. The amount due is a hundred and five thousand dollars. Miss Hartley wishes us to extend the loan."

"*Miss* Hartley wishes us to?" asked Ainlee.

"This is all a scheme of her own," said Tolman rather hastily. "Major Hartley knows nothing about it."

"Major Hartley?" echoed Ainlee. "Do you come from the House on the Hill? I mean to say, Hartley Hall, near Meredith village?"

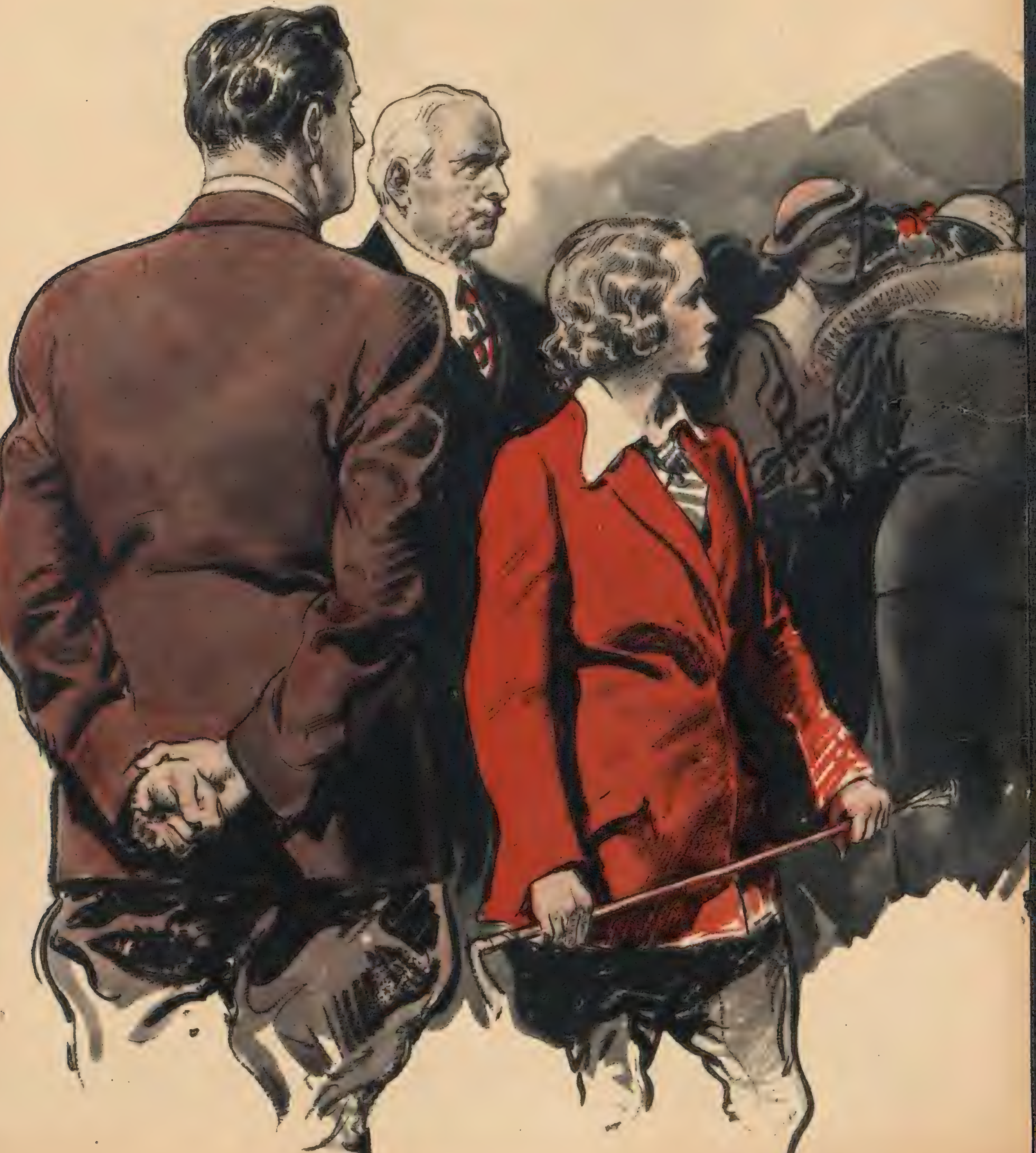
"Yes. Do you know the country down there?" she asked.

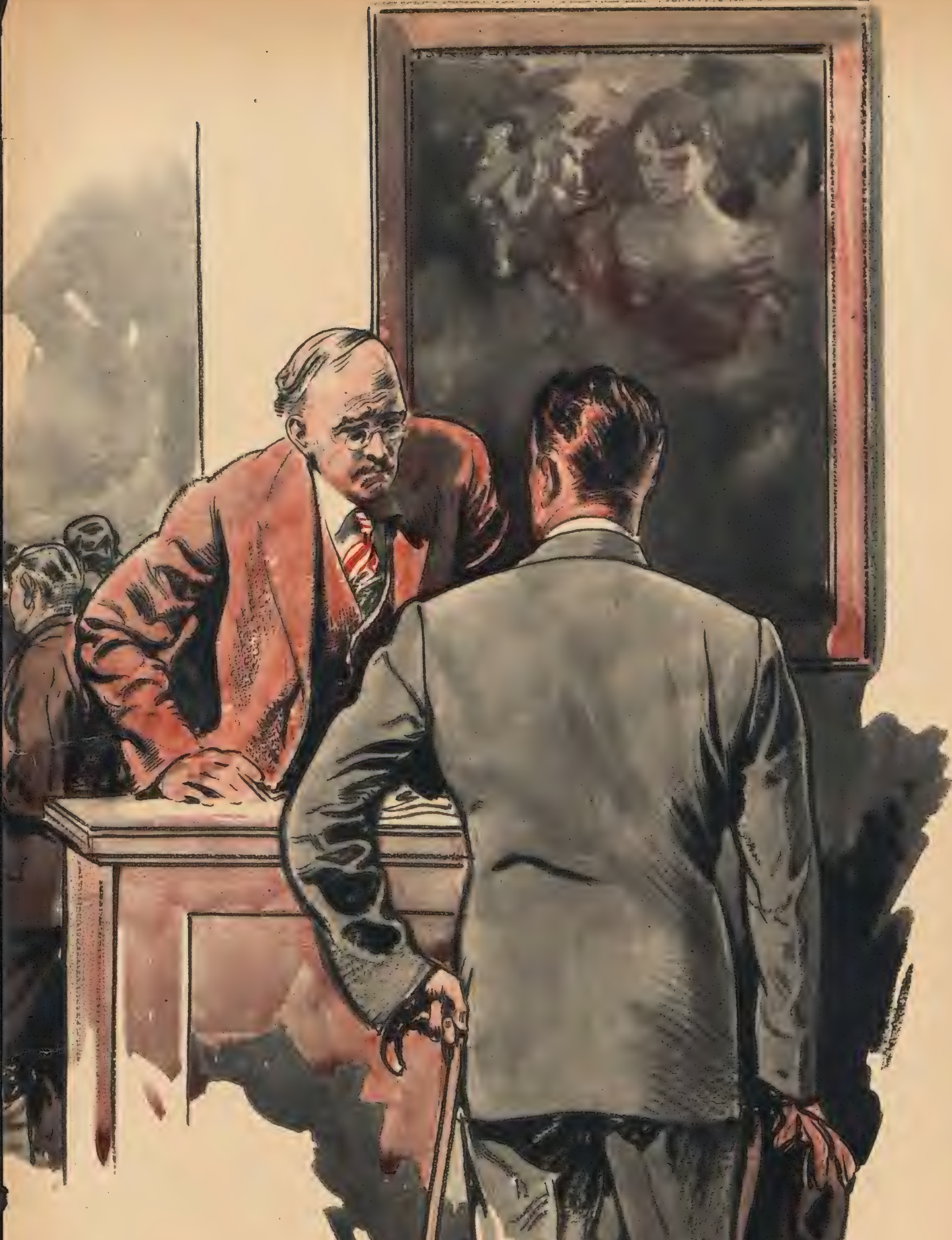
"I was raised in Meredith," he answered, but the bright expectation of kindness faded from her at once; the town of his childhood was no more to him, it seemed, than any other fact which had been reflected once in that steel mirror. He stepped straight on into the business in hand. "To extend the loan—it's a matter of offering more security?"

"I have a mare called Scatter Gold; she can win the Mantico Hunt cup, I think; and because of a lot of things she'll be a long shot. If I can get money to back her, she might win at ten or fifteen to one." She grew very hot in the face.

The cold gray eyes of Ainlee made her feel like a child and a fool. "I'm not asking money from a bank to bet on the race, but if the loan can be extended for just a few days we may win enough to pay off a great deal of the mortgage."

Something had struck his mind. A new thought flickered for an instant in his eyes. She hurried on: "Scatter Gold is by Chatterer, by Rocket, and Rocket goes back to the grand old Jubilee strain. She has plenty of foot; she's bred to stay; and I *know* that she'll win."




FRANK GODWIN

He said to the auctioneer, "I offer the price of the mortgage for the place. A hundred and five thousand."

“Ah,” said Ainlee and looked at Tolman.

“You see, Ainlee,” said the president, “it isn’t exactly business, but—a mere extension of time—a drug on the market like country estates—”

“It isn’t exactly business,” said Ainlee.

“Everything can’t be entirely business,” suggested Tolman. “And—unless you veto this extension of time—”

“I veto it,” said Ainlee. “Sorry, Miss Hartley.”

She cast one desperate last glance toward Tolman. He waved both hands. “I was afraid—” he said. Afraid? He should have known beforehand the answer this bloodless monster would return. She could see her father walking for the last time from the doors of Hartley Hall, his head up, cheerful.

Tears came into her eyes so suddenly that she had to begin smiling to distract their attention. “That’s that,” she said. “It was just a last chance, you see.”

“I’m sorry,” murmured Tolman as he stood up to say good-by. “Terribly sorry. It’s really—”

She wished he would finish his sentences. As she turned from him she looked through the window down the leaning sides of the skyscrapers. The mind of a man like Ainlee, she could see, was as far from the affairs and the emotions of ordinary people as a hawk is high above the little birds of the field. He was opening the door for her now and saying good-by in his deep, rather pleasant voice. As she went out, to keep him from seeing the tears in her eyes she had to flash her brightest smile at that cold young man.

As Ainlee turned from closing the door, Tolman was saying, “I’d lend her enough money to go to Hollywood, though. Color photography and that gal would make millions.”

“I want to talk to you about the Webster and Marvin loan,” said Ainlee. “They’ve asked for a half million. They ought to have three times that much.”

“A MILLION and a half?” exclaimed Tolman. His eyes opened and closed; he had swallowed a profit—and a doubt. “They’re not worth it.”

“You don’t know Manchester and the cotton-piece-goods business,” said Ainlee. “The firm they want to buy into they ought to buy *out*.”

“It’s fast-and-loose gambling,” protested Tolman. “Tolman-Granger never have stood for that.”

He saw on the face of Ainlee the faint chill of a sneer which often appeared when Tolman moralized. Tolman never had liked his youngest partner. He preferred hearty men; but he had advanced Ainlee rapidly for the sake of the profit in hard cash.

“All banking is fast and loose gambling,” said Ainlee. “You’ve been trembling in your boots for four years and now your nerves are no good. Fear rots the brain.”

“Gad!” said Tolman.

“During most of those four years,” went on the vice president, “you’ve known that it was best to lean on my decisions. Why not keep on leaning?”

Tolman sprang up. It was a foolish thing to do, because, being a very short-legged man, he was much more imposing in a chair. But he was already thumping his fist on his desk before he remembered this handicap.

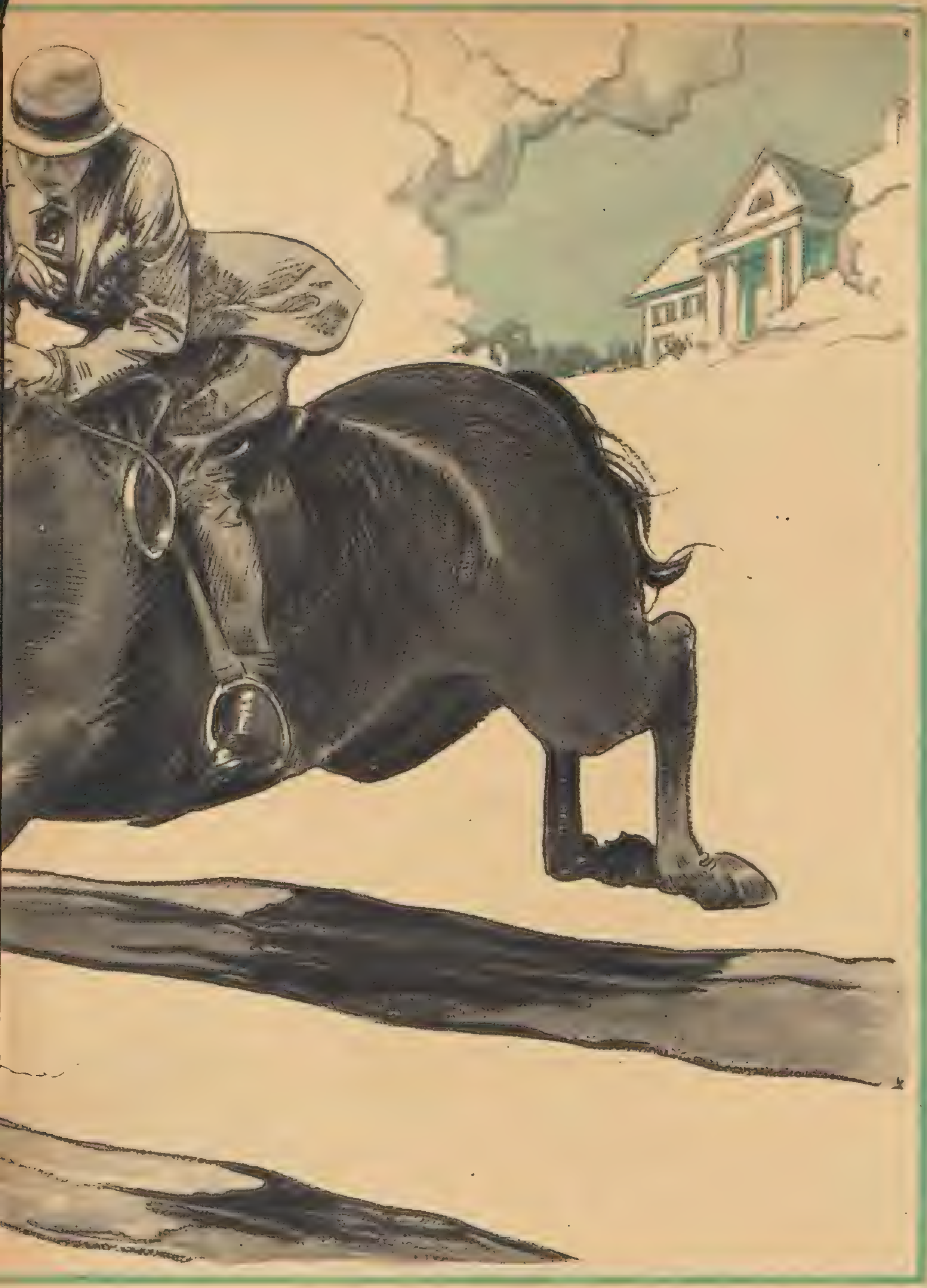
“Outside of a few clients, you’re unknown!” he cried. “Your entire future lies inside Tolman-Granger. And I’ll smash that future flat before I’ll endure—”

The vice president said, “Tell Webster and Marvin that I was called out of town for a day. I’ll be back to close the deal with them.”

“Richard, what’s the matter with you?” asked Tolman. He grew plaintive. He held out a hand, palm up. “There’s no other man in the world I would take this from.”

Ainlee looked from the hand to the face of his chief. He did not smile. “There’s no other man you need so much,” he declared. “For the first time in ten years you’re breathing easily with me. Isn’t that true?”

“Do you mean that I’m afraid of you?” panted



By some magic that flowed down the reins, the battle look was taken from the mare.

Tolman. "Do you mean that I haven't dared to speak out?"

"We've talked personalities long enough," said Ainlee. "A bit of frankness is a good thing, but too much is a dirty vice."

"I'd take this harder," said Tolman, "except that there's nothing in the world for you except dollars. Tell me one thing: Is there a single person in the world that you give a damn about?"

Ainlee looked upward as a man does to find God or his own soul.

"No, not one," he said.

"I believe that," nodded Tolman. "But what's this about going out of town for a day or two?"

"I'm going to attend the foreclosure sale and buy in Hartley Hall," said Ainlee.

"You're what? Listen to me, Richard—not as an investment—you know what country real estate is now. And not as a home, either. What could a friendless—I mean what could a man without a family do with a huge barn like that?"

Ainlee said, with a rather queer smile, "I'll try to tell you. When I was a youngster in the village of Meredith we were so poor that it hurt. I ate pain every day, like bread. And I've warmed my feet in the dust of the road and looked up the cypress drive at Hartley Hall. Now it's going to be mine."

"Ah, that's why you refused time to the girl?"

"Certainly," said Ainlee. "She has a thing that I want. Now I'm going to take it."

THAT evening Ainlee walked through his three rooms slowly, summing up, reassuring himself, reviewing his past and fortifying himself in the knowledge of all that he had been, because he was shocked by the impulse which had overmastered him that afternoon. For he had moored himself to a very firm anchorage in the decision that nothing is worth possession except power, of which money is the most expressive symbol; he had collected nothing except books on economics and one bull terrier while his fortune was building; and now he was blown from his moorings and out

DECORATIONS BY
STEPHEN GROUT

to sea by a strange wind of passion. It had not diminished since he left Tolman.

He was still tasting the clean air of the Mantico Hills and lodging the picture of Hartley Hall more and more deeply in his mind. Now he found that he had stopped in his bedroom before an etching of ducks in flight above a wild marshland, and as he watched the flock streaming through the sky he wondered if there might be in man, also, an instinct which might overcome him and irresistibly drive him from the concrete soil and the smoking sky of the city in pursuit of summer.

He was sure that a good sleep would quiet his blood, but he wakened in the morning to find the new hunger more impatient than ever. All headlong appetites should be controlled. Ainlee, who always had been a Spartan, was ashamed and uneasy, but he told himself that time magnifies the past and that when he saw Hartley Hall it would shrink to insignificance at once. Yet he found himself packing riding clothes and a dinner jacket in his suitcase. A taxi carried him and his thoughts to the field. The airplane rose and for a few moments his uneasiness rode beside him in the whistling of the wind, but then he began to take note of the scene beneath.

He had forgotten what spring was like. The woods wore still the dull smoke of winter, but a silver dust shone in the distances and lay like water in the hollows. Out of his childhood he remembered that spring was the season of hope and longer days; it was also the time when the house remains damp and cold with the last shadow of winter. The blowing air and the sun, between them, made him feel naked to the open.

The Mantico Hills wavered on the horizon, then the plane was hurling down on Meredith, hastily brushing through the years. He was coming out of the horizon which had inclosed his boyhood. To the west, where the hills grew much bigger, he saw the sparkling windows and then the church spire of the village of Jorham where horses are bred famous for toughness and savagery but far less wild than the men who raise them. The Mantico River, very properly, is all shouting and cataracts as it passes Jorham, but it slackens as it enters the lower rolling country and rarely runs itself white.

Ainlee, following its course eagerly, had only glimpses of saber-shaped brightness among the hillocks until the stream slackened into the quiet blue of Meredith Lake. The village of Meredith had started to encircle the water, but, as usual, grew tired when the job was half done. He could make out the dignified width of Washington Street, and the red-brick spire and the white wooden steeple of the two churches lifted well over the cloud of bare maple trees.

Beyond the town, marked by the dark penciling of its cypress drive, Hartley Hall sat, small with distance. But the heart of Ainlee leaped.

THEY landed and Ainlee took a taxi to town, into the deepness of the past. They passed the municipal dump heap on the left and entered Second Street. In front of his father's old house he stopped the car.

He was prepared to look up, but there was nothing to look up to. The two corner towers which had given the house a feudal dignity of grimness were now silly ornaments that ought to be sawed off. The great tree in the yard was dead; a broken bough hung down.

He got out of the car. The lawn he had clipped and shaved was dead; the flower beds which stopped his father with pride every evening when he came home were rain-washed and summer-hardened spots of nakedness. On Sundays Dick Ainlee walked up and down smoking a cigar and smiling at his flowers. The only thing he did well was to raise flowers. There had been a time, very dimly he could remember it out of his earliest years, when Dick Ainlee had gone up to the state legislature for the district and thereby conferred a small glory on his family—on the entire village of Meredith; but the House on the Hill had put an end to those happy days when Raymond Hartley himself entered politics and became a state senator. "For fun!" Ainlee could remember his father saying. "It's his *fun* and it's my *life!*" After that he had more and more time for his flowers.

Ainlee walked up on the side porch and peered through a window. The shimmer of the glass prevented him for a moment, but finally he saw a flag of tattered wall paper streaming down to the floor, then the parlor fireplace with its iron rim, and above the mantel a ghost—Dick Ainlee's enlarged photograph. It was odd that succeeding tenants had let the picture hang, and yet there it was, the same smiling face with the fat of the chin spreading the wing collar and the dim white flower in the buttonhole. When the unhappy first of the month came around, Ainlee used to go into the parlor and look at that imposing picture until faith in his father returned to him and he could begin to despise the petty little tradesmen like sparrows pecking at an eagle.

Well, he had to go forward in spite of the slight giddiness which he felt. He realized that it was himself he feared, this new and unaccountable self. He was half in a daze when the next taxi took him through the gates of Hartley Hall. The dust raised by preceding cars hung high between the cypresses. Their evergreen fragrance sweetened the air; their shadows flicked rapidly over him, and then the car slid out into the big level round in front of the Hall.

AINLEE stepped out, and icing himself with a colder reserve than ever looked critically over the terrace. Yet the green of it was softer, the box hedges formed more stately designs than in his memory of the garden; and the pergola by the swimming pool had for him a purely Attic beauty. He turned frowning toward the house, and still it was to Ainlee like the palace of a king. It had not been illusion which overmastered him the day before, or else he was awake in the middle of a dream.

He said to himself softly, "Damned nonsense, my boy!" and entered the house with a brisk step.

The entire village of Meredith was there, taking advantage of the open house on auction day. The stir of the crowd through the rooms was like that in a museum, and the bright Italian garden scenes frescoed on the walls helped that impression. Every one was gathering to the big entrance hall, and there was Sam Craven, the auctioneer, giving directions. Twenty years had made his hair white and his face red but he was quite recognizable.

The crowd thickened continually in the hall, whispering still about the treasures they had seen. But what counted was a small group of the fox-hunting gentry at the side of the hall, never pressed upon or jostled by the townspeople. Ainlee saw Major Raymond Hartley. The flesh that widened his face made all his features seem smaller; otherwise he was at fifty very much what he had been at thirty. In Ainlee's boyhood, even to think of the major was like looking up at a great mountain. Now he had been brought down to the level of other men. Paula was in that group, slim in riding togs, pale but always smiling. When she saw him her smile stopped and she said something to the big fellow in riding clothes beside her, so that he turned sharply. He was the largest man Ainlee had ever seen, not in inches but in a swelling strength that overloaded him a little, like winter tweeds in summer. Ainlee went past that hostile eye and spoke to the girl.

From the distance she had seemed sufficiently calm and at ease, and when he came closer he wanted to tell her to abandon that "prop" smile. Perhaps, he thought, the trouble with people who have been raised to do the right thing is that their manners are too stereotyped. Of course she disliked him, but one more touch of trouble could not increase her agony; her smile did not vary one iota as she greeted him.

Then he went to the auctioneer. Behind him the low voice of a man said, "They used to call his father 'drunken Dick,' I hear." It was the big man who must have spoken. The words cast the memory of Ainlee back into the old days. There had been late returns at night; he had wakened many times to hear shuffling feet on the stairs and staggering sounds going down the hall but he had never put the facts together. And he had never before heard his father referred to as "drunken Dick." However, that was only one more blow received in the course of a very long fight. He was surprised that it hurt him in such a vital spot.

He said to the auctioneer, "Mr. Craven, my name is Richard Ainlee and I offer the price of the mortgage for the place. A hundred and five thousand."

"The family portraits in the living room alone are worth more than that!" exclaimed Craven.

"I've made my offer," said Ainlee, and looked away.

The crowd was growing quieter because most of the people at last had reached the hall; therefore Ainlee could hear the groan of Major Hartley as Craven announced the price. The major came up and a big woman beside him who had his own look. Paula Hartley and her huge companion followed. Craven introduced Mrs. Sylvia Marsden, the sister of the major, and John Barron. He was the strong man.

They shook hands with him, Sylvia Marsden with a warm touch of recognition. "Are you Dick Ainlee's boy? Your father was a rare fellow, I can tell you!"

He could have wished that his father had not been quite so rare.

"A hundred and five thousand?" repeated the major hopelessly.

"I think I could save a few thousands in the open bidding," said Ainlee. "But part of my purpose is to protect Tolman-Granger. However, I don't wish to stop the auction. By all means have my bid mentioned. Perhaps it may be topped."

They decided to do that, but Sam Craven shook his head without enthusiasm. Then he stood on a chair and called out, "Attention, every one. Mr. Richard Ainlee has offered a hundred and five thousand dollars for Hartley Hall—the whole estate—pictures alone worth twice that—but what do I hear?"

John Barron's deep voice muttered like dim thunder, "I've got to do something. The old place mustn't go."

"Johnny," said Paula Hartley, "there's nothing you can do. We've been over that."

"My damned crazy extravagance!" groaned Barron. He bent his head down to endure. The girl, Ainlee saw, was patting the arm of her champion. His cold eye saw in the beauty of her hand the slim grace of her body.

"Beautiful Hartley Hall—" began Sam Craven with a voice soaring toward eloquence; but he ended abruptly, "I see it's no use. Well, the sale is made to Mr. Ainlee."

The major and his daughter kept their heads high, still smiling, but they gripped their hands together, so covertly that only Ainlee noted the thing. It made a small but cruelly important part of his triumph. Dick Ainlee was dead and only a ghost of his maudlin reputation walked the world, but his son Richard had entered the House on the Hill.

THOSE riding-hunting people with the brown faces and the rather empty eyes were pressing about the Hartleys with a sympathy which was for the most part silent; but big Sylvia Marsden suddenly detached herself and made way toward the door, leading the rest of her family. On the way, she picked up Ainlee, saying, "Congratulations, Richard. Since I called your father Dick, I dare say I have at least a right to call you Richard. Let's get out of here and watch the sale of the horses. I hear that Townsend fellow has come up ready to bid high on Scatter Gold. But Johnny Barron will bid the mare in if he's worth his salt.

"Paula, take that damned goose look out of your face. If you can't be your father's girl, be your mother's daughter. I'm ashamed of you! This is the twentieth century and the females that outvote the men ought to outface them also. Besides, the old house is worth ten of this. Come along, Mr. Ainlee. Have you had a drink? No? This way. We'll have to go into the pantry. It's better to have good manners in the pantry than never to have them at all."

She carried Ainlee into the dazzling white of the pantry and poured Scotch from a decanter into two tall glasses. "Do you know good Scotch when you taste it?" she asked. "Don't spoil this with soda. Well, do it, then. As well pour water on velvet, though! This is Morrison's, young man. You can smell the peat smoke in it. To your health, Mr. Ainlee. There are only six bottles of this stuff left in the Mantico Hills. We have them at the old house now, and you'll have to follow the scent down there to us if the smoke of this gets into your eyes. Come along, now, and hear the bidding on Scatter Gold."

She took him out through the hall, which was already empty except for the stone lion which guarded the foot of the stairs. The little Italian lion and his archaic smile belonged to Ainlee now, with all the rest of the place. As he stepped through the front door, it seemed to him that he had secured a right upon the view that rolled beneath him, a feudal right upon the sun and the air, on the spring that began to gleam on the Mantico Hills and on the blue of Meredith Lake laid in the center of the picture. He walked around the house toward the stables. They were his also, up to the weathercock that glistened above the slate roof.

"Is this a speculation or a home to you?" asked Mrs. Marsden.

"A home," said Ainlee, looking back to the windows of the big house and feeling behind them ghosts that were not of his blood.

"Have you a family—married—children?" she asked.

"No," said Ainlee.

"RICHARD," stated Sylvia Marsden, "men ought to marry at twenty-five; they can grow up with their children and at forty their brats are old enough to give the fathers a second raising. But the crafty men wait for a secure income. Only the headstrong idiots marry young enough. Then they break their necks. I married Tommy Marsden when he was twenty-two and three months later the fool rushed a fence with a green hunter and killed himself. So you're to rattle around in the big house all by yourself, are you? Well, Richard, now that you have a secure income, see that you don't get yourself an insecure wife."

They entered the maple woods behind Hartley Hall and came to the schooling ground; the loud voice of Sam Craven led them like a light until they joined the crowd along the fence to watch a horse that was being walked up and down by a little middle-aged man with a flat battered face. He was big in the head, shoulders, and neck but there was no body to him. He led a rather spindling chestnut back and forth. Sam Craven was calling for bids. Some one offered five hundred, five fifty; the bidding went up.

"Men judge a horse the way they judge women: by the pretty face," said Sylvia Marsden. "Dan Carrick must feel like laughing as he leads that nag. Washy color, for one thing. Won't jump in cold blood. He likes to get under his fences and buck over 'em. Well—there he's sold, the shallow-chested quitter! Here comes another bad one. Raymond always has plenty of the worst. Seeing the horses in his stable, one expects to find a chorus girl in his house. That brown mare, Lofty, lives up to her name. See that trot, like a swimming pig? If you give her a pull, she looks at the stars and tries to take her fences sideways. There's more brains in a standing martingale than in her entire skull. But she's another pretty thing, so you hear the fools bid her up."

Ainlee looked down the fence toward that group of which Raymond Hartley and Paula were the center. The girl was so pale that her eyes were big dark stains. She had that beauty of which big Sylvia Marsden complained, and no doubt this was why people looked at her more than at the horses which were being sold. Men were of course always drifting about her, though John Barron seemed to hold his ground by a special right. She reminded Ainlee with a curious vividness of something which he could not call to mind. Perhaps it was merely the color of her hair which made him think of gold; the possession of that is power.

Other horses were brought out and sold rapidly. Then Dan Carrick, the groom, led out a bright beauty.

"Scatter Gold!" called Sam Craven. "We all know her! If you're strange to her, one look will tell you what she is. What am I offered?"

"Two thousand!" called a strained young voice.

Sylvia Marsden turned her head. "Be still, Charlie Manners!" she called. "What would you do with her if you *had* Scatter Gold?"

Charlie Manners was a big, brown-faced lad without much nose but with a good shine in his eyes and plenty of smiling. He came up and said, "I won't get her. But I had to make one bid. How sorry I am for Paula! It's killing her to lose Scatter Gold."

"Just as it would kill a lion tamer to lose his lions," said Sylvia Marsden. "But things like this are good for youngsters—unless they die of it." The last was only a murmur but Ainlee heard it.

He looked away from the schooling ground and down the slope toward a stone fence with sumac red as blood growing along the foot of it. When he glanced back at Scatter Gold the price on her had reached three thousand.

"Four thousand!" called John Barron.

"And fifty," said a voice that came out of Ainlee's throat.

"Ah-ha!" said Sylvia Marsden, and turned slowly, looking him up and down. Every one else was regarding him; big John Barron had whirled about and was staring.

"Four thousand five hundred!" he exclaimed, with a sort of personal challenge in his voice.

"And fifty," said Ainlee.

"Going to start a racing stable?" asked Sylvia Marsden.

"Perhaps," said Ainlee, frowning.

"Ah-ha!" she said. "Is that it? Is that it?" She seemed to have discovered something.

"Five thousand!" said a yelping voice.

It was a tall fellow with a dusty gray face. "That's Townsend, the dealer," murmured Sylvia Marsden.

"And fifty," called Ainlee.

"Five thousand five hundred!" called John Barron.

Ainlee looked at the golden light which flashed down the side of the mare and felt a deep premonition of disaster simply because he could not understand why that bit of horseflesh had become so important to him. Perhaps it was an instinctive antagonism to John Barron.

"And fifty!" said Ainlee's voice.

"Wait a minute," said Townsend. "I've never seen the mare under a saddle. I'm bidding on hearsay. Will some one take her over a jump or two?"

"Certainly," said Major Hartley. "Put a saddle on her, Dan."

Dan Carrick disappeared with the mare into the stable.

"Who is John Barron?" asked Ainlee.

"That's it, is it?" said Sylvia Marsden, looking suddenly and deeply into him. "You want to put Johnny down? You'll find him a handful, though. The biggest heart and the wildest head in the world. He's been more than half raised in Hartley Hall. Raymond insisted on having little Johnny when his parents died. One of those old friendships, you know."

"I hadn't said that I want to put Barron down," answered Ainlee.

But Sylvia Marsden laughed with an irritating assumption of sure knowledge.

DAN CARRICK came out, mounted on the mare. She walked through the stable door on her hind legs only and the crowd yelled with excited pleasure.

"Steady, girl!" sang out Paula Hartley. "Bring her to me, Dan."

The groom rode the mare to Paula—rather, Scatter Gold came of her free will to the call. The girl slipped through the fence and patted the neck of the chestnut. "She'll only fight you today," she told Dan Carrick. "She's nervous and I'll ride her."

"That's too bad," said Sylvia Marsden.

"Why, Sylvia?" asked the major, who had come close.

"I don't know. But down in my bones I don't like it. I wish she weren't in that saddle."

"Scatter Gold's a lamb when Paula's up," insisted the major. "Look at that!"

The girl sat down well in the saddle, unlike the women whose fat thighs keep them adrift on the back of a horse. By some kind magic that flowed down the reins, the wildness, the battle look, was taken from the mare. They went for the jumps with Scatter Gold standing far back and going over with a lift and soar of wings. The bigness of her action made the fences seem childishly small and the people began to shout all at once. Paula Hartley was not even smiling through the tumult; that was what the following eye of Ainlee observed beyond all else and that she seemed older with pain.

"Pegasus, or what you please," said young Manners. "It always does something to me when I see Paula on that mare. What is it, Aunt Sylvia?"

"Why, they're both pretty damned beautiful and that's all there is to it," said Sylvia Marsden.

Ainlee, watching closely, found himself more and more reminded by the girl of that other thing which was lost to touch in the back of his mind. If he could locate it, perhaps he would stop this foolish bidding.

"Five thousand five hundred and fifty offered for the finest bit of horseflesh that ever galloped through the Mantico Hills!" cried Sam Craven. "Friends, friends, what are you thinking of?"

"Six thousand!" cried Barron, drawing himself up.

"And fifty," said Ainlee.

"Sixty-five hundred!" shouted Townsend the dealer.

"And fifty," said Ainlee.

"Seven thousand!" called Barron.

"And fifty," said Ainlee.

"IS it only the devil in you, or do you really want that horse?" asked Sylvia Marsden. And he answered with an honesty that surprised himself, "I don't know!"

"Seventy-five hundred," said Townsend.

"And fifty," called Ainlee.

"Eight thousand!" shouted Barron. He seemed to be in a fury.

"And fifty," said Ainlee.

Barron took a breath and then said quietly, "Ten thousand."

"And fifty," said Ainlee.

There was such a dead silence that the murmur of Barron could be heard perfectly. "I knew it. Shylock wants that pound of flesh; and I'm not as rich as Portia."

He turned his back and lighted a cigarette.

Craven sang, "At ten thousand and fifty—going—going—at ten thousand and fifty dollars—Scatter Gold. Do you hear, gentlemen? Your last chance to buy a treasure!"

The girl was easing the mare down to a slow canter when the auctioneer concluded, "Gone for ten thousand and fifty to Mr. Richard Ainlee!" And that word seemed to strike the golden mare like a whip, for she swerved and broke away at full speed right across the inclosure.

Sylvia Marsden shouted, "Paula! No, Paula! No, no!" And Ainlee understood. The major's daughter seemed to be pulling hard to control the mare, yet Ainlee knew by the gleam in the eyes of the girl that she was secretly driving the mare. He knew her entire purpose by an opening of his own soul. Her mind was no longer in suspense and she intended to die and take Scatter Gold with her.

He understood in a brighter flash than that of Scatter Gold as she leaped the fence. It made a lovely picture, a thing to remember, he decided; it almost brought into his mind that which he had been trying to remember.

Down the hill like a thrown stone the mare flew at the great stone wall. She could never take it at such a pace, from such a footing. A cry flew back from the girl; it might be fear, it might be ecstasy. There was not a sound from the crowd. The major was running wildly forward with his arms thrown out. Then the mare rose at that impossible obstacle, seemed for a moment to be winging over it, struck, and toppled. The girl was flung sidewise from the saddle.

Ainlee heard the crash of the bodies in water and saw the bright silver of it tossed high above the wall. Then there was the drumming of running feet.

Proud little Paula Hartley! She endured the humiliation of Richard Ainlee's purchase of her home. But when he bid in her beloved horse, it proved too much for her. Next week's installment reveals what happened when the girl dashed herself and Scatter Gold at the great stone wall. And it shows the hard-eyed young banker in a changing rôle, which Sylvia Marsden already has perceived.

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OR
school-day luncheon

EVEN when the occasion calls for the utmost formality—the soup course need be no problem.

Among the 21 kinds of Campbell's Soups you have a choice of a number of soups that always assure a gracious start for any dinner. Mock Turtle, Consommé, the new Cream of Mushroom to mention just a few—soups that are perfect expressions of the culinary mastery of the world's greatest soup chefs.

If you want heartier, more substantial soups—as the principal dish for the children's noonday meal — or for your own — Campbell's provides such wholesome, nourishing, invigorating suggestions as Vegetable — that ever popular soup with its 15 choice garden vegetables in rich beef broth — or Noodle with chicken — a comparative newcomer but already a firmly established favorite.

And as a final suggestion — for any time or any occasion — Campbell's Tomato Soup — served either in all its flavorful richness by simply adding water — or as a superb Cream of Tomato by adding milk!

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Campbell's Soups are made as in your own home kitchen, except that the broth is double strength. So when you add an equal quantity of water, you obtain twice as much full-flavored soup at no extra cost.

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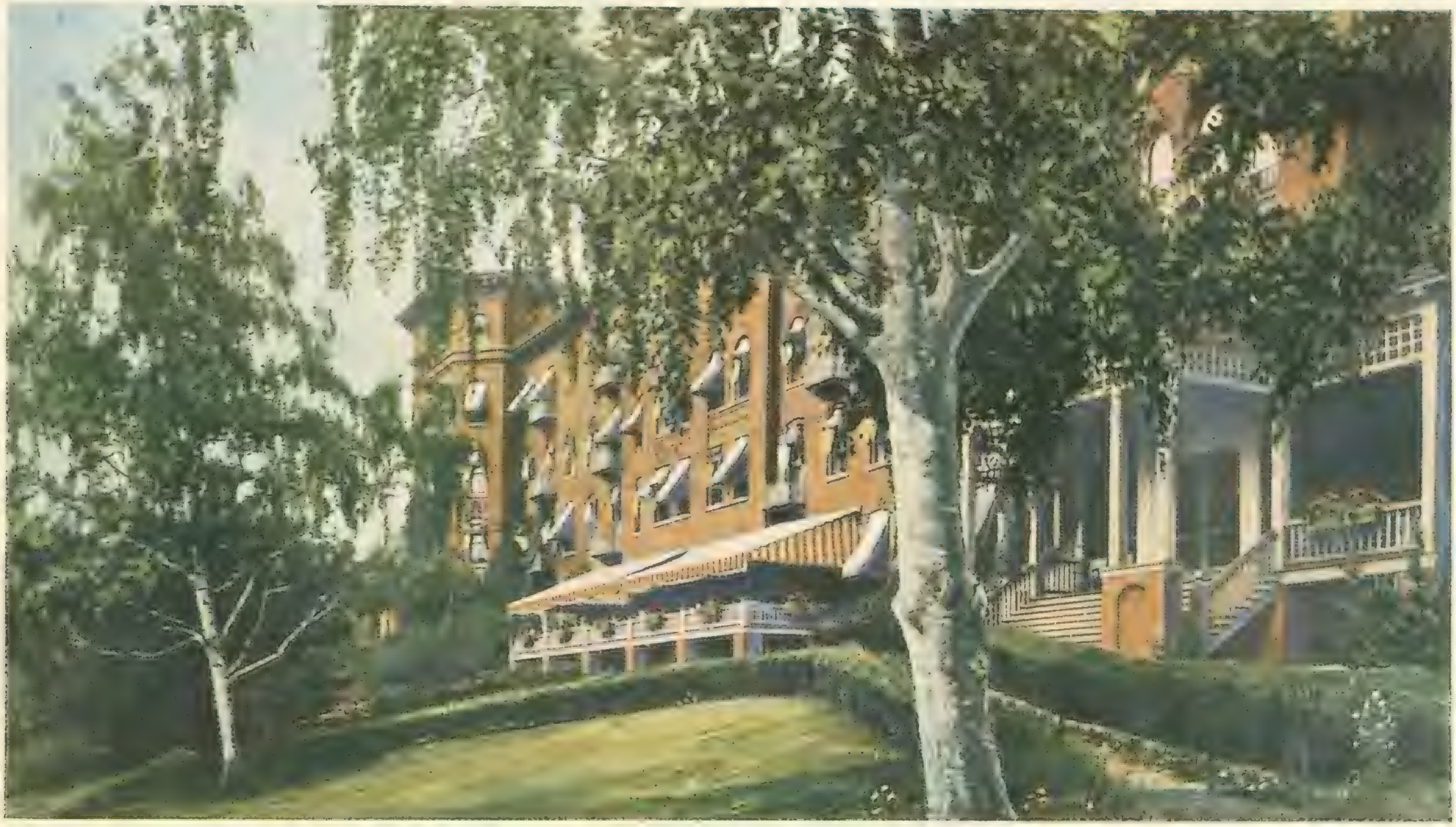

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THIS great health resort, founded by Bernarr Macfadden, invites you to find again life's most precious possession—spirited youth. This resort at Dansville, N. Y., is patronized by boys and girls of all ages, from sixteen to eighty. If you have forgotten how to play they will teach you. All non-contagious diseases scared to death by physcultopathic measures. A beneficent, non-profit institution. ¶ In addition to being the ideal health resort, the management of Physical Culture Hotel have gone to great lengths to make it a delightful and charming spot at which to spend a few days or weeks in rest and recreation. ¶ If you are seeking the ideal vacation resort or are generally run-down or have a specific health problem to solve, the chances are that Physical Culture Hotel can be of priceless service to you. By all means write for full information including views, moderate rate schedule and wonderful testimonials regarding some of the almost miraculous recoveries that have taken place here.

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INCORPORATED
DANSVILLE NEW YORK

What Adela Rogers St. Johns Thinks of Physical Culture Hotel

My dear Mr. Macfadden: — I can never thank you enough for my wonderful two weeks at Physical Culture Hotel. You have something there which doesn't exist anywhere else in the world. It is altogether remarkable. I enjoyed it and benefited greatly by it.

To show you how much I think of Dansville I am bringing my mother on from California for a three months stay. I am so anxious that she should have the advantages of your institution, as she has been everywhere and continues to be more or less of an invalid with arthritis. I know she can be cured at Dansville. With gratitude for my wonderful experience there. Sincerely, **Adela Rogers St. Johns.**

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"Repeal Is Already a Failure!"

Acme photo

by F. SCOTT McBRIDE

General Superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League of America

An Eminent Dry Surveys the Results of a Year Without Prohibition—A Contrast to the Opinions of Alfred E. Smith as Expressed in Last Week's Liberty

READING TIME ● 15 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

REPEAL has failed. The evidence is conclusive.

The story of the first year is one of wet promises flagrantly broken and appalling tragedies caused by the flood of intoxicants let loose upon the nation.

The twelve-month record of rum running wild reveals that promises of improvement were a gigantic hoax and repeal a colossal catastrophe.

Politicians in most profound language added their assurances to the promise of the wets that the saloon must not come back. But it promptly returned many times worse than the former institutions which won and deserved the condemnation of both wets and drys.

Advocates of repeal painted glorious pictures of the automatic disappearance of the bootlegger. But the bootlegger under repeal has enjoyed a carnival with customers increased, costs decreased, and safety from punishment practically guaranteed.

Wet political leaders and wet journalistic philosophers who vied with one another in prophesying sobriety and moderation must now realize from the record of the first year that America has become a drinker's paradise.

The campaign against the Eighteenth Amendment reached its climax with the adoption of the wet plank in the platform of the Democratic Party following a practically similar declaration by the Republicans in the same city. With the inauguration of Roosevelt the Democratic platform became the program of the administration. This platform urged "the enactment of laws to effectively prevent the return of the saloon."

In his speech of acceptance delivered to the convention in Chicago the Democratic nominee declared: "We must rightly and morally prevent the return of the saloon."

Now all the world knows that the saloon is back in Chicago. It came back without delay and without apology. It came back not only in the Loop but throughout the residence sections of the city. It reopened its doors not only to men but also to women and children.

The story of the restored Chicago saloon, as reported by the Committee of Fifteen and investigators representing the Chicago Herald and Examiner and the Chicago American, reveals revolting conditions of drinking and drunkenness. They report "children ranging between thirteen and eighteen years of age lured into depravity by saloon keepers who flagrantly violate the law by plying child patrons with liquor."

Chicago's 8,000 saloons are one item in the volume of proof that repeal has failed.

New York was the leader in the repeal parade. The repeal plank in the Democratic platform was written in New York. The no-saloon promises were indorsed by the political leaders of New York. Within six months after repeal the legislature of that state legalized drinking at bars; which means that the saloon is back in New York.

Even in Washington, under the provisions of the law adopted by Congress and signed by the President, the modern equivalent of the old saloon has been restored.

What about the bootleggers, the hijackers, the racketeers, who were to vanish with repeal?

We read in the Chicago Tribune: "Hijackers, who have been looting at the rate of nearly $10,000 a month the beer and whisky trucks of legitimate brewers and distillers about Chicago, have brought about conditions under which it is virtually impossible to obtain 'cargo insurance' for these commodities." Insurance rates have risen from 1 per cent to 8 and 10 per cent of the gross value of beer and whisky carried on trucks.

Racketeers and gunmen have returned to the illicit liquor business in Philadelphia, according to an official of the State Liquor Control Board.

FROM all parts of the country come reports that the bootlegger is as busy as ever.

Richard O. Boyer, writing in the Boston Herald, declared that "the bootlegger is more prosperous after eight months of repeal than he ever was during prohibition. He manufactures and sells at least a quarter of the liquor drunk in Boston. And in New England federal figures clearly indicate that more bootleg liquor is now being illicitly distilled than was the case before repeal."

"The cocktail-hour custom is entrapping young women into drinking habits, with the perils of alcoholic indulgence."

Keystone View photo

"Chicago's 8,000 saloons are one item in the volume of proof that repeal has failed." Here's one of the 8,000.

Publishers' Photo Service photo

"The saloon is back in New York. Within six months the state legalized drinking at bars"—of which this is one.

In Minneapolis recently a delegation of 200 holders of "on sale" liquor licenses protested to the City Council Finance Committee that bootlegging in beer joints was putting them out of business. Their statement is confirmed by police figures showing that liquor violations during the first eight months of 1934 jumped two and a half times over the corresponding period of 1933.

Records in the office of the United States Collector of Internal Revenue reveal that federal liquor permits in the form of tax stamps were taken out by 3,750 Minnesota retail liquor dealers, while at the same time only 800 state liquor retail permits had been issued.

The State Tax Commissioner reported that Virginia is losing huge sums in taxes because of bootleg beer.

TURN to Milwaukee. Here the bootlegger was to be suppressed with a double-barreled gun—beer and repeal. In the Milwaukee Journal, Lewis C. French writes: "With efficiency unknown in prohibition days, the bootlegger still flourishes in Wisconsin. Licensed distillers and dealers estimate that 40 to 50 per cent of all distilled liquor now sold in Wisconsin is bootlegged."

L. A. Murphy, secretary of the Wisconsin Wine and Liquor Association, says: "The situation is so serious that it is a question of which is going to survive, the licensed dealer or the bootlegger."

And the Assistant United States District Attorney, L. Hugo Keller, declares, "The racket is worse than ever."

Missouri is another state which repeal plus beer was to rid of the bootlegger. On the contrary, beer actually is aiding the bootlegger in Missouri, and his numbers have apparently increased with repeal.

It has been found that licensed beer dealers are carrying on a bootleg business much more extensive than existed while the Eighteenth Amendment was in effect.

From other states throughout the nation, east, west, north, south, the story is the same.

"The administration is deeply concerned over rampant bootlegging that is taking place under repeal," is the declaration in a copyright article by the Associated Press in the Washington Post. "The Justice Department, the Federal Alcohol Control Administration, and the Internal Revenue Bureau are all urging immediate enactment of stringent legislation to combat the bootlegger."

The Washington Star reports Secretary of the Treasury Morgenthau as saying that the illicit liquor business appears as bad as ever. And Joseph H. Choate, Jr., director of the Federal Alcohol Control Administration, states that "the bootleg trade is still with us" and presents a mass of facts and figures indicating the vast scale on which bootleg operations have continued.

Striking evidence is found in the fact that federal appropriations for enforcement have been increased and that a large number of federal agents are still employed to capture and convict bootleggers.

The Seventy-third Congress appropriated $14,311,974 for the expenses of the new alcohol-tax unit of the Treasury Department. On August 6, 1934, there were 3,291 employees in the enforcement and permissive units. Of this number about 1,300 were investigators and it was proposed to raise the entire personnel to 5,000. Fourteen million dollars and 5,000 men whose chief purpose is suppression of the bootlegger who was supposed to vanish voluntarily with repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment!

WHILE it is indisputable that the saloon came back and the bootlegger never went away, the real test of repeal is of course the resulting drinking and drunkenness and their effects.

While complete statistics for the first year are not yet available, fragmentary figures from all parts of the nation indicate a sharp increase in intoxication.

The last was the worst prohibition year and the first was the best repeal year. With enforcement demoralized and public sentiment adverse, both observance and enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment sank to a low point during the final year of national prohibition. After repeal it took time to develop the manufacture, sale, and distribution of legal liquor.

Nevertheless a startling though not surprising increase in repeal drunkenness is shown by scattering reports now available, which will undoubtedly be corroborated by complete statistics for the first year.

Mayor Miller of Louisville, addressing the State Bar Association, recently stated that drunkenness and lawbreaking from drunkenness have increased 64.8 per cent over the same period of last year.

In Jackson, Mississippi, arrests for drunkenness show a 70-per-cent increase for the first six months of 1934 compared with the first six months of 1933.

In Birmingham, Alabama, police

CONSTIPATED?

you *must* read this

IF you're constipated, what are you doing about it?

Are you taking a purgative that goes through you like dynamite? Does your laxative upset you? Does it give you actual pain—upsetting your digestion—leaving you weak after you take it?

If you are taking rough measures, *you may be sorry.*

**DON'T PUNISH YOURSELF
WITH NASTY, VIOLENT PURGATIVES!
YOU DON'T HAVE TO!**

You can get real relief without p[illegible]hout stomach disturbance.

And the way to do it is to take gentle, effective Ex-Lax, the laxative that tastes just like delicious chocolate.

Ex-Lax does its work gently but surely—without pain, without upsetting you, without leaving you weak. Ex-Lax will not form a habit. And you don't have to keep on increasing the dose to get results.

Don't fool around with the wrong laxative any more. *Ex-Lax is the right relief for constipation.*

At any drug store—in 10c and 25c boxes.

Look for the exact spelling—E-X-L-A-X. Don't experiment with substitutes!

When Nature forgets—remember

EX-LAX

THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

records show 1,622 arrests for drunkenness during the first half of 1933, before repeal, and 4,330 for the first half of 1934.

In Boston, 30,473 persons were arrested for drunkenness during the first eight months of repeal, an increase of 6,475 over the same period before repeal. It is significant that 1,455 of those arrests were women, approximately one third more than were arrested for drunkenness during the eight months preceding repeal.

In Little Rock, Arkansas, 1,397 were arrested for drunkenness during the first six months of 1934 as compared with only 924 in the first six months of 1933.

In Washington, D. C., arrests for intoxication numbered 8,515 during the first six months of 1933, and 12,123 for the first six months of 1934, an increase of 42.3 per cent under repeal.

Perhaps even more significant and impressive is the staggering increase in arrests for driving while intoxicated and the mounting toll of traffic tragedies.

From every section of the nation come reports of appalling automobile accidents caused by alcohol. When drivers drink, the resulting wreckage, injury, and death are matters of cold gruesome fact, not opinion.

In Washington, D. C., under a so-called model system of liquor sale, traffic fatalities in the first six months of 1934 increased exactly 100 per cent over the corresponding period of 1933. Arrests for driving while intoxicated increased 47.3 per cent.

In Chicago the number of drunken drivers involved in accidents was 300 per cent greater during the first half of 1934 than during the same months of 1933.

In Vermont the State Motor Vehicle Commissioner reports 500 more automobile accidents during the first six months of 1934 compared with the same period in 1933, and states that " in some degree liquor was involved in the great majority of these cases."

In Shreveport, Louisiana, fatal traffic accidents have increased 150 per cent in six months, and reports from other sections of the state, rural and city, indicate an increase of from 100 to 200 per cent in accidents caused by drunken driving.

In Indianapo[illegible] months there has been a 30-per-cent increase in [illegible]bile traffic fatalities, while in South Bend, Indiana, arrests for drunken driving were 108 per cent more than before repeal, with 80 per cent more automobile accidents.

In Minnesota 26 per cent more children have been killed in traffic since repeal.

Governor Joseph B. Ely of Massachusetts, a leading opponent of prohibition, recently declared before a safety conference in Washington, D. C., that, " Unless our present record improves the time is not far distant when it won't be safe for any one to venture on our streets after the cocktail hour."

The Travelers Insurance Company of Hartford, Connecticut, has assembled figures covering the entire nation for the six-month period ending July 1, 1934, which reveal a 20-per-cent increase in highway fatalities, an increase of 42 per cent in drunken driving, and 60 per cent more pedestrians hit by automobiles.

IT cannot be denied that repeal drinking was one chief cause of the epidemic of riots and disorder in connection with strikes throughout the nation in 1934. In the old days before national prohibition invariably the first order issued by authorities in a strike region was to close the saloons. Under repeal, beer, wine, and distilled liquors have been conveniently at hand in places that could not well be closed by police order, such as drug stores, restaurants, and grocery stores.

Another striking proof of increased drinking under repeal may be seen in the great number of deaths from sunstroke last summer. Physicians know that indulgence in alcohol vastly increases the likelihood of deaths from heat exposure. A noted health authority has made the statement that 90 per cent of the so-called fatal sunstrokes are really beerstrokes.

It is well known that even slight intoxication such as results from moderate use of beer leads to carelessness on the drinker's part. This accounts for many destructive fires officially attributed to carelessness.

The American Automobile Association not long ago issued a public statement warning that " a wave of carelessness is sweeping over the nation's highways." In this connection the association quoted statistics showing that accidents at railroad-highway grade crossings were greatly increased during the first two months of 1934, with a 31-per-cent increase in fatalities as compared with the same two months of the preceding year.

The general public, unfamiliar with statistics, cannot be blind to the lesson of the terrible tragedies reported day by day in the press of the nation.

In Washington an intoxicated Negro driving madly down the street crashes into a priest returning from his church, and leaves him crushed and lifeless in the wreckage of his car. Another without provocation walks up to a bank cashier, shoots twice, and staggers away, leaving the innocent man lifeless on the sidewalk. A drunken policeman cruelly beats a defenseless woman in the very shadow of the Capitol dome. A drunken gardener takes a piece of iron pipe and brutally strikes his employers, two defenseless maiden ladies.

THESE are but a few of the tragedies of repeal reported in the newspapers of the nation's capital. Similar stories appear day by day in newspapers of other cities.

The cocktail-hour custom, shrewdly promoted by the beverage alcohol interests, is entrapping thousands of young women into drinking habits, with all of the resulting perils of alcoholic indulgence.

The definite deliberate campaign to create appetites for alcohol among boys and girls is enough to condemn repeal as a hopeless failure.

Advocates of repeal may say that the first year is not a fair test, that conditions will improve, that control will become more effective, that wet promises will be made good after a while. These arguments are supported neither by fact nor by reason.

In his acceptance speech Mr. Roosevelt condemned the saloon. Later, in his official repeal proclamation on December 4, 1933, President Roosevelt said, " I ask especially that no state shall by law or otherwise authorize the return of the saloon either in its old form or in some modern guise." Later he appealed to the Democratic leader of the State of Missouri to defeat legislation which would permit the return of the saloon.

Nevertheless the saloon, or its modern equivalent, exists under repeal not only in Chicago and New York but also in the District of Columbia where the power of Congress and the President is supreme.

Although in session many months following repeal, Congress failed to pass any legislation for the protection of dry states. At the same time, the federal government up to the latter part of May had accepted the twenty-five-dollar retailer's tax from each of 2,400 persons in all parts of the dry State of South Carolina.

In dry Alabama a similar situation exists, with more than 3,000 so-called federal liquor licenses issued during the first six months after repeal.

Apparently the only promise now taken seriously by the federal government is the one that revenues would be collected from liquor for use in connection with projects to create employment. To date, such revenues have been a pitifully small fraction of the vast sums spent in the government's campaign against the depression.

The claim that legalized beer, wine, and whisky would bring back better business will go down in history as the most gigantic hoax of all the suggested formulas for economic recovery.

With nothing to be hoped for from the federal government except increased efforts to collect rum revenues, little or no more can be expected from the state governments. Wherever the wets are in control, laws and regulations are framed to suit the liquor interests.

Further and final proof of the failure of repeal is found in the swiftly rising tide of public sentiment.

Many newspapers formerly wet are protesting most earnestly against the results of repeal. Politicians formerly wet frankly refuse to accept responsibility for repeal results. And the great church denominational bodies and all antiliquor organizations unanimously declare their opposition to the legalized liquor traffic in any and all of its existing forms following repeal.

During the past few months strong declarations against present conditions were made by the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, the Northern Baptist Convention, the Southern Baptist Convention, the General Assembly of the United Presbyterian Church, and the Board of Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

The Woman's Christian Temperance Union has repeatedly declared the conviction that repeal has failed to solve the liquor problem.

The Anti-Saloon League of America has gone on record in favor of the resolution recently introduced by Senator Morris Sheppard of Texas proposing the repeal of the Twenty-first Amendment (which repealed the Eighteenth) and granting Congress the power to restrict or prohibit the traffic in alcoholic beverages.

One year has been long enough to demonstrate the fallacy of repeal.

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y

1—Where in the Bible is a fryingpan mentioned?

2—Who wrote the lines beginning " Good friend, for Jesus sake forbeare to digge ye dust encloased heare "?

3—After whom was Vancouver named?

4—What is hemianopsia?

5—Who donated the Hall of Fame in New York City?

6—When was regular through transcontinental passenger service begun on the Canadian Pacific Railway?

7—What is the name of the Mohammedan chief devil?

8—A parasite is what?

9—What Canadian won world-wide recognition as a dancer?

10—What American division in the World War was composed of men from twenty-seven states?

11—Has the picture of any living President or ex-President of the United States ever appeared on a United States postage stamp?

12—From what poem is the quotation " I am a part of all that I have met "?

13—In Newfoundland 112 pounds of dried salt cod is called what?

14—What is the Black Stone of Mecca?

15—What United States postage stamp bore the picture of a horse?

16—What in common have nonpareil, pica, agate, brevier, and élite?

17—Has any American writer ever won a Pulitzer award three times?

18—What nuts are served raw, baked, boiled, or roasted and are also used in poultry dressing?

19—What is " flour gold "?

20—A mantuamaker is what?

(Answers will be found on page 59)

Do you light 'em
early and late?
Don't worry!
Your mouth
will keep fresh as
a May morning
...if you keep to Spuds
Spud
Menthol Cooled
CIGARETTES
CORK TIP
Spud
Menthol Cooled
CIGARETTES
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They have a way all their own of cooling the smoke
...sifting out irritants... giving you dewy-fresh flavor.

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No More

Never Again, She Said—But What's a Girl Who Hates Kitchens to Do When a Helpless Young Man Comes Along? You'll Like This Sparkling Love Story

READING TIME ● 25 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

THERE had been a canoe, placed bottom up on a couple of sawhorses which had thrown a patch of shade on the sand, and a boy who owned the canoe and who had come upon Nell Hart curled up in its shadow. That was all her fortnight at Glen Lake had amounted to. It had been the last day of her visit when the youth made her acquaintance. Besides, he was an illustrator, and she had been married to one of those.

"Now this is what I like," she declared to Gregory Mason. "Lovely people in a restful restaurant. Perfect service. Water plashing sweetly in a fountain and an orchestra playing softly—"

"And yours truly," said Gregory Mason complacently.

She laughed a little. "You'll pass," she admitted.

He leaned eagerly toward her. "You couldn't do better, dear," he assured her.

She crinkled her pretty nose at him. "I haven't shopped about, Gregory, but you are admirable in these surroundings."

They were dining at the Colony Club. If she permitted it, Gregory would take her to a charming restaurant every night. He wanted to marry her. In these times there are few men with charm and cash who stand ready to marry a girl. It was nice that his intentions were honorable.

But it was too soon to marry again. Dave Hart had been dead only nine months. Even if she had ceased to love Dave long before they brought him home from a plane crash, she shouldn't consider matrimony for at least a year.

Affecting to listen to Gregory's remarks, she covertly scrutinized him. He was a big man, well along in his thirties, whose chin would soon be plural and whose face was too florid. It was because he was fond of the good things of life; and as Nell liked them too, she could not object with any justice. She knew he was decent. He was not one of the alleged friends of Dave who had made love to Dave's wife—though Gregory had been among Dave's guests at the apartment as often as possible.

During her bad time after the funeral Gregory had been sweet. He had straightened out her husband's affairs so that a small income had ensued which had enabled her to take a single room in a good hotel. He had been unobtrusively attentive, kindly, considerate, and he had sent her tons of flowers.

Marriage with him wouldn't be like her years with Dave Hart.

Mason had been too busy to marry in his twenties and too shrewd in his early thirties. In the home he would provide for her she could manage everything by pushing buttons.

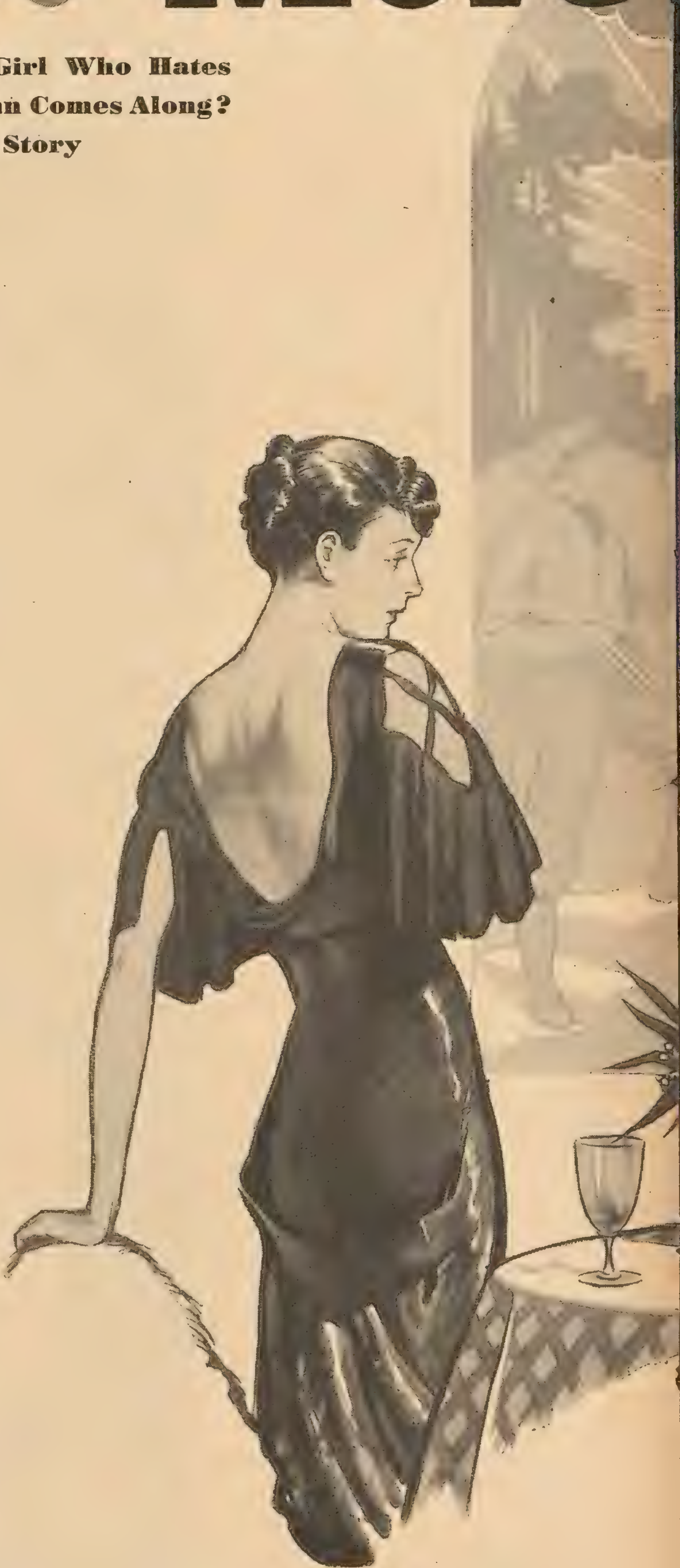
"You'll remarry. You're young and beautiful and your tastes are domestic," he was saying.

"*Cave canem,*" she answered sharply. "No girl is domestic. We have it forced upon us."

Mr. Mason was amused. "Don't forget I've seen you in your home," he said. "And I have a delicious recollection of your sizzling lamb chops."

"Eat your wild duck," she commanded. "This is food, Mr. Man."

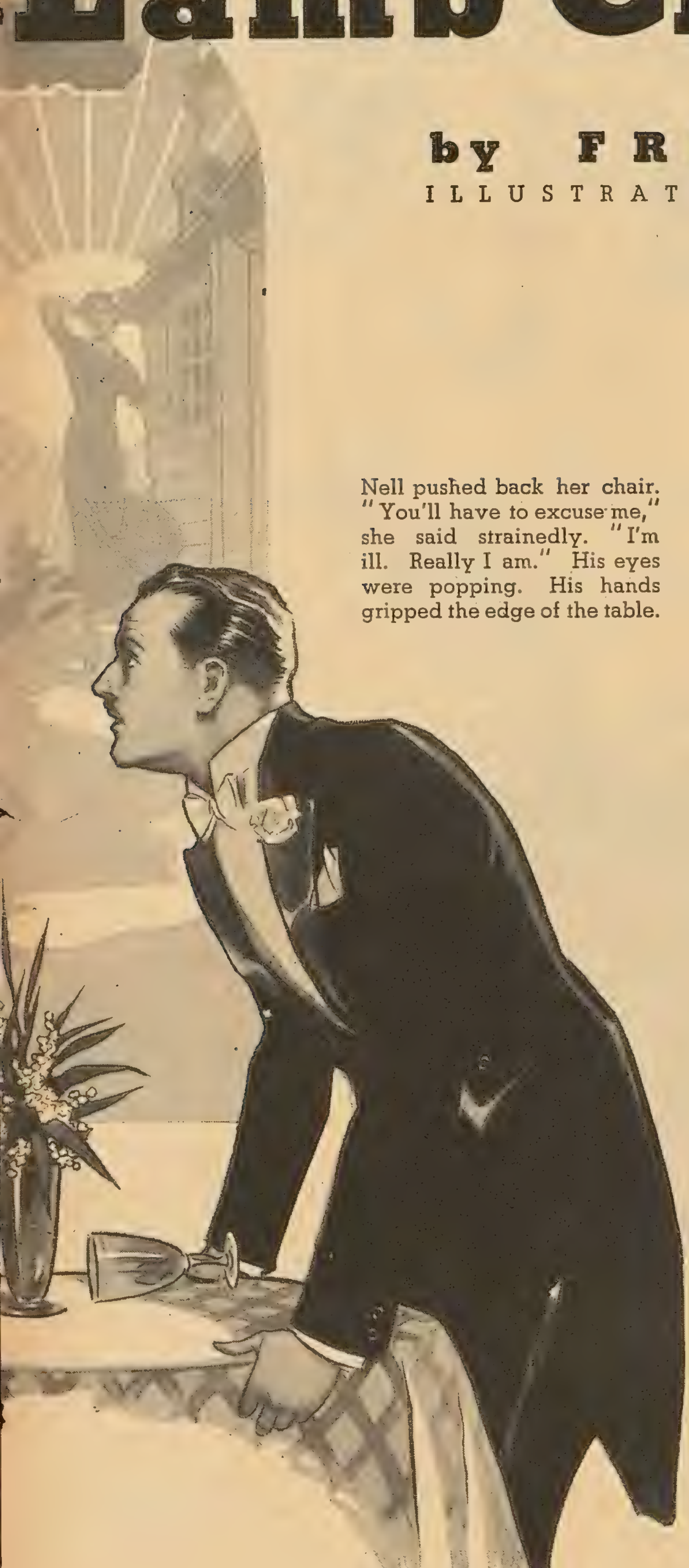
"It's not home cooking. I'm blessed if I know how a



Lamb Chops

by FRED Mac ISAAC

ILLUSTRATIONS BY T. D. SKIDMORE



Nell pushed back her chair. "You'll have to excuse me," she said strainedly. "I'm ill. Really I am." His eyes were popping. His hands gripped the edge of the table.

girl with your flair for running a home can be contented in a hotel bedroom."

Nell's laugh had a tang of metal in it.

"Remember the parties at our apartment?"

"I'll say so. They were great fun."

"So I heard," she said dryly. "I spent my time in the kitchenette getting a red face from a hot stove. The girls came direct from beauty parlors. Having been posing all day for Dave, my feet hurt. My hair was always a mess and my complexion terrible—"

"You were the most beautiful—"

"And I never had any fun. When I closed the apartment I made up my mind that in the future Nell Hart would be the swell groomed girl on the divan with the cocktail glass in her hand—"

"Why, I supposed you loved having people in!"

"Dave loved it. I might have if I'd been a guest instead of the slavey. Oh, let's talk of something else."

Mason looked much concerned. "Dave was a genius, Nell," he said. "Of course he was a trifle dizzy—"

"I've forgiven him. To what show are we going?"

"The new Harris revue. If you'll pardon my harping on what seems to be a sore subject, my dear, you and Dave were kids when you married. A girl should always marry a man somewhat her senior. At thirty-five a man is still a boy, but a woman—"

"Is practically a grandmother," she said tartly.

"You're twenty-four," he continued, "and I'm—er—thirty-eight. Fourteen years' difference—"

"Let's change that subject, too," suggested Nell sharply. "I'd rather like to dance."

When Nell's telephone rang on an afternoon a fortnight after her return from the Lake, she answered it with a slight frown. It would be Gregory, of course, and she was seeing almost too much of Gregory. It was not, however, Mr. Mason, but a man named Griggs.

She had to hesitate a second. "Of course," she then said gayly. "You're the boy who owned the canoe! How nice of you to call."

"You said I might see you sometime, Mrs. Hart," he reminded her.

Nell laughed pleasantly. "I believe I said we'd have to sit in the lobby and gaze at the gas log. Surely that doesn't appeal to you."

"It sort of does," he declared. "I'm wondering—are you busy tonight?"

She considered. He was an attractive young man. He had recognized her from the Dave Hart drawings for which she had posed and which still were being displayed in magazines and on billboards.

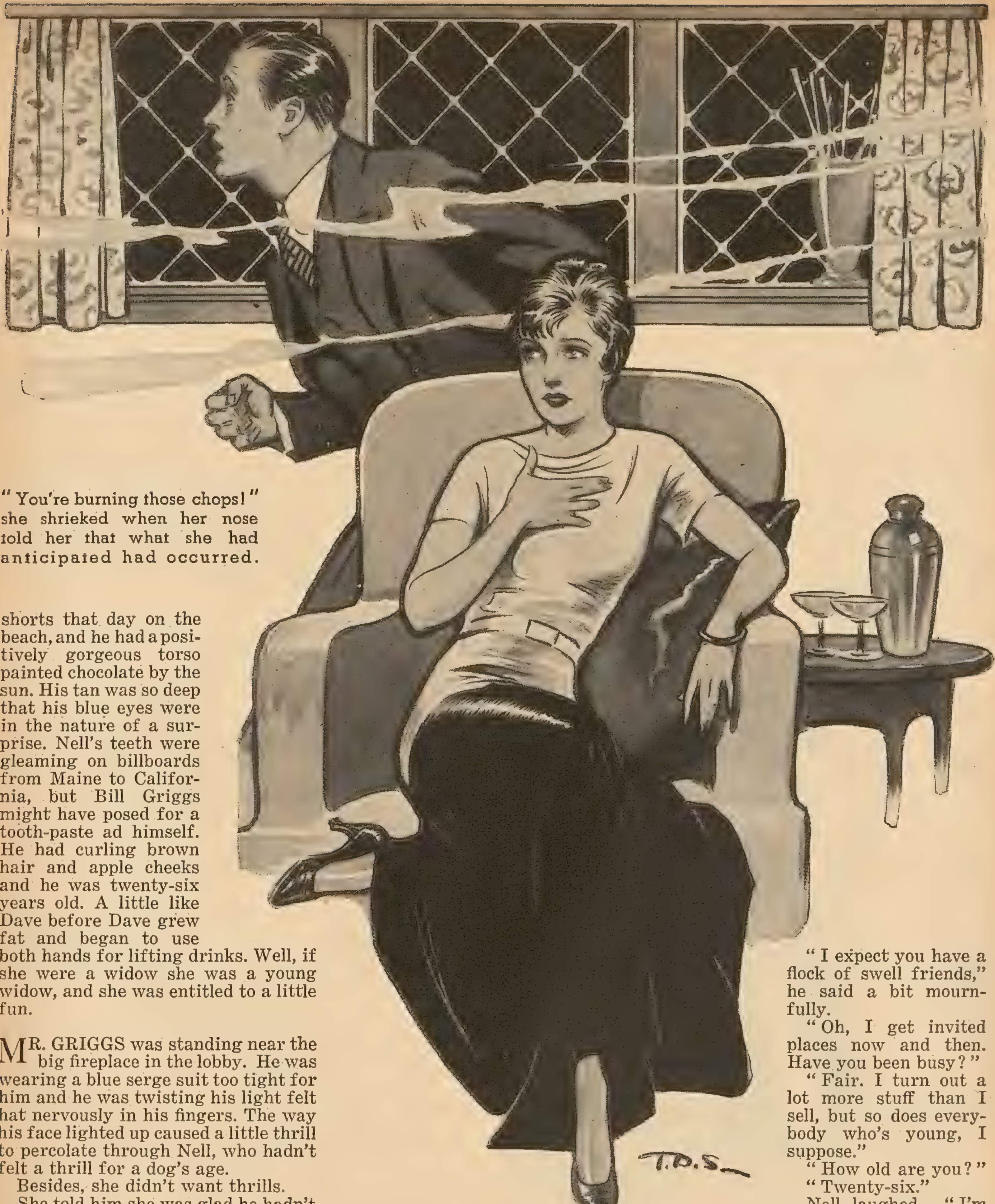
"Come about five thirty," she instructed. "You may take me to some nice bar. The gas log was a figure of speech."

"Great!" he cried enthusiastically. "I didn't dare hope you would remember me."

"You waited ages to call. It would serve you right if I had forgotten you."

"I've thought of you a lot. I waited to be polite. I certainly am looking forward to seeing you, Mrs. Hart."

Nell was smiling when she hung up. This was a nice ingenuous kid and she was a calculating widow with her eye on the main chance. Bill Griggs had been wearing



"You're burning those chops!" she shrieked when her nose told her that what she had anticipated had occurred.

shorts that day on the beach, and he had a positively gorgeous torso painted chocolate by the sun. His tan was so deep that his blue eyes were in the nature of a surprise. Nell's teeth were gleaming on billboards from Maine to California, but Bill Griggs might have posed for a tooth-paste ad himself. He had curling brown hair and apple cheeks and he was twenty-six years old. A little like Dave before Dave grew fat and began to use both hands for lifting drinks. Well, if she were a widow she was a young widow, and she was entitled to a little fun.

MR. GRIGGS was standing near the big fireplace in the lobby. He was wearing a blue serge suit too tight for him and he was twisting his light felt hat nervously in his fingers. The way his face lighted up caused a little thrill to percolate through Nell, who hadn't felt a thrill for a dog's age.

Besides, she didn't want thrills.

She told him she was glad he hadn't lost his tan.

"Where are we going?" she inquired. "Not that it matters much."

"How about the Brevoort?" he asked anxiously.

"Splendid. It's only a mile. Let's walk."

Having been the wife of a young illustrator, she suggested walking because she suspected that young Mr. Griggs might not be able to afford taxi fares as well as cocktails and the dinner which was pretty certain to follow. He assented eagerly. They walked briskly and talked about the Lake. He wanted to know what she had been doing, so she told him the plays she had seen.

"I expect you have a flock of swell friends," he said a bit mournfully.

"Oh, I get invited places now and then. Have you been busy?"

"Fair. I turn out a lot more stuff than I sell, but so does everybody who's young, I suppose."

"How old are you?"

"Twenty-six."

Nell laughed. "I'm practically your mother. I'm twenty-four."

"You look about nineteen," he said ardently. Nell giggled.

"I've led such a sheltered life," she told him. ("Like heck I have!" she added under her breath.) "Where do you live?"

"I've sort of a cute apartment on Tenth Street."

"Why, we're passing Tenth Street!" she exclaimed.

"I wonder—I don't dare ask you—"

"But you make wonderful cocktails and you have all the fixings in your apartment," she said ironically.

“We'll go to the Brevoort,” he answered huffily.

Nell grasped his arm. “We won't,” she stated. “I'm a widow, and you know what they are like. Let's sample your private cocktails.”

His face lighted up like a child's who had received a toy. “You're a swell egg,” he said gratefully.

“I'm not hard enough,” Nell told herself. “But he's sweet and undoubtedly needs to save his money.”

The apartment turned out to be on the fifth floor of a tumble-down walk-up. Before he opened the door she knew what it would be like inside. It was a replica of the apartment in which she and Dave had been deliriously happy before passion had met its natural death in matrimony.

There was an easel set under a big window with north light. An old broken-down sofa covered with chintz. A bare soft-wood floor with half a dozen small rag rugs. An upholstered armchair and three or four wooden chairs. There was a poke of a bedroom opening from it, and the two doors at the back of the room concealed a bathroom and an apology for a kitchen.

On the wall were a number of excellent water colors of pretty girls. She went over and studied one. It was better than the early work of Dave Hart.

“Make yourself at home,” the youth said joyously.

HE went through one of the doors and closed it after him. Nell smiled broadly. He didn't have to conceal his kitchen. She knew exactly what it was like. Well, one evening of this sort would do no harm to either of them. A couple of cocktails, a Village place for dinner, a few dances, and home to bed.

The living room was atrociously arranged, it seemed to her. Before she knew what she was doing, Nell Hart was rearranging the place. The poor boy surely could afford to spend a couple of dollars for new curtains. She would tell him where to go and what to choose. Maybe she would go with him. No, she wouldn't! Was she going out of her mind?

And she had better put things back where she had found them. But the room looked almost livable—it would be a pity.

The door opened and Bill Griggs came in with a tin cocktail shaker on a tin tray and two colored glass cups from the ten-cent store.

“I tasted them and they're nectar,” he said proudly. “Well, say!”

His eyes roamed round the room. “You have been busy. Darned if it ain't marvelous!”

“Give me a cocktail, please,” she requested. She had that idiotic glow again just because this big goose liked the way she had placed his horrible furniture.

They touched glasses and he set the tray on the floor. She picked it up deftly with one hand and set it on the table beside her. “I've seen so many tipped over from being left on the floor,” she said. “Um-m-m—good!”

“I shake a mean Bacardi,” he said

The genuine bears this seal

America's *fastest-selling* straight Whiskey

M-m-m! I certainly wish we could afford to serve a good straight bourbon like this!

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Crab Orchard

Crab Orchard is made the time-honored Kentucky way—naturally aged. Bottled from the barrel—it's a genuine Bourbon *and nothing else!* Fine flavor, high quality has made it America's fastest-selling straight whiskey—which explains why it can be priced so low! *Accept no substitutes!*

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proudly. "Gosh, it's wonderful to have you here! I've thought about you a lot. I've even tried to draw you—"

"Oh, show me."

"I tore 'em all up. They didn't do you justice. Fact is, I'm not much of an artist."

"I suppose somebody else did those water colors."

"Oh, no. I turned them out."

"They're lovely. Don't underrate yourself."

"Well, you certainly ought to know. I admired your husband tremendously."

"Almost everybody did," she said, trying not to be bitter.

They had three cocktails and he talked about his work. Inspiring models were hard to get—the big illustrators had a monopoly on them—but he did the best he could. He had broken in at one or two advertising agencies and his prospects were not bad.

She suddenly became aware that it was dark in the studio, and Bill also realized it.

"I suppose we'd better be on our way," he said regretfully. He glanced at her shyly. "I don't suppose you'd care for a home-cooked dinner. I'm a pretty good cook for an amateur—"

"It's such an awful bother," she said quickly.

"But I'd like it!" he cried eagerly. "If you would, I—I—risked making preparations. Just lamb chops and fried potatoes. I've a bottle of French wine—"

Nell's eyes narrowed. "Takes a lot for granted," she remarked to herself. Aloud she said, "It's an imposition—"

"Of course if you'd rather go out to dinner"—mournfully.

"I should get right out of here," her common sense told her. But she was curiously comfortable in the big chair and she had had cocktails, and it was cozy, after all, in this weird place. And he wanted so much to cook for her.

"If you really want to cook—"

"Well, say!" he cried, leaping to his feet. "Now you sit right there. Don't budge. I'll turn on the lights. Give the chef a quarter of an hour."

HE pulled open the kitchen door and turned on the light. Nell saw a three-burner gas stove sitting on a narrow table. There was an ancient ice box, shelves piled high with dishes, a shelf with pots and skillets. No sign of ventilation, and the boy was so big he almost filled the place.

"Leave the door open or you'll suffocate," she warned him, and she poured herself a cocktail.

Bill was chopping ice to cool the wine. He lighted a burner, placed a frying pan on top of it, and—dropped four chops into the pan.

Nell rose and made a stride toward the kitchen.

"I'm damned if I do!" she said between clenched teeth, and sat down again.

"Listen, goof," she called. "Put butter in that pan, quick!"

He laughed nervously. "I darn' near forgot," he called.

"Well," Nell told herself, "anyway, I'm the girl in the living room with the cocktail, but I know perfectly well that he'll spoil the dinner."

She sat there and fought the desire to drag him out and take charge. For six months she hadn't been in a kitchen and the urge was almost irresistible. After all, she had liked cooking in the beginning. She simply had had too much of it.

Things settled down, and Bill came out, set up a card table, spread a cloth on it, and brought out knives, forks, and spoons. Nell could have helped him but she wouldn't. Never again would she cook or set a table for a man!

"You're burning those chops!" she shrieked when her nose told her that what she had anticipated had occurred. "Snatch them off the fire."

"Just getting them well done," he called back cheerfully. Nell could open a window and let out the smoke—that wasn't being a cook. She sat down again.

ANYWAY he'd taken off the chops and also the fried potatoes. He came forth with a bottle of wine in a tin pail half filled with ice and set it beside a table leg with a gesture of complacency. The dear thing was having the time of his life.

"Now you sit right here," he commanded. "I wasn't so very long, was I?"

Nell bit her lip. "You are marvelously efficient," she lied.

"A bachelor gets that way," he said with complacency.

He came back with a platter of chops and a plate of fried potatoes. "The potatoes got a little too brown," he confessed. "I hope you like 'em brown."

Nell gazed upon them mournfully. Brown was not the color. Black was the color. The chops also were well charred. The butter was a wedge on a cracked plate and he had forgotten to heat the rolls from the bakeshop.

Fortunately it was drip coffee, which could be made on the table; otherwise the meal would have been a complete bust. Bill, however, sat down like a conqueror.

"Dig in," he invited hospitably. "Nothing like home cooking, eh, Mrs. Hart?"

"Suppose you call me Nell and open that wine," she retorted. "This is kind of fun, at that."

He began to eat his chops voraciously. To her surprise, Nell was able to consume one and even managed a few pieces of burned potato.

"Do you do this often?" she inquired.

"Not as elaborate a menu, to tell the truth. This is an occasion. It's the happiest occasion of my life," he assured her as he poured the wine. "Here is to a darned good sport, meaning you."

"To a very sweet boy," she retorted, and she was annoyed because tears came into her eyes.

After all, Bill and Nell knew and liked the same kind of things. They loved art. He was an artist and she was a famous model even if she had posed only for her husband. The hours flew by.

"I suppose we should wash the dishes," she said with a grimace which did not escape him.

"With the cleaning woman coming in the morning? I should say not."

"Here's to her!" exclaimed Nell, and laughed madly.

When Bill left her at her hotel at midnight, she knew the story of his life—a small-town boy who could draw and who had come to the city. She suspected that he earned very little money and that frequently he went without his dinner. She let him kiss her good night and she promised that there would be more such evenings, and she fell asleep as soon as her head touched the pillow.

When Bill called up a couple of days later she was not at home, but the next time he called up she was in her room and told the operator to say that she was not at home. Mrs. Hart had decided that Mr. Griggs was bad medicine.

The young man had personality. He was a better artist than Dave Hart ever had been. With a model as well known as Nell Hart, he'd sell his stuff quickly enough. She had come very near to volunteering to pose for him under the spell of that night in Bohemia. If it were possible to pose for him on strictly business terms—But the boy was in love with her already. He would want to marry her; and if she saw much of him she might be idiot enough to marry him!

BEING a woman of experience, Nell didn't trust herself too much. The thing to do was to eliminate Bill Griggs pronto. He would be hurt but not so badly as if she should give him further encouragement. Mrs. Hart's next husband was not going to be a struggling young artist.

The third time Bill phoned he managed to reach her, and Nell was forced to tell him that she was so busy that she didn't know when she would have a free evening.

"Give me your number," she requested, "and I'll call you up."

"Village 4224," he said mournfully. "Of course you won't call me."

Something came up in her throat and made articulation difficult. An absurd tear blinded her right eye. "Oh, but I will," she insisted. "Just as soon as this flurry subsides."

"Good-by," he said gravely and hung up. And that was the end of that.

GREGORY MASON had everything an intelligent woman needed. Both his feet were firmly on the ground. With Mason she had lots of things to talk about. Unlike the average business man, he was well informed about art, literature, the theater, and international affairs. Far from being dogmatic, he considered Nell's views worthy of serious consideration. He was handsome in a heavy way, he danced well, and about him was the bright aura of prosperity. It was fun to go with him to places which she and Dave had never been able to afford. It was comforting to know that with him her future was assured. Beautiful women at the Waldorf, the Stork Club, and the Town Casino bowed cordially to Gregory and turned green eyes on his companion. Of course she didn't love him the way she had loved Dave in the old days, but that part of her was dead and had better stay dead. And some philosopher truly had said that it was better to be loved than to love. Nor was there any sense in putting him off longer.

So—in a moonlit roof garden, at a table which was semi-obscure—there came a pregnant moment. He spoke and she answered. And she sighed contentedly.

"How soon?" he demanded. "I suppose you want to wait until the year is up?"

"I don't know," she said thoughtfully. "Under the circumstances I don't think it's necessary."

He grasped her hands across the table. "You darling!" he exclaimed. "A month?"

"Y-es, if you like."

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A TRUE STORY

By A MOTHER

who tells how her three children became "perfect specimens of health"

"FIFTEEN years ago, after a very severe operation," writes Mrs. W. C. Garrett of Haslam, Texas, "my physician cautioned me against constipation. He said it was in part the cause of my serious condition, following a nearly fatal accident.

"One hard packed bowel movement a day, he informed me, was not the condition that nature intended, and left one in a poor way to resist disease or build up strength.

"He prescribed Nujol and a very special diet. Since then I have bought Nujol by the gallon can, as it is so much cheaper.

"After getting my bowels regulated, I was surprised at the small amount it took to keep in perfect condition.

"Our children are perfect specimens of health at the ages of 4, 5 and 7. Nujol has been their only laxative. Have passed through three epidemics of measles and whooping cough and escaped them all, due in a great part to three good evacuations a day. They play out of doors in all kinds of weather and even stripped and went swimming in February on the flooded tennis court, without any ill effect.

"I have started at least a half dozen of my friends using Nujol for their babies. It's known in our family as the 'safe regulator'."

Nujol, "regular as clockwork," now comes in two forms, plain Nujol and Cream of Nujol, the latter flavored and often preferred by children. You can get it at any drug store.

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Advertisement

" Nell, I'm very happy," he said in a very low tone.

" And so am I," said Nell quite sincerely.

She entered the lobby of her hotel about five thirty the following evening, her arms full of bundles. During the afternoon she had been buying things she hadn't been able to afford until now, and she had been unable to resist carrying home personally several precious trinkets. She was, figuratively speaking,—purring with satisfaction when Bill Griggs bobbed up suddenly from a settle in front of the big fireplace.

FRED MACISAAC *is a big red-headed man who lives on a hilltop in Hollywood when he's not traveling in some foreign country, which is one of his favorite pastimes. He has been writing for ten years and has written short stories and serials as well as novels and an occasional film story.*

" Hello," he said with his delightful grin. She smiled from the contagion of it.

" Hello," she replied. "What are you doing here?"

" I—er—well, the fact is—I was hoping that you'd pass through."

" Oh!" Their eyes met. She smiled again. " How silly! Let's sit down."

" I've been trying to figure out how I got in wrong with you," he said rather pitifully. " I thought that we got along so well—"

" We did," she admitted. " I've been busy—"

" You decided not to see me any more—' busy ' is a gag."

Nell looked grave. " Maybe it is," she said honestly. " I liked you, Bill. You made it evident that you were in the way of liking me too much, so I broke things off."

" But why—what's the harm—"

" Bill," said Nell, " I was married to a young artist. Once was enough. I don't want to hurt you, but I positively am not going to see you any more."

" But—"

" I'm too old for it," she said almost shrilly.

" You're younger than I am. Besides—"

" Besides, I am engaged to be married," she said. " And I'm very happy about it, Bill."

She felt like a green hunter who gazes down upon a deer which he has wounded. The boy turned very white. His eyes were piteous. He rose unsteadily.

" I—I beg your pardon," he said almost inaudibly. " I was a fool. I—I'm glad you're happy."

HE moved away slowly. She watched him until he had passed out into the street. Nell's eyes filled with tears, but she thrust forward her pretty little jaw. " No more lamb chops," she muttered. " That's the end of that."

Gregory called for her at seven thirty. They had cocktails at Sherry's, were joined by half a dozen people, and it was nine when they sat down to dinner at the Colony. Gregory ordered as usual—Nell liked to be unaware of what she was going to eat until it was set before her.

" Look here," he said when the waiter was out of the way. " You're unusually quiet tonight. Anything the matter?"

" Why, no. I'm a bit serious. When one has been married, one wonders—"

" Your life is going to be absolutely happy," he declared. " I'm devoting myself entirely to you. Do you know what I've arranged today? I've fixed it so I can take two months off from my business — a sixty-days honeymoon—"

" Why, how nice!"

" And it's going to be a real honeymoon, away up in the Quebec woods."

" Murray Bay!" she exclaimed. " I hear the hotel is marvelous."

" Hotel? A hotel for our honeymoon? My dear girl, I've secured a lodge forty miles from neighbors. Just you and I in the wilderness."

" And the servants, of course," she reminded him.

" Servants? What for? I'll hunt, you'll cook. We'll have plenty of canned goods in case game is scarce."

FOR Nell was laughing—her laughter was strident.

" It's so f-f-funny!" she gasped. " I can't help it."

" Funny?" he said tartly. " It's marvelous! Wanted to do it all my life. You'll love it, dear. You're the greatest cook in the world, Nell—"

Nell managed to control herself. She stopped laughing. She was staring at him with a strange expression.

As a matter of fact she was gazing at a strange man—seeing him for the first time. She thought she had considered everything, but she hadn't considered this. She didn't want to be alone in a wilderness with this red-faced, thick-necked man. She had visualized him coming home from the hunt to dinner in this remote lodge. He wouldn't be wearing evening clothes up there, but sweaters and high boots. He would be burly. And smelly from the game he had killed. Unshaven. Repulsive. And he would want to sleep with her. Well, she had considered that—no, she hadn't!

Nell pushed back her chair.

" You'll have to excuse me," she said strainedly. " I'm ill. Really I am. No, no. You stay here and dine. I'll take a cab. I insist! Gregory, if you don't let me go I'll scream."

His eyes were popping. His hands gripped the edge of the table.

" Are you out of your mind?" he asked harshly.

" Probably," she said wryly. " Good night, Gregory. Sit down. You must have your dinner. Yes, I suppose you can drop in at the hotel later."

She had to get away. She would say anything to get away—alone.

Without a backward glance at her aggrieved fiancé, she fled to the street. There was a cab outside. She gave the chauffeur her address and sprang inside. She laughed crazily. She couldn't conceive of Gregory

Mason except in white tie and tailed coat—had she assumed that he slept in them? Slaving over a stove in a hut in the woods for Gregory Mason the Deerslayer? It was preposterous!

“Stop at that drug store,” she said sharply to the driver. She entered the store and a pay station and dropped a nickel in the slot and dialed a number. Her heart stood still until somebody said “Hello.”

“Bill,” she stammered. Why, she was as shy as a child! “I—er—I'm sorry about tonight.”

“Oh, that's all right,” he said listlessly.

“Bill, what are you doing?” she inquired anxiously.

“Nothing much,” was the sulky answer.

There was a second's silence—he should have been thrilled at the sound of her voice. Good heavens—

“Bill, have you been drinking?” she asked sharply. “You don't sound glad—”

“It's wonderful of you to be interested,” he said with more warmth. “Drink is no help, the way I feel.”

Nell sighed contentedly. When she spoke her voice was sweetly solicitous.

“You poor boy. Have you had your dinner?”

Her heart was racing like the engine of a motor bus.

“I didn't feel like dinner. Mrs. Hart, I'm sorry I made an ass of myself. Don't feel badly. I'll snap out of this.”

She laughed like a tickled child. “I'm coming right down,” she stated. “And, Bill — I — er — I'm not engaged—”

“Nell!” He shouted her name exultantly.

“And I'm cooking dinner. I haven't eaten, either. Get the pots and pans cleaned—”

“But we can go out—”

“I want to cook dinner for you, Bill,” she said eagerly. “I'll adore it. And I'll pick up the supplies and be there in half an hour. Mix some of your lovely cocktails. *Au revoir.*”

She hung up excitedly on his incoherence. She ran out of the drug store. “Drive until you come to a butcher's shop,” she instructed her taximan.

SHE sat back quivering joyfully. It's a pity that nobody was there to see her eyes, which were shining like planets. She was going into that wretched apartment, into the appalling kitchen, and cook—Nell Hart who was finished with kitchens—and the prospect entranced her. She'd provide that boy with a real dinner for once in his life. It was a pity about Gregory, whom she was treating shamefully, but he was self-contained and he'd be all right. She and Bill wouldn't live in that place very long. He had talent and she'd pose for him—

“The butcher's shop, miss,” said the driver.

Nell stood before the glass-inclosed meat counter and ran a knowing eye over its array. The cuts of meat looked delicious. Come to think of it, it wasn't cooking which had repelled her—it was cooking for the wrong man.

“Yes, miss?” said the red-faced butcher.

“Pick me out,” she instructed, “half a dozen of those large lamb chops.”

THE END

GOOD BOOKS

By OLIVER SWIFT

★ ★ ★ ★ **EXPERIMENT IN AUTOBIOGRAPHY** by H. G. Wells. The Macmillan Company.

A strange experiment indeed when British reticence sees fit to tell of other people's personal stories more detailed than his own. One of the world's best thinkers gives a detailed account of how and when and what he thought, but mighty, mighty few glimpses of the back stage of his own life. Four stars for courage and gallantry and intelligence. Two stars for interest.

★ ★ ★ **THE GREAT MR. KNIGHT** by Dorothy Whipple. Farrar & Rinehart.

Mr. Knight, a financial wizard, takes the Blake family from middle-class poverty to vast riches, only, as it suits his convenience, to throw them back to poverty. The reaction of each member of the Blake family makes a good story—interesting reading.

★ ★ ½ **DR. COPELAND'S HOME MEDICAL BOOK** by Royal S. Copeland, M.D. The John C. Winston Company.

A handy and comprehensive book for the shelf of the medicine chest, written in simple and comprehensive language by the Senator from New York who first made his reputation as an M.D.

★ ½ **NEW FRONTIERS** by Henry A. Wallace. Reynal & Hitchcock.

An exposition of New Deal ideals and Republican weaknesses. Heavily written for the student of politics, this book cannot be called fascinating reading for the lay citizen who could profit most by it.

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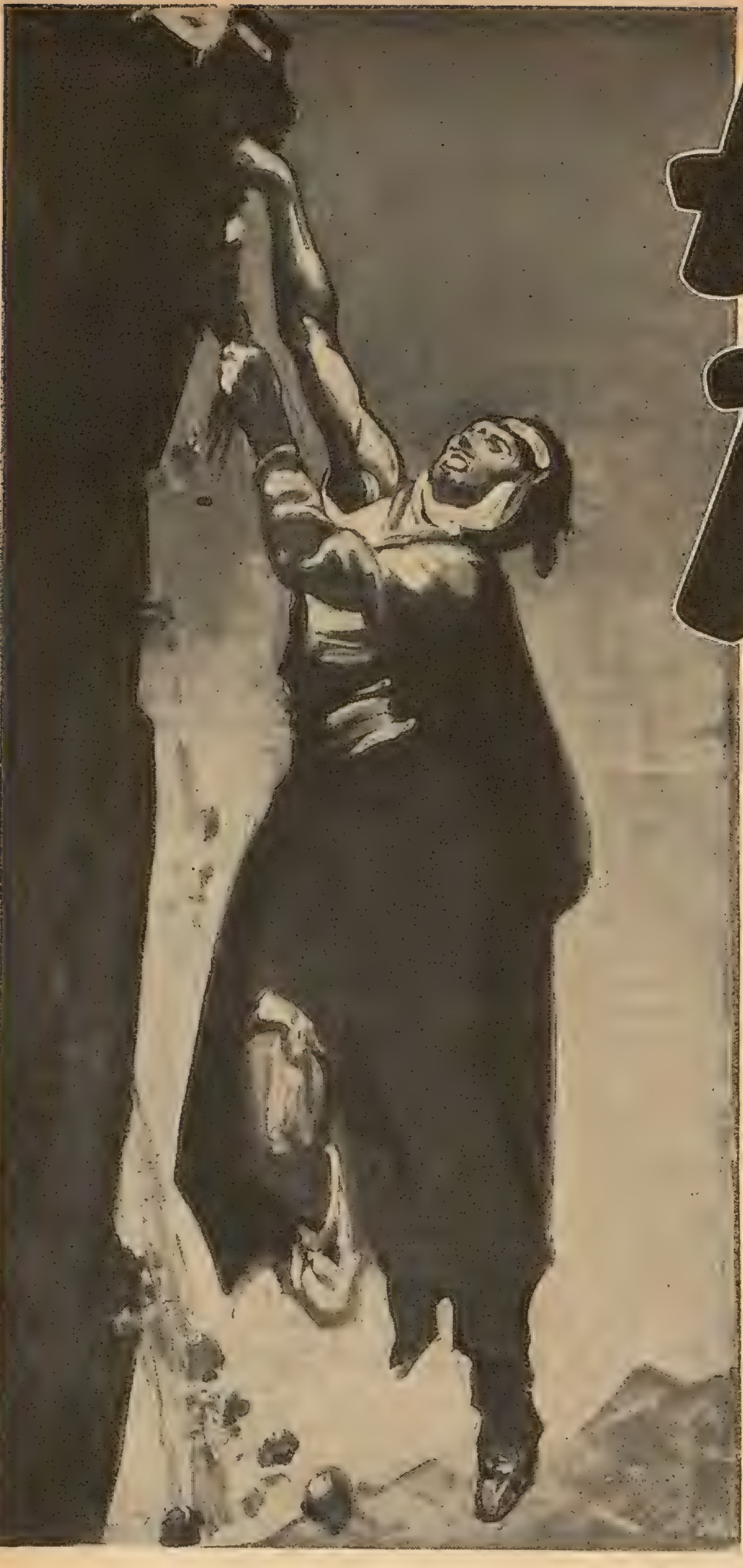
Hell Riders

Love or Death . . . The Assassins' Paradise . . . Trapped on a Cliff

Continuing a Stirring Saga of the Desert Patrol

by
W. J. BLACKLEDGE



It was a matter of minutes before I felt the end of the cloth rope in my hands. Then I looked down and let go.

READING TIME ● 23 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

THE Fourteenth Patrol searched a Bedouin encampment and found two deserters from the Foreign Legion, one dead, the other dying. The latter was an Austrian who had taken refuge in the Legion after stealing $20,000 in Paris. The other man, a French detective, had pursued him into the Legion and then dogged him day and night in the desert. Their capture and tormenting by the Arabs had followed. Before taking the Arabs in as prisoners, Skipper Armstrong caused a knife-thrower to " brand " the scalp of each of them —a punishment peculiarly dreaded by their kind.

In last week's installment Digger Craven told that story, and told of an adventure that he shared with the American, Bain. A native girl having given the two the glad eye, they found themselves in the encampment of a surly old khan who wore a striking jeweled ring that Bain coveted. He offered to cure the khan's daughter of fever in exchange for it. Thanks to quinine and aspirin, his " magic " cure was a success; but the ring wasn't forthcoming, and the upshot was a fight and a chase. When finally Bain secured the ring, it proved to be a likeness of—Mickey Mouse!

PART FIVE—MAD OLGA'S TENDER MERCIES

I HAD not thought to hear ever again of that beautiful witch, Olga Radnowitz, the alluring she-devil to whose stronghold I had once been carried off unconscious, and who, when Skipper Armstrong and the patrol made their raid, had somehow managed to escape.

Nearly two years had passed since that Bagdad incident. I was made aware of her continued existence in the most extraordinary manner. I awoke one morning to find a dagger stuck in my pillow and through a note written in French.

This occurred while we were camped in the mountainous district several miles north of Ana, about midway between Aleppo and Bagdad.

Translated, the note read:

> Will you join me in Paradise or would you prefer that this poniard be plunged into your belly?
>
> OLGA RADNOWITZ.

" Well, old Digger, it looks like you're headed for Paradise in either case, huh? " commented Bain.

The Skipper picked up the dagger and the note. He said nothing. His face was a mask. Gyppo was inclined to treat the whole matter as a joke. He would! He even offered a price for the knife. It was Tsamorsui, the Jap, who pointed to the curious stain on my pillow and to a similar stain on the dagger.

" Poison," said the Oriental succinctly.

" An unpleasant thing to have in one's belly," quoth I. " But what does she mean by joining her in Paradise? "

" Yeah. Where in hell is Paradise? Not in this benighted country! "

ILLUSTRATIONS
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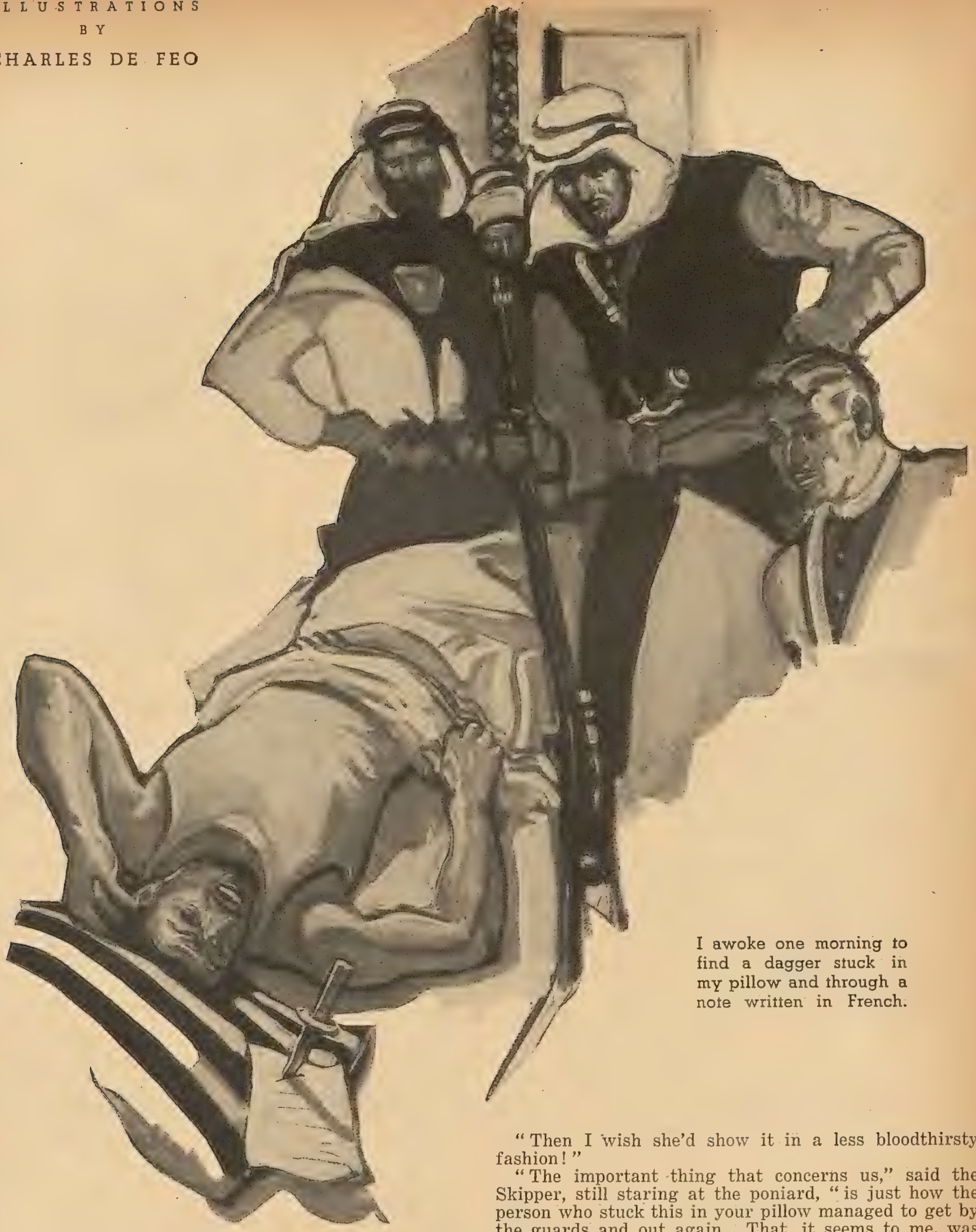

I awoke one morning to find a dagger stuck in my pillow and through a note written in French.

"But why not?" queried the Jap in his precise and careful English. "Is not your Garden of Eden in Irak?"

"Aw, gee, Sammersee, don't start one of your theological arguments, for the love of Mike!"

The Jap looked pained. He never could make up his mind as to whether Bain was laughing at him.

"I don't think the word Paradise was intended to be taken literally," I suggested.

"Perhaps the lady meant it in the poetic sense," opined Tsamorsui solemnly.

"She's got a yen for you," grinned Gyppo.

"Then I wish she'd show it in a less bloodthirsty fashion!"

"The important thing that concerns us," said the Skipper, still staring at the poniard, "is just how the person who stuck this in your pillow managed to get by the guards and out again. That, it seems to me, was devilish clever. I have questioned the guards. They know nothing. They neither heard nor saw anything unusual. There were six of them on duty and every one thoroughly reliable. Considering the reputation of the Fourteenth Irak Desert Patrol, this is by way of being a nasty blow! Frankly, I don't like it."

We looked at each other and agreed. How had some one managed to steal into the camp, drive the dagger in the pillow without waking me (I am a fairly light sleeper), and get away again? And if a dagger could be shoved into my pillow while I slept, it would be equally simple to shove one into my chest, or the chest of any other of the mob, for that matter. In short, we were none of us safe in our own camp, despite a wide-awake and watchful guard. A nice state of affairs indeed.

We discussed it for hours and got nowhere. Incidentally, I had become the mystery man of the patrol. Not one of the gang had met the alluring Olga. I was the only fellow who knew anything about her at all.

“I wonder what it feels like to be chased by a dame,” grinned Bain.

“Not in the least flattering,” said I.

“She seems to have made up her mind about you, Digger,” said Armstrong. “Didn't she admit to having watched you a long time before the Bagdad incident?”

“The lady is very tenacious,” proclaimed the Jap.

“Gosh! Ain't you a marvel at deduction, Sammersee!”

War between Japan and America appeared imminent—until the Skipper took up the discussion again.

“Well, she knows you can't answer such a message, not having her address, and wouldn't if you could. It's clear, then, that she'll attempt further contact. Until I give you permission, Digger, don't move from the patrol at any time without an escort. Meanwhile we'll double the guards.”

It was equivalent to being under open arrest. And that made me feel about three feet high. I resolved that the lovely Olga should not escape next time. I went through the days with a saw-edge of a temper.

A piquant situation for me, and it endured for weeks, during which time nothing further happened. I rolled into the old bed bag each night with the feeling that maybe there would be a message on my pillow in the morning. As the days went by it became the joke of the patrol—“Any skewered fan mail today?” Even the Wahabis would grin and playfully gesture with their knives.

As the weeks went by things gradually became normal; that is, we spent our time rounding up a few thieves and cutthroats in the hills. Then Olga made another sign. This time I said nothing to the boys about it. I had had quite enough of their wise cracks. I was determined to get even with Mme. Olga in my own way. A lone hand for me.

Her second message was inclosed in a heavily scented envelope. But it was not skewered this time.

It was a *billet d'amour!* It might have been the message of a lovesick girl to her beau. It was almost comic —coming from such a character as Mme. Radnowitz. She had love on the brain. She had been planning for two years. It had taken her that time to get initiated into the society of the Assassins.

For the rest, her scented epistle was full of apologies for the theatricality of her previous letter. None the less, *I must prepare for my journey to Paradise!*

Of course I knew the history of the Assassins. Who does not? They had existed in Arabia since the days of the Crusades. There had been evidences of their work within recent times, chiefly in the swift and mysterious disappearances of beautiful native girls. Somewhere in this vast land they had their secret stronghold.

The patrols had never come into touch with any of their activities. Foolishly perhaps, I decided they should not do so now. I did not believe I could be spirited away in a night—as if I were some desirable and beautiful virgin!

I was wrong. I can honestly say I went to bed that night quite easy in mind. My sleep was untroubled. It was the waking to life again that was troublesome.

I opened my eyes to gaze upon a sea of flowers. I sat up, dazed, bewildered. This was not a dream. It was real. A great expanse of color, a riot of scent, a world of flowers. I rubbed my eyes and stared. God! How I stared! The ground sloped away from my feet down to a defile cut by a stream. About the high walls of the valley were grassy slopes, cliffs forested with fir, spruces, giant rhododendrons, red, yellow, and pink poppies.

It seemed as if I gazed at that brilliant world of color for hours—a timeless period. Paradise indeed!

How had I been brought here, to this gigantic garden on top of the world? Where exactly was I? I had not been knocked out. I was not conscious of any sort of pain. Drugged, of course. So this was Olga's work. She had not been romancing about her initiation into the society of the Assassins. Hashish—their drug. Dosed with it and carried hither. Very neat.

I sat on a mountain top—Heaven knew how many thousand feet up. I could sense the elevation of the mist-shrouded craggy summits of other mountains stretching away to the distance. It must have taken days to convey me to this spot. Where was I? In the Lebanon or farther eastward among the Persian hills? So many tales were told as to the whereabouts of the Assassins' fastness. Well, I was in it.

It was a lovely pleasance, a beautiful valley high up in the mountains. It was undoubtedly the retreat of the Assassins. Every corner of this amazing Elysium confirmed all that I had heard and read about it—save that there were no lovely damsels in my view nor any conduits conducting streams of wine and milk and honey through the garden.

At my feet the ground was covered with dry grass rolling like waves in a gentle breeze. Behind me, beyond the rising garden, dazzling white towers and roof tops glistened in the sun against a background of almost black cypress trees.

By the position of the sun I judged it was still early morning. The air was beautifully crisp and clear. Perhaps it was up there that they kept the damsels.

Then she came, strolling through the garden, laughing softly, waving a greeting. Olga Radnowitz had grown more beautiful with the passing of two years. Maybe it was the setting. She sank gracefully beside me on the soft turf, this handsome black-haired woman with the tragic classic features and the great magnetic eyes that could laugh and dance. She took my breath away just then.

“It is certainly a very beautiful prison,” said I.

“Not prison, *mon chéri*. Paradise. Our home.”

“Our home?”

“But yes.”

Olga was still the most alluring thing in skirts I had ever known. But she was not in skirts now. She was garbed in keeping with her surroundings. She wore a robe of impeccable white silk adjusted in the manner of a Hindu girl's *sari;* but on her statuesque figure it was the robe of a Greek goddess. Her legs below the oblique hem were bare, honey-colored, and shapely. She wore sandals of soft cream-colored leather.

A lovely creature, lithe, sinuous, having the power to make one conscious of the animal.

She talked of love. As a modest fellow writing in the first person, I find it impossible to set down much that she said. That she should have taken two years to get into the inner councils of the Assassins, and solely to enlist their aid in drugging and conveying me to this retreat, should be sufficient indication of her state where I was concerned.

She seemed to have made this her life's ambition. She had succeeded. There was nothing I could do. I had the freedom of the valley, for she believed I would never find the way out and down these several thousand feet to the world below.

In the days that followed I discovered that there were now no Assassins in this secret fastness. In the palatial house that lay under a shelf of rock there were none but Mme. Olga's own staff. Whether she had actually engaged Assassins to convey me thither I never learned. I only knew that the poisoned dagger and the drug associated with that weird sect were the theatrical properties used.

At all events I hoped that one Armstrong would get the right idea—and fly high enough.

I had to face the plain unvarnished fact: I had been kidnaped. And by a madwoman! The sides of that great cleft in which I lived for many days towered more than ten thousand feet up! I learned there was some truth in the saying that the higher you climb the lower you sink!

At that altitude the air was like champagne. It made me feel supremely fit. I wanted to perform idiotic feats of strength—tear up trees by the roots.

Olga, of course, exhibited her supreme vitality in other ways. No wonder she was mad. But what a madness! I realized very early in my stay that I should have to keep a firm grip on myself. Sometimes I wondered how long I could stick—before I went sick or insane.

Add to this the daily association with a she-devil like Olga!

She lived in a world of her own making. Yet she was terribly anxious about my welfare. My every wish—except the one big wish!—was law. I needed but raise my hand and she would have signaled one of her many serving men, most of them tainted with the same madness, to throw himself over the crags for our amusement.

A madwoman can be frightfully sincere. I caught a glimpse of her in my bedroom one morning. She was kissing the hollowed impression my head had made in the pillow. And sometimes she could be appealingly childlike. She had a mania for color—as when she took my hand and dragged me to a bunch of rocks by the garden pool. There was a three-foot snake there, shining metallic blue in color, lying in a crevice of the yellow sandstone. She called it her barbaric jewel. It struck me as a good description of the lady herself in that setting.

NEVER a day passed but I planned. I thoroughly explored the valley, sometimes alone, other times in her company. As the curious days passed she seemed to have the impression that I was contented with my lot.

But I could not find the way out. There wasn't one—except a precipitous slither down a sheer rock face which must have meant certain death.

True, there was the stream. I had followed its course very early in my stay. It ended in a gigantic waterfall that tumbled over rocks with a drop of fifty feet.

The one query Olga would never answer was how we had all reached that retreat. How had I been conveyed thither? On that subject she could talk a lot of hokum about the Assassins and their incredible feats under the influence of the hemp leaf.

All of which conveyed precisely nothing to me. There must be a secret inlet somewhere, but, try as I would, I could not locate it.

Airplanes? I could have been delivered thus. But I dismissed the idea as being too far-fetched for such a crowd as Olga employed. Nevertheless I began to look skyward. It was possible that the patrol would enlist the Irak Air Scouts to search the mountain regions for me.

Then it came. Deliverance. There was an unforgettable afternoon of glorious sunshine and perfect peace. I lay on the greensward half hidden by a clump of stunted palms, gazing idly at the tumbling water of the stream. It was the hour of Olga's siesta.

What instinct caused me to lift my head and look back toward the forest of firs away up on the hillside, I do not know. But having done so, I was struck by the antics of a native. He was crouching in the shadow of the trees that skirted the rise of ground leading to the castle. His hand clutched the bridle of a diminutive donkey.

THE astonishing thing about the two was that they were drenched, soaked, dripping with water. They could not have fallen into the stream because I was between them and the water and must have seen them. Maybe they had both stumbled into some pool in that plantation—though I could not recollect having seen one there.

And why, apart from his natural craziness, was the man crouching there like that? He appeared to be searching the open green space to make sure there was no one about. He emerged at last, dragging the dripping pack-laden donkey after him, crossed hurriedly and entered the courtyard.

I lay thinking for several long moments. There was but one thing to do. I must make a more thorough search of that plantation. I thought I knew every inch of it, knew there was not a thimbleful of water in it anywhere!

I made my way thither. I started at the top and worked down systematically, crossing and recrossing the belt until I was tired. Then, where the trees ended and the rocks rose, I came upon a thin stream. There was scarcely sufficient water in the gully to wet my feet, let alone drench a man from head to foot. I followed the course, descending in a direction I had never taken before.

I was aware of the possibility of being missed when Olga rose from her couch. I became desperate. It must have been two hours since I had left the river bank, and as I stumbled and crashed among the stones of the gully the sun was sinking. Perhaps already they were searching for me. I hurried on.

The gully ended in a tunnel through which the stream ran. As I reach it I could hear the rush of heavy water. The tunnel was hung with all manner of twisted growth, but I managed to make my way through. Then I pulled up short. A river was streaming along *overhead!*

I was standing behind a broad sheet of water which was falling from

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the rocks above! I had seen this fall of water from the top of those rocks. Now I was under it and behind it. Clearly one could walk through it without mishap—save that of a good dousing. If a crazy native and his pack-laden donkey could do it, so could I.

I inhaled deeply and took the plunge. It was all over in a few seconds. Spluttering and gasping, I found myself on a flat rock with the gushing water careering crazily about my legs.

But I need not have worried. Here was no swift descent. Before me was a broken bed of rock-strewn pools. I clambered over and reached the bank.

There I found a tiny track running down the mountain side. The dim expanse of desert lay thousands of feet below, reddened now by the setting sun. I could never reach the world down there before nightfall, but I did not hesitate. I took the path at the double. Below lay freedom. And that was all I cared about. . . .

"The devil take the woman!" said I early in the morning of my second day of freedom. I was sitting on a shelf of rock high up on the mountain side.

Melting away beneath me were rolling hills, pleated valleys, and beyond them a wide stretch of gray desert.

God in heaven! What an escape! I had stumbled in the semidarkness and had been precipitated headlong—hurtling down a steep slope of a couple of hundred feet of slippery turf, and had come to rest on this ledge.

It was about fifty yards long and twenty wide. Above and behind me was what looked like an impossible climb to the peak. The slope was sheer, tufted between rock piles with wiry turf which I knew was as treacherous as a glacier at that incline.

LOOKING over the edge, I could see a drop of fifty feet to sharp crags. At best I could not hope to escape a broken limb or two. Nothing for it but to find the road back by way of that grassy slope.

Beyond skinning my arms, I had reached the shelf without mishap. It was, in fact, a very lucky stumble.

Also, I was amazingly hungry after two days of living on sweet roots, dates, and brackish water.

I decided to make an effort to climb the slope. The wire grass came away in handfuls as I slithered and slipped up the sheer face of it. A dozen times I flopped back to the ledge, breathless, exhausted, hands torn and bleeding, the sweat pouring off me in streams. By the time I had made my umpteenth attempt in late afternoon that grassy patch looked as if some hungry beast had been gnawing at it.

There was not a sign of life anywhere. How often did Olga's donkey man make his trips to market? I supposed he was the ration wallah for that little community up there. During my two-days wandering, however, I had not come upon a soul. The world was horribly bleak and desolate. This game of sitting on a rock and looking down upon the world was getting on my nerves.

Mingled with my cheerless reflections were thoughts of Olga. I was so weak at times that I wished I'd stayed with her. Why was I such a dissatisfied animal? There was everything up there that man could need. Everything. Even beauty. Beauty animate and inanimate. I could not really decide whether I had been mad up there or was mad down here. I must have been mad to leave all that merely to sit on this rock and gaze at the world like some outcast devilkin.

THEN darkness came. I pondered far into the night. Before falling asleep I decided that in the morning I would risk a jump from the rock ledge. Anything would be better than this.

I awoke with the glare of the red ball in my eyes, feeling considerably refreshed and hungrier than ever. Well, what was it to be? Over the edge with the best of luck? I crawled to the edge, lying flat on my stomach, and peered down. It looked like suicide to me. But there was always the million-to-one chance that I should escape death in the leap.

Just the same, I could at least make another attempt upward before jumping.

My hands were pretty raw by this time. I tried grasping sharp pebbles in them and dug hard with my toes as well. I had taken a lot of the smoothness out of that grassy slope the day before, and at first it looked as if I would succeed.

Then, just as I was within inches of grabbing at a stunted bush to pull myself to safety, away I slithered, careering crazily down to that damnable ledge once more!

I sat there in a cloud of rubble and dust and dirt and wondered why Fate had staged me for this ironic display of man's impotence and ineptitude! Getting out of Olga's retreat had been child's play compared to this!

Then another thought assailed me. The longer I stayed here the more likelihood there would be of her minions coming upon me. And then what?

Many a feverish speculation entered my head as the slow hours passed. And suddenly, unaccountably, I would start to shiver. Yes, shiver —in that blazing torrid heat. There were periods when I was filled with an unnamable fear.

While resting from my frantic exertions I tried to think of other things, other experiences—anything to get my mind from under the crushing weight of those damnable mountains. I thought of the bush, of the Great War. I saw myself a year after the war ended making my way from Basra to Bombay en route to London for demobilization. But I was stopped at Bombay. How well I remembered it! There was trouble on the North-West Frontier, and I found myself among the details joining a battalion to be sent to those regions.

And then Kohat, guarding the mouth of the Kohat Pass. Kohat and Isabel.

Kohat, just one little outpost on the chain of defenses along the North-West Frontier. It was a tightened-up affair of granite, tiny bungalows, tiny sidewalks, tiny beds of flowers, and round it all great grim walls of stone, beyond which were trenches and barbed wire.

Set in the midst of all that cold stone and grim armory, was Isabel—thoroughbred daughter of a thoroughbred resident British officer, come out to see daddy "after the war."

A typical Indian station. Once the wild tribes had been quelled, there were the usual rounds of parties, dances, tennis, a military band in a moonlit square.

There were bronzed soldiers fresh from battle, pretty girls in ravishing frocks. And Isabel.

Every morning one awoke to the vision of bleak mountains and silent valleys, where it seemed life could not exist.

Here, from my shelf, also mountains and no life at all.

A picture of Isabel in a frame of rock. Determined to crush it, I heaved myself once again upward toward the brink of the green slope, hand over hand, digging in the loose earth with toes and claws. Up I went, breathlessly cautious, a firm foothold, a steadying halt, then up again, gaining, gaining ground inch by inch. And then a sudden slither, a scramble, clutching wildly . . .

BACK again on my perch, tears of anger and mortification in my dust-filled eyes, sitting there like a clown, the stupid plaything of those unsmiling peaks.

Only there was no audience, no one to laugh—at least, no one that I could see!

I was sure Isabel would have laughed. She would have been tickled to death. There was just that quality of sardonic humor in the situation which would have appealed to her.

I reasoned that when finally solitude and hunger became unendurable, I could always take a header over the ledge. Meanwhile I determined upon more efforts up that slide. It should not get me down.

I remember I jumped up suddenly, savagely, took a flying leap at it. And came down again, bringing a shipload of earth, mostly in my eyes and mouth, and stood there shaking my fist while I spat out the dirt and cursed and cursed.

The world's prize idiot! There was nothing rational in me or around me. It says enough for my state of mind that I should have been nearly three days thinking a way out of my predicament! I stood up then, quite coolly, and slipped off the enveloping burnoose. It was thick heavy material, approaching a blanket in size and texture. I didn't even have a knife. I worked laboriously with sharp stones. I shouted for joy when after hours of hacking I had made the first strip.

Night fell before I had completed the third strip. Dawn found me at work again. I reckoned I could make forty feet of strips. Whether they would be tough enough or not I hardly paused to think.

They would certainly hold my weight better than those tufts of wire grass.

It became a terribly exciting game. I was working feverishly against time.

I measured my progress with the sun's climb to zenith, hoping earnestly that I would have the thing ready by high noon. That would give me ample time to get down and over and on my way.

What way? I had not the faintest idea.

I BEGAN to knot the strips of cloth —remembering an incident of my youth when a would-be rescuer had been killed while letting himself down over a cliff on the end of a rope secured with granny knots.

At last my job was complete. I had forty or fifty feet of "rope" with which to lower myself to freedom. I peered over the lip of rock. The drop could be no more than sixty. I secured one end of the rope to an angle of my stone platform and threw the other end over.

It hung to within a few inconsiderable feet of a bunch of scrub. I levered myself over the edge, looking neither up nor down but keeping my eyes on the cloth rope.

It was a matter of minutes before I felt the end of the rope in my hands. Then I looked down. It was an easy drop and I let go.

When I opened my eyes I sat crouched, staring down the hillside.

It was then that I made out the donkey track. An Indian file of figures was ascending that track. I rubbed my eyes. Two of the figures were much in advance of the rest. I could see fairly clearly. They were Arabs. They raised hands to shield farsighted eyes, seeming to peer in my direction.

I stood up and waited. There seemed no point in hiding. The two saw me standing there. One immediately raised his gun and fired into the air. Good God! It was a patrol! Those two were the scouts! That was unquestionably the signal! A patrol. Could it be the Fourteenth? It was! And I had torn a good burnoose into strips!

And what of the crazed Olga? Did she escape again? In next week's installment Digger will tell you—and will give an electrifying account of his patrol's hottest battle, fought when it was ordered to the relief of the besieged fort at Tel Kala! He will also reveal the amazing outcome of a hunt for hashish smugglers.

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2 stars—Good 1 star—Poor
0 star—Very Poor

★ ★ ★ COLLEGE RHYTHM

THE PLAYERS: Joe Penner, Jack Oakie, Lanny Ross, Lyda Roberti, Helen Mack, George Barbier, Mary Brian, Franklin Pangborn, Robert McWade. Directed by Norman Taurog. Story by George Marion, Jr.

IF you demand logic and plot in your films, I'm afraid College Rhythm cannot be commended for your perusal. But if, like us, you can take entertainment without pretense to reason, it offers the most hilarious haywire fun since the brethren Marx first went crazy in public.

The picture is completely goofy, never tries to be anything else, and moves with clumsy but energetic pace through its laugh-laden path. Joe Penner, the frustrated duck salesman, has what might be called the leading rôle, though there is no telling about the importance of individuals, for players stroll in and out of scenes with no regard for story or sequence.

The picture touches almost everything—college, football, music, the depression, big business, and love. The loquacious Jack Oakie as Love-and-Kisses Finnegan, ex-All-America halfback, ties these ingredients together when he introduces college rhythm to Stacey's faltering department store, brightening the shop with a glee club, chorus girls, cheer leaders, and a football team.

Lanny Ross and Jack Oakie fight to win the big game for dear old Stacey—but not because some gal sends them a love note in the last quarter. They win for Goo-Goo, Mr. Penner's enchanting duck.

Mary Brian and Helen Mack do their best to give the picture a bit of beauty and sanity.

But that pulchritudinous Pole Lyda Roberti, Jack Oakie, and Mr. Penner and his duck do nothing but have a lot of fun.

We think that you will too.

VITAL STATISTICS: Joe Penner's life was written by Horatio Alger, Jr. Born in Hungary on November 11, 1904, his family emigrated him to Detroit. Was newsboy, bell hop, and auto mechanic until he left home to become a mind reader's assistant. Graduated to vodvil comedy rôles, married a gal dancer in the Greenwich Village Follies, and finally made good in one appearance on Rudy Vallee's air varieties. His material has always been outstripped by his mannerisms, which have become national gag lines. Is deluged with more requests for personal appearances than he could fill in ten years. He calls his duck Goo-Goo, and is always getting fan letters from kids begging him never to sell his duck. He never will—nor will he ever eat roast duck. Retains the Rev. Harry Rubel Scott, ordained Episcopal dominie, as his gagman. The reverend is married to an ex-Follies gal. . . . Lanny (Showboat) Ross attributes his success to his mother, once Pavlowa's pianist and his enthuser for singing. Was choir soprano for the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, New York. At Yale shone on track team, Yale News, and Glee Club. . . . Mrs. Oakie's favorite and only son is the pride of Sedalia, Missouri. He emigrated to New York to be a stockbroker's clerk and later a stage star. Glories in the distinction of being Hollywood's most informal dresser and a propless comedian. Has just picked the Last Word All-America Football Team, containing only players beginning with Z. Can you approximate it? . . . Lyda Roberti is dotter to the w. k. European clown Roberti and flashed to stardom via Lou Holtz's You Said It. . . . With all her thirteen years of stage experience, Helen Mack was not old enough to vote in the last election. . . . A talent for drawing brought doll-faced Mary Brian to Hollywood to crash the Kliegs as a designer. A bathing-beauty contest switched her to the grease-paint pots and fame. . . . Jim Thorpe coached the football teams in the pix—U. S. C. varsity and second varsity. Made all movie players play and tackle. . . . Le Roy Prinz, dance director, always blue-prints his dances beforehand. Is ex-World War flyer and French Foreign Legionnaire.

Lyda Roberti and Wanna-Buy-a-Duck Joe Penner in a scene from the hilarious and goofy College Rhythm.

★ ★ FLIRTATION WALK

THE PLAYERS: Dick Powell, Ruby Keeler, Pat O'Brien, Ross Alexander, John Arledge, John Eldredge, Guinn Williams, John Darrow. Directed by Frank Borzage. Story by Delmer Daves and Lou Edelman.

Dick Powell a
two leading rô

EACH studio, about once a year, makes a picture involving a smart-Aleck who enters some branch of the United States military service and comes out with his course completed, a hero and a gentleman. This story, though an old one and often used, has seldom failed to have moments of excitement and some thrilling scenes.

Flirtation Walk, the latest assault on this tried-and-true theme, with the adolescent Dick Powell being almost too cute, hardly fares as well as its predecessors. About its only applause-provoking moments are derived from stock shots of parading West Point cadets.

Trying to inject novelty into a standard story, Warner Brothers have given Flirtation Walk a bit of music; but only in the banality of its plot does it resemble a musical show. There are few songs and the lilting Miss Keeler is given no opportunities to dance.

The film is concerned mostly with Mr. Powell's climb in the army ranks. Insulted by an officer and thrown over by Ruby Keeler, he joins West Point to prove his ability and gentility. Four years later he emerges from the Academy a gent and a scholar but not a very capable playwright, judging from his specimen which the graduating class presents.

Powell and Miss Keeler, meeting again, star in the school play, and while on the stage they ad lib. their real love lines, to the consternation of Miss Keeler's fiancé.

Flirtation Walk has many minor inconsistencies. These could be easily overlooked if the film had any of the opulent eye-and-ear appeal of a musical show or the thrills of military life.

Unfortunately, it has not too much of either.

VITAL STATISTICS: Picture involved longest location trips in First National studio history—to West Point, Hawaii, and many west-coast spots. United States War Department revised, corrected, and passed scenario, with General William D. Connor, Superintendent U. S. M. A., O.K.-ing final film. Took eleven months producing--cadets, officers, and civvies playing mob and bit parts. . . . Dick Powell rumored engaged to marry Mary Brian. Is building new Toluca Lake house, which Mary is decorating. Powell married and divorced once. First song learned was Casey Jones, taught him by a railroad engineer. Had a Dick Powell Day in his honor in Little Rock, Arkansas. Gets more fan mail than any other man on his lot. . . . Ruby Al Jolson Keeler and Powell have been teamed in all her pictures since Forty-second Street. She gets all the fan mail among the gals on her lot. Is good golfer, playing in low 80s. Worked up from Texas Guinan's group of dancing girls. Called one of best girl tap dancers. Is twenty-five years old now. Got a string of poils from Al for her birthday. And a big estate in Bel-Air. . . . Pat O'Brien is superstitious,

EYED, HARD-BOILED

-Dick Powell Enacts an Oft-Repeated Tale

s Again a Menace

HILLS

believing practically all of the Don't-ever-do-thats. Married to Eloise Taylor, whom Valentino once called the most beautiful Iowan. They call her Mike. Pat's a handball wizard. Has lots of hair on his chest. Played footer for Marquette in Milwaukee, his home town. Got locked in a stage trunk accidentally once and had a helluva time. Began stage career as a chorus boy—now look at him! Is one of The Front Page alumni who made good. . . . John Eldredge trouped with a Chautauqua show which gave out in tents. Played with Civic Repertory Theater, in stock, U. of Calif. Little Theater, etc. Phil Barry gave him first break in Holiday. . . . John Arledge is now known as Johnny Allen since First Nat'l gave him a contract—the studio not wishing to confuse him with Eldredge, also under contract. Is from Texas and hasn't shed his accent yet. . . . Guinn (Big-Boy) Williams is polo player. . . . Sol Hoopii, technical adviser on the Hawaiian hula dance sequences, is related to Queen Liliuokalani. . . . One hundred male and female Hawaiians used in picture. . . . Director Frank Borzage never raises his voice when directing; always smokes a pipe, wears green-lensed glasses and sports clothes.

Ruby Keeler take the n Flirtation Walk.

★ ½ LIMEHOUSE BLUES

THE PLAYERS: George Raft, Jean Parker, Anna May Wong, Kent Taylor, Montague Love, Billy Bevan, John Rodgers. Directed by Alexander Hall. Story by Arthur Phillips.

LIMEHOUSE BLUES presents George Raft as an Americanized Oriental who introduces high-pressure gangster methods to London's Chinatown. Operating as a smuggler, Mr. Raft bumps off his rivals with the same aplomb with which he eludes the bobbies. The lucrative but risky business is well under control until he falls for the Occidental charms of a white girl.

Jean Parker, the white girl, shows a character that speaks well for Limehouse. Though living in a den, associating only with drunks, thieves, and dope fiends, and herself engaged in the smuggling racket, she remains the epitome of sweetness and innocence. Accepting the kindly Chinaman's invitation, Miss Parker, still pure, shares his apartment and incurs the jealousy of Anna May Wong, his mistress. Tiring of chop suey and mah jong, Miss Parker finds herself a nice white boy, and Mr. Raft, speaking in choice proverbs, opines that he'll kill the lad. What with the impending killing, the river police closing in on the smugglers, and Miss Wong committing suicide, Limehouse Blues attains a vigorous climax.

Raft displays the same set of expressions he used as a bullfighter, gangster, and dancer. Jean Parker is self-consciously sweet, girlish, and utterly incompetent; while Miss Wong, in suicide, takes the easiest way out of her rôle.

Limehouse Blues should interest those who care to remember the movies of fifteen years ago.

VITAL STATISTICS: Limehouse, London, was once a natural lime kiln. Is the smallest Chinatown in the Western World but the most publicized. Condemned by the government, it will soon be razed. Its gaslit streets, pea-soup fog, clanking boat chains, muffled foghorns, and fish stinks give it its peculiarly macabre horror, a gold mine to the romantic writer. There isn't a Chinese laundry in the entire sector. . . . The Hon. Anna May Wong was born on Flower Street in Los Angeles, daughter to laundryman Sam Sing Tsong (none of your singsong cracks, pliz). Was educated first in a mission school, then city public ones. Played hookey at twelve to start a movie career as extra in Nazimova's Red Lantern. Got film-established playing opposite Lon Chaney in M. Neilan's arty Bits of Life. Never a screaming wowee in this country, it took England and Germany to discover her exceptional acting talents and star her. Now we will claim her. Has a perfect English accent which cost her two hundred guineas to acquire after English press criticized her American twang. Learned German for Berlin picture and speaks it better than the average Nazi. Mother was killed in auto accident while she was abroad. Cannot speak Chinese, *on dit*. She has written philosophic verse. Doesn't believe in her race's superstition that every time one is photographed he loses part of his hon. soul. Thinks kissing not subtle enough for Chinese love-making. Doesn't like sobriquet of sophisticate. . . . Pomaded, sinister, suavely tough George Raft is a Public Enemy type and loved for it. Was pro boxer at fifteen but became pro ball player for Springfield in the Eastern League to save his ears. Took up stage with Charleston craze and hoofed it into fame. Is supposed to have something of an underworld connection and is never seen places without his bodyguard. Rarely uses make-up, thanks to dark skin; and collects fine linen hankies. Figures he has written his autograph 10,000 times. Called upon to raise a half-inch finger-nail growth in two weeks, Raft did it with a secret Chinese finger-nail stimulant.

½ ★ LIGHTNING STRIKES TWICE

THE PLAYERS: Ben Lyon, Thelma Todd, Pert Kelton, Laura Hope Crews, Skeets Gallagher, Chick Chandler, Walter Catlett, Fred Kelsey. Directed by Ben Holmes. Story by Ben Holmes and Marion Dix.

IN Lightning Strikes Twice, Chick Chandler, a newspaperman, runs about shouting, "What a story! What a great story!" Don't be fooled. Mr. Chandler is guilty of gross overstatement. For the story at best is only fair, and given routine treatment it comes to the screen as something less than even that.

Ben Lyon and Skeets Gallagher are a couple of playboys on a night out. Awakening in the morning, they remember nothing but find themselves involved in a murder and almost certain scandal. However, it seems that nobody was murdered after all and Mr. Lyon returns to his faithful fiancée.

The beautifully upholstered Thelma Todd is miscast as the innocent ingénue. But it is doubtful that even sound casting could do much for Lightning Strikes Twice.

VITAL STATISTICS: Ben Lyon has been up and down the movie hill for years. He is more or less down now after a quick Hollywood silent start some years ago. He's married to Bebe Daniels. They both made a picture in England recently. They fly their own airplane, Ben piloting, Bebe back-seat driving. Bebe is co-leading Hollywood hostess along with Marion Davies and Mary Pickford. Bebe is great pal of Marion Davies. . . . Laura Hope Crews, famous mother of the stage and screen, has played with the stage Titans as a tragédienne, and enjoys this rôle of light-minded dowager. . . . Fred Kelsey plays a detective again —a rôle which has been his trade-mark for years. . . . Skeets Gallagher is married and a proud popper. . . . Chick Chandler is married to Jean Fontaine, who is playing in two-reeler. . . . Pert Kelton is a graduate of vodvil. . . . Thelma Todd is divorced from an Italian studio worker.

FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Three Silly Symphonies, The Barretts of Wimpole Street, One Night of Love, Twentieth Century.

★★★—Broadway Bill, The White Parade, Anne of Green Gables, St. Louis Kid, The Gay Divorcee, Menace, We Live Again, One Exciting Adventure, Screen Snapshots, The Pursuit of Happiness, Happiness Ahead, The Merry Widow, The Count of Monte Cristo, The Richest Girl in the World, The Belle of the Nineties, You Belong to Me, Madame Du Barry, Judge Priest, Hide-Out, Now and Forever, The World Moves On, Cleopatra, Treasure Island, Grand Canary, The Last Gentleman, The Affairs of Cellini, The Man with Two Faces, Murder on the Blackboard, Little Miss Marker, Midnight Alibi, Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back, Manhattan Melodrama, Double Door, All Men Are Enemies

George Raft, Orientalized but still the gangster, in Limehouse Blues, a story of London's Chinatown.

Goliah

The Story of a Fighting Heart and a Strange, Adventurous Friendship

by PAUL ANNIXTER

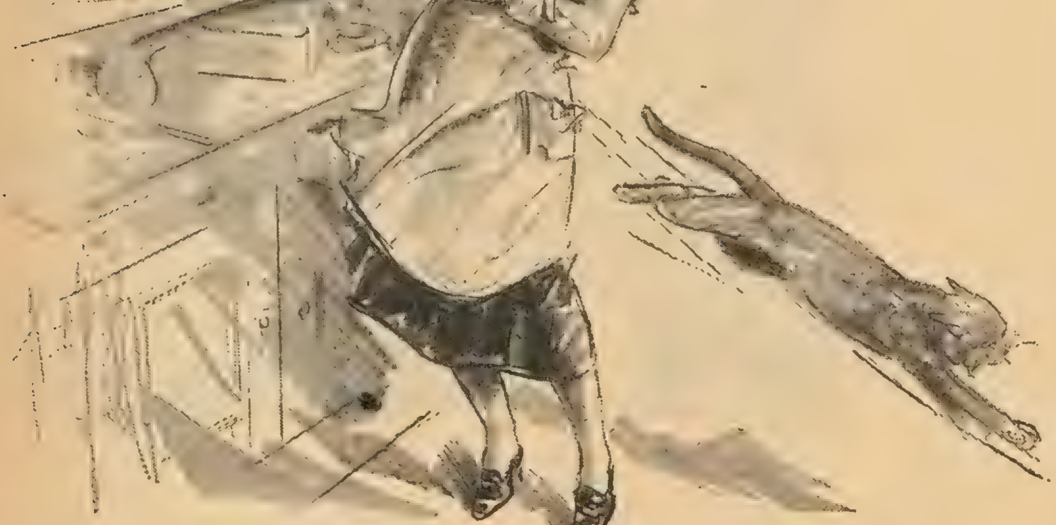
READING TIME ● 21 MINUTES 56 SECONDS

GOLIAH was a great yellow tomcat born of an alley mother. His unknown father must have had a strain of finer blood distant in him, for each fall when the big tom took on his winter coat, long sandy-white guard hairs would be sprinkled sparsely through his fur, to disappear entirely in the first warm days of spring. But the blue blood was no more than a tincture; the fine courage, the stamina, and the keener order of brain of the common strain predominated to make of the big tom the character he was to become.

Undoubtedly Goliah must have first seen the light in the city dump grounds, for it was there that Jan Stolper, the junkman, found him one spring day. Old Jan never forgot that first meeting—the fearless three-months-old kitten backed into the corner of an old box and ringed round by half a dozen big gray buck rats who were rushing him singly and in pairs with cannibal intent. Some of them were almost as large as the cornered kitten, naked-tailed, yellow-fanged old fighters with flashing teeth.

Despite the kitten's nerve, the rats must shortly have won had not old Jan taken the youngster off in his dilapidated cart. Because of the kitten's extraordinary size he had later been named Goliath, but Jan always called it Goliah. The animal developed into something both more and less than cat. His attachment to Jan from the first was an actual affection that was doglike.

In the first few months of his stay at the Stolper cottage, the yellow-coated vagabond had effectively turned old Jan's growing affection into a lifelong bond by a quality of grim courage which no one could witness without admiring.



As the woman went to seize him his claws left two red scratches on her.

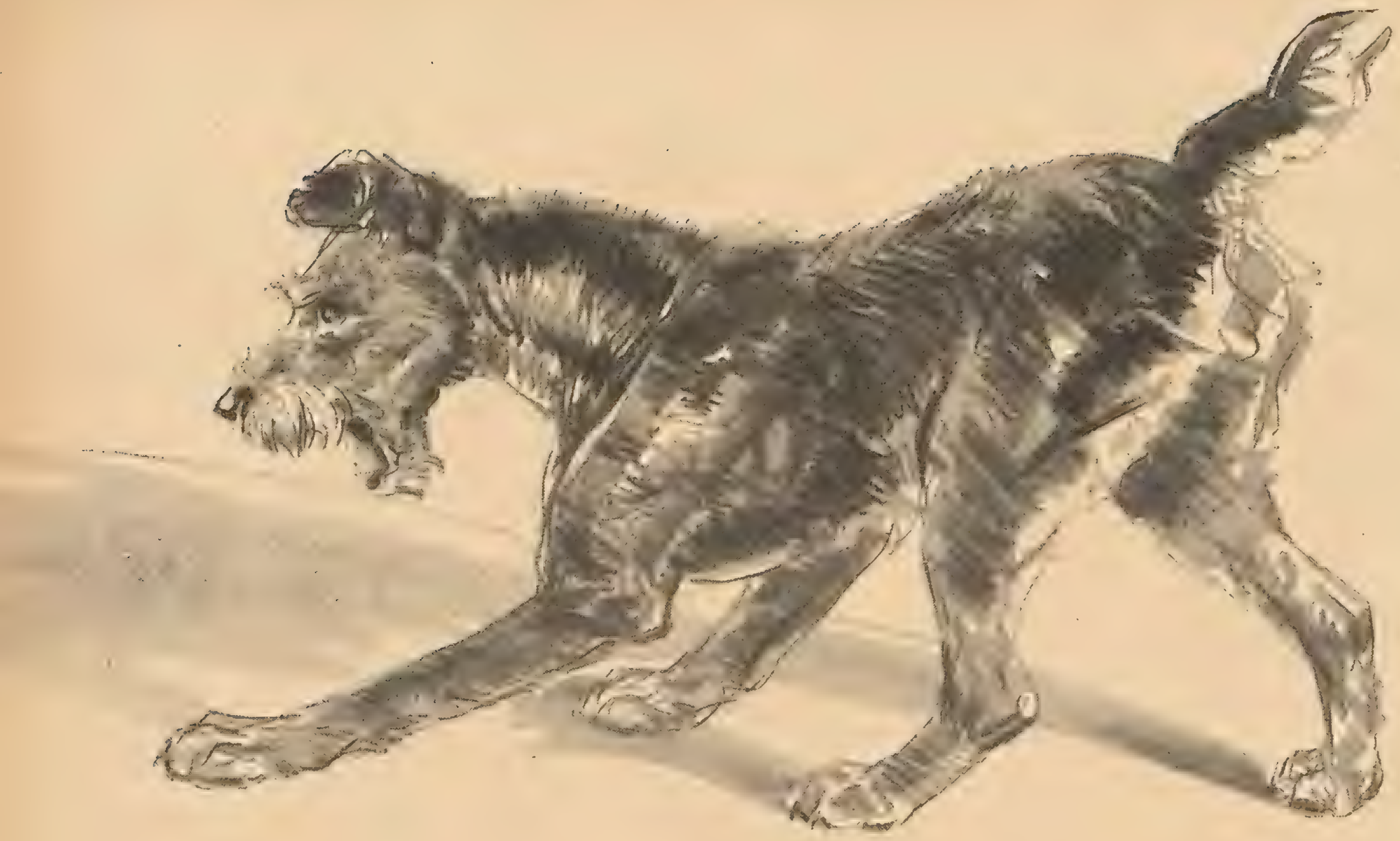
One day Goliah was playing in the sunshine outside the Stolper front fence, when the fishman's dog, a shaggy garbage-fed mongrel, part Airedale, dashed up. The dog was a notoriously ugly brute with a predilection for killing, and he swept up like a miniature cyclone, bristling for battle that would end in the cruel back-breaking snap for which he was famous with cats.

But at two yards' distance the oncoming Vandal put on the brakes and came to a skidding stop. Something like a devil was facing him with a low bass growl; yellow-brown eyes glared into his, loaded with hell and death and terrible purpose. Goliah's powerful frame swayed on stiffened legs, the heavy fur on his back rose stiffly, and his tail, instead of rising with terror, lashed a menace. He was only eight months old at the time, but life had already taught him what few cats ever know: his own power.

The Airedale bounced and snapped and feinted, but always as he circled Goliah turned with him, knowing the fatality of showing the back to an enemy, his low grating growl filling the air.

The Airedale lacked nerve no more than Goliah, and quickly had done with the play.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY DIANA THORNE



At two-yards distance the oncoming Vandal put on the brakes and came to a skidding stop.

All cats that faced him he killed; he would kill this one. He chose a moment, and quick as a flash of gunpowder he closed; but even quicker was Goliah. Instead of bearing the yellow cat to the ground to be mauled and shaken like a rat, the attacker felt fangs close upon his own throat, while a hundred fiery fishhooks seemed tearing his hide. Goliah had braved quick death to gauge the exact instant and secure a hold on the neck just at the base of the Airedale's jaws; now, so long as he clung there, the killing teeth of the brute could not reach him. And he did cling, like live wires or burning oil, his powerful hind legs raking the sides and belly of the dog. The din that rose was like an inferno as the Airedale flung himself about, snapping and howling.

Old Jan, drawn by the hubbub, came running from the rear of the house with a hastily snatched club. But what he saw in the dust was not the murder of his pet but a battle of two well matched antagonists. Fascinated, he withheld his hand. Not for anything would he have missed that fight.

A minute passed and it grew sickening. The fishman came running and the two combatants were literally torn apart. None could have said that Goliah was not victor.

Jan lifted the cat in his hands and carried him inside, and that day cemented a lasting love between them.

THE weeks sped by and a year passed during which Goliah grew and prospered amazingly. He took over Jan, the house, and all that was in it with the possessive manner of all cats. He had achieved his full growth by now—a gaunt and formidable-looking beast of a weight and height that were amazing for his scant eighteen months, an undulating tigerish litheness to his muscles that the thoroughbred cat seems never to attain.

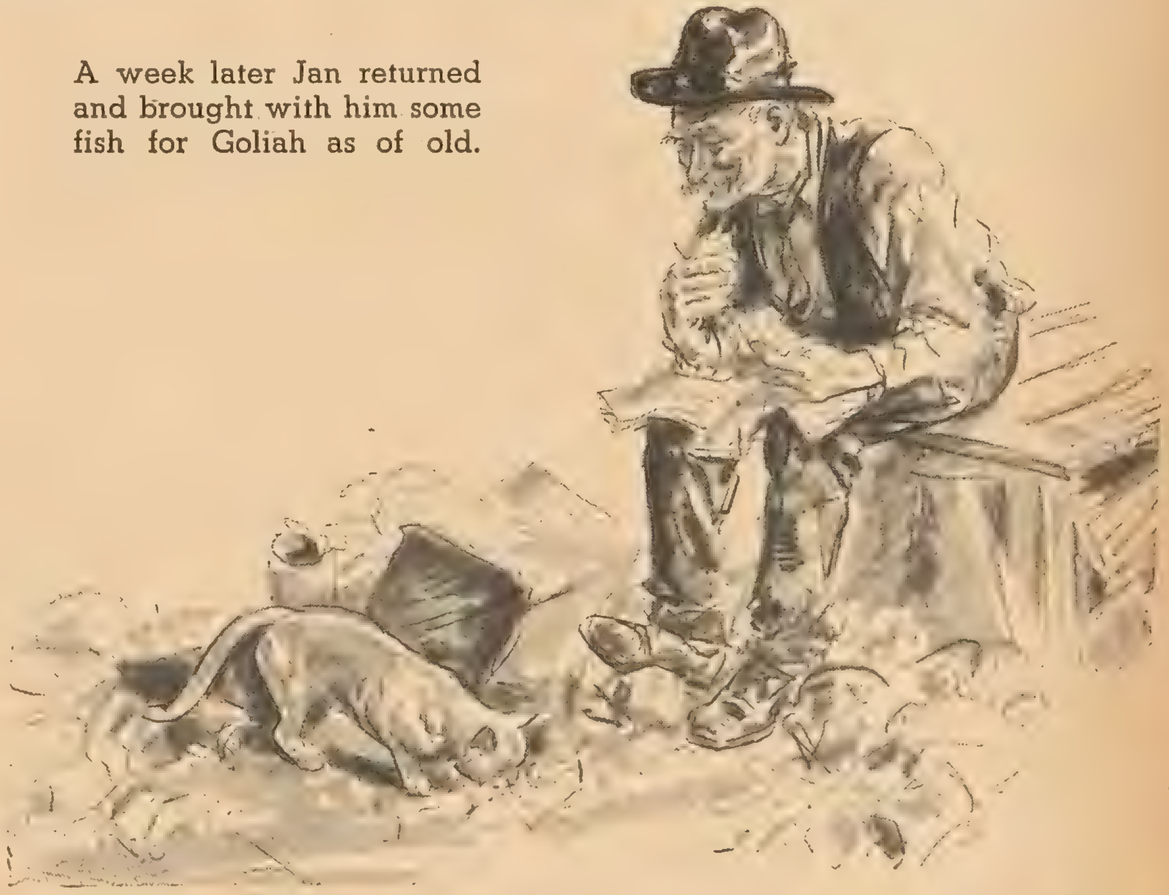
Thick and fierce of head, heavy-bodied, with eyes that were gloomy and ruthless even when purring, he repelled at first sight unless one penetrated to the remarkable intelligence within him. Old Jan himself, with his craggy nose and wind-raw face, was no beauty, and distortion loves company. He was a lonely Ishmael of his kind and, like the cat, Fate had flung him out of focus with the best of life.

The cat and the man ate their morning meal together at the same unvarying hour, then went their separate ways till nightfall, Jan to hitch up his old nag, an indomitable sack of bone and sinew, and make his daily round of the city's byways and dump grounds; Goliah to his all-important duties of patrolling the junk yard back of the house and the environing alleyways.

They met again at dusk, Jan announcing his arrival by a rusty whistle, for he could no longer lift his voice to call.

He suffered a perennial growling cold contracted

A week later Jan returned and brought with him some fish for Goliah as of old.



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years before in the coal mines, and aggravated by being abroad in all weather.

The man would eat at the kitchen table, the cat at its accustomed plate beside the stove. Followed the hour of all the day for which they lived. Jan would light his pipe and talk to the cat and stroke it till its harsh but rapturous purring blent with the song of the kettle. His talk was a mere hodgepodge, but it is tone, not words, that counts with cats.

Then an evil time befell. One day Jan brought home a wife. Her name was Tressa and she was twenty years younger than Jan, the widow of a Russian immigrant killed in the mines. Her black eyes had hard scheming little points in them, but she had a fulsome figure and wore her clothes to advantage. Old Jan, well past mid-life, had married her in the hope she would make a home for him. Just why she had married him was a matter for conjecture.

Tressa Stolper was neither as stupid nor as deep as her husband. Her mind was that of a shrewd fifteen-year-old, avid after life and life's trinkets. The urge of her heart was to have everything her own way. Old Jan, grown mild and introspective, for even a junkman has an excellent chance to become a philosopher, found himself out of his water, and the woman's petty tyranny was cunningly strengthened through the days. From the first she seized and held the balance of power in the Stolper household.

All cats are psychic and Goliah saw Tressa Stolper through a psychic eye. He felt in the woman a potential enemy to himself and his master, and a distrust, deep and instinctive, sprang up between the two.

Each brought out the worst in the other. But the cat's obstinacy and its age-old patience were greater than the woman's; she could not override it, for it was her very self she was fighting.

SHE took it out in subversive ways. She became restless and more shrewish and carried on in a flagrant manner with the delivery men that came to the house. She secretly sold things from the vacant lot behind the house where Jan's stock in trade was piled, and kept the money for her own amusement. She had no scruples on these matters, being dissatisfied with her lot. If Jan was too dull to take advantage of such things, the profit belonged to her.

Vague disruption settled upon the household. Old Jan irked under the growing lack of peace. Goliah's habits, which had been regular as clockwork, were broken; the freedom of the house was no longer his, and, what was more drastic, his sense of ownership was gone.

Things came to a head one spring day when Tressa came upon the cat on the pantry shelf. Goliah had heard a mouse gnawing in the cupboard, but in the woman's mind he was robbing the larder. The flurry of her entrance had brought the cat instantly around, his yellow eyes fixed fearfully upon her face.

"You scat! Get out of here!" she cried harshly, and advanced on him.

The cat crouched down, eying her watchfully, the pupils of its eyes grown black with trepidation, for the pantry door had swung shut, and he felt himself cornered. He backed up against the wall, eyes grown wild, and as the woman went to seize him fiercely he wriggled about and his claws left two deep red scratches down her arm. Trembling with fury and reaction, the woman seized a rolling-pin, but the cat had pressed through the swinging door and a moment later the back screen slammed to his exit.

Tressa sank down in a chair, panting, her dark face flaming with anger. She pressed her fingers tightly about the painful welts on her arm.

WHEN Jan came home that night, Tressa met him at the door, her arm in a bandage. Her mouth was hard and she watched him narrowly in silence until his eye should be drawn to her arm. Jan had drawn his chair out to the kitchen stove, found his pipe, and settled himself to rest and talk, when the screen door opened noiselessly a little way and Goliah came halfway into the room. Big-eyed with the pathos that follows animal guilt, he looked questioningly from Jan to Tressa.

"Well, old feller, me boy, and what's the trouble now?" said Jan.

The cat saw the look in the woman's face, and crouching low, backed silently into the night again. Then Jan's eyes fell on Tressa's arm. His mouth fell.

"Jan Stolper, I'm telling you for the last time you've got to get rid of that cat or I leave this house," Tressa pronounced, then recounted in fury the happening of the afternoon, with her own variations. "I tell you he might have killed me!" she cried. "I stepped into the pantry and found that beast robbing the larder. What I've suspected all along. When I went in he sprang at me and might have got me by the throat, if I hadn't hit out. As it is, I'm lucky if I don't get blood poisoning. That cat quits the house tonight, or I do. Which is it to be?"

Jan sat stunned in his chair. He could not credit the idea of a deliberate attack on the part of the cat.

"By the bloody Mary," he muttered, letting a lighted match go out. "Who'd 'a' thought that of old Gol?"

"What are you going to do about it, that's what I want to know."

"Yes, yes, of course," said Jan with a senseless laugh. "'Tain't likely I'd be sending my wife packing, is it, old girl? So that's settled, ain't it? Old Goliah's brought this on himself, seems, so out he goes. Can't kill him; no, I couldn't do that. But away he goes packin', and that's that."

So it was that next morning, with a heavy heart, Jan took Goliah with him on his early rounds. Wherever he stopped he tried to negotiate a home for Goliah, but no one had a fancy for a cat that looked at least two sizes larger than life and sat glowering instead of fawning to be stroked. So about noon Jan with a sigh dropped Goliah over a fence into a yard full of scrap iron, with the apology:

"It's no doin' of mine, old feller, me boy; bear that in mind, and luck to ye."

He drove off with an actual pain in his heart.

That was many miles across the city from the Stolper cottage, in a frowzy district where many foreigners hobnobbed in noisy bedlam. A region of ten thousand cats and as many dogs. It was all a terrible mistake, as Goliah saw it, one of the senseless slips to which humans seemed prone. It was simply up to him to set things right again. Unhurriedly, and with utmost patience that harked back to the far Oriental beginning of all cats, he set himself to retracing the long and tedious way back to Jan's domicile. Once there, he felt certain all would be well again.

He did not know the way back; only the mysterious cat sense in him knew—something as infallible as a radio feeler.

He set out at once, but covered no more than half a mile that afternoon. In that alien neighborhood every rustle, scent, or sound had to be investigated. Once a couple of curs held him for half an hour on top of a high fence. Again he had a lengthy dispute with an old tomcat, lord of a certain alley.

NIGHT found him down by the water front, drawn out of his course by the marvelous smell of fish in the air. But the smell came off the water, and the water he loathed. After regaling himself at various garbage cans in the vicinity, he pressed on. At dawn he slept an hour in an old dry-goods box, then took up his journey again. He was desperately hungry by now, also he felt the unutterable desolation that the cat tribe know at the loss of a home. This he voiced as he went, a rebuke that rose to high heaven. Now it was a deep-throated caterwaul that echoed dismally through the alleyways and drew many a hurled stick; at times it dwindled to a pitiful mewing no louder than a kitten's.

It was morning of the third day before his far-flung feeler of smell told him that unkempt, sleazy Macey Street lay not far ahead—Macey Street that slunk twistily about the foot of his home hill. He was there in ten minutes. He dashed boldly across the street and up the hill, yowling openly as he went. But what a reception awaited the prodigal! Tressa Stolper had seen him vault the back fence and met him with a piece of firewood snatched from the fuel box. Goliah dodged the missile and fled miserably, pausing on top of the fence to gaze back in an anguish of consternation. Old Jan, for whom he longed, was nowhere in sight.

"You come back here again, you yellow devil, and I'll kill you!" cried Mrs. Stolper shrilly.

For a long time Goliah remained in the vicinity trying to figure it out. That night he cautiously approached the house. He could hear Jan talking inside and the tantalizing smell of frying meat came through the door, and his griping hunger wrung a desolate yowl from his throat. Instantly there came the scrape of a chair within, and the door opened. Goliah crouched low to leap aside if it was Mrs. Stolper, but it was Jan, and he stood up with a welcome cry. Then the thing unthinkable and beyond belief occurred. For Jan himself was shouting fierce words at him and making terrible gestures which ended in throwing a billet of wood.

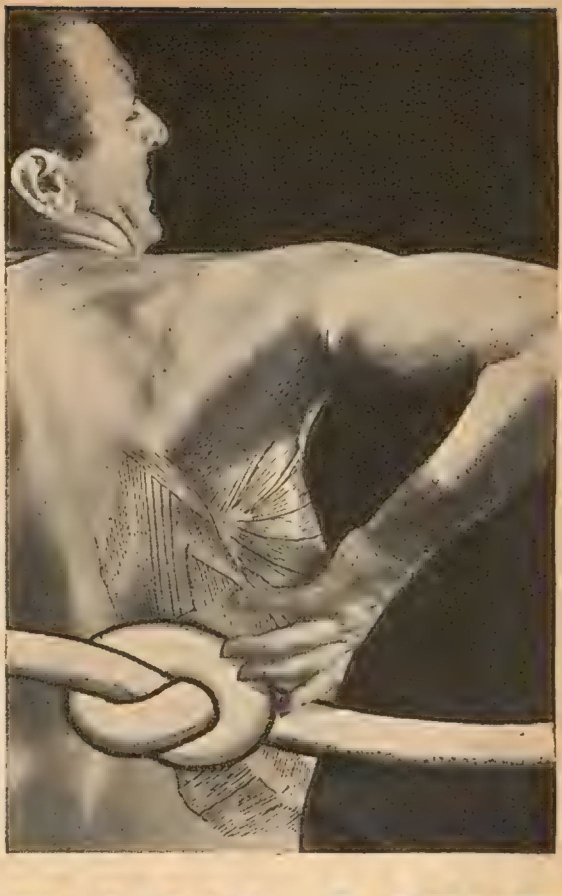
BELLY to ground and emitting faint protesting yowls, Goliah turned and fled. From the fence he gazed back with horror-stricken eyes. His heaven had convulsed and shriveled before his eyes. Even his Friend turned unaccountably into an enemy! He watched fascinated until old Jan approached quite near, then with a wild beseeching wail dropped into the alley and fled away.

The rest of that day his eyes were black and harrowed with the fearsome memory of that scene, his world awry, his nerves taut as wires. This time he was in no hurry to return to the Stolper place. Useless to take back there his virginal appetite and his equal hunger for affection. He began foraging at once and wasted the rest of the day in a littered alley, fruitlessly stalking a flock of sparrows that picked amid the dust. But the game proved bootless; the chirpers were wise beyond bounds, and had eyes all over them.

Night found him back at his old makeshift among the garbage cans of the alleys, but the choicest of these proved to be all but aromatically sealed, and the others yielded little that passed for food. His hunger was becoming an incubus that would not let him rest, his eyes had taken on a ruthless light, and his deep-voiced protest resounded through the night. A dog or monkey in his predicament would have suffered a great self-pity, but cat nature runs in too straight and ruthless a line to know sentiment.

Around dawn he was tortured by the tantalizing array of milk bottles left on the doorsteps along the street. At bottle after bottle he stopped to sniff and cry. He was licking the top of one through which a few drops of milk had oozed when the whole thing upset, rolled down two steps and dropped with a smash on a cement walk. Goliah rallied quickly to the feast.

The better part of a quart of milk is as much as any one needs for a day, and in his new store of energy Goliah's thoughts turned homeward once more, not in hope of welcome, but because the Stolper place was still the magnetic center of his life. It was old Jan he wanted with a continual gnawing loneliness—some magnetism



PAIN LIKE A KNOT

quickly soothed away!

THE best way to get rid of throbbing, pounding pain is to get at the cause.

And usually, pain is caused by congestion—whether it starts from a bump, a sprain, a strain or just "the weather."

So the thing to do is to try soothing Absorbine Jr. Rub, massage it deep down into the aching muscle. You can feel the warmth *go in*—then comes a delicious coolness as the pain steals *out*.

The way that Absorbine Jr. brings relief has made its name known—and praised—by athletes and trainers—men who *have* to have quick relief. So don't put up with needless hours of suffering. Be ready to soothe away pain as soon as it starts. If you haven't a bottle of Absorbine Jr. on hand now—it's a wise precaution to get a bottle.

The price is $1.25—but that's only half the story. It takes only a little to give relief—and as thousands know, Absorbine Jr. lasts so long it is more economical. . . . For a free sample write to W. F. Young, Inc., Springfield, Massachusetts.

ABSORBINE JR.

Relieves sore muscles, muscular aches, bruises, sprains, sleeplessness, Athlete's Foot

"*Sharp* as a Razor"

A VIVID expression. But how sharp *is* a razor? How many men are there who have not known the dragging pull, the torture of dull razor blades? A Rolls Razor puts an end to all that. Its heavy blade of finest Sheffield steel stropped and honed in its case is always sharp and ready to shave the toughest beard easily, smoothly, comfortably.

The Rolls is an economical razor. Its single blade, properly cared for, will continue to give perfect service for years, saving you money that would otherwise be spent on extras.

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Lee & Schiffer, Inc.
Sole U. S. Distributors, 305 East 45th Street, N. Y.

ROLLS RAZOR

216

EVERY MINUTE

Analyze Liberty's weekly sale of 2,174,000 copies. You will see that this is the equivalent of 216 people paying a nickel for a copy of Liberty every single minute. 216 nickels, every minute of the day, 7 days a week, 52 weeks a year! A tremendous and continuous affirmation of Liberty's popularity.

of Jan's big hand and rough voice he was dying for. Once more he set out on a return journey, but about this time Nature brought respite in her own way to the cast-off. The days had grown warmer with the advance of April, and down the invisible many-scented pathways of the wind, especially by night, came the different intriguing sounds, scents, and lyrics of a city spring. Goliah interpreted all these things with a nose second to no living thing in keenness, and a different restlessness crept over him to take the place of his unrequited longing for the Stolper kitchen.

The following evening—a balmy evening made mellifluous with the roundelays of his many-voiced tribe—Goliah selected an entrancing strand of the wind's fabric and followed it unerringly through the pulsating darkness. It led him into a new territory and the new adventures for which he had been destined.

Certain sounds from an ornate mansion on an exclusive avenue drew him. On the stone ledge of a *port-cochère* covered with climbing roses Goliah saw a fluffy white ball crouching. It was a cat, no less, but the most exquisite creature Goliah had ever seen. It, or she, was a dainty blue-eyed Persian who looked like a great soft ball of the whitest, silkiest of down. The lady looked straight at him for an instant, shifted her position an artful inch and lapsed into obliviousness again. Something had passed between the two, so that Goliah completely overlooked the big black tomcat who crouched like an ogre in the vines beneath. But only for a moment. The old black proclaimed himself with a blasphemous yowl, a threat meant to fill the youngster with timidity; but he didn't know Goliah. Both cats instantly froze in position, facing each other at a distance of three feet, oblivious to all else. Only the lady stirred on her pedestal, a satisfaction unspeakable expressed in her attitudes.

BATTLE was afoot now, and how she loved it! Loved the prolonged preliminaries, the fierce threats and vituperation that rose on the night air, all of it because of her. Grim finalities were inevitable, but, catlike, neither male would precipitate matters without a lengthy punctilio. For five minutes they crouched glaring, moveless as carven images, all except the last inch of their tails, which flicked spasmodically from side to side while they screamed horrible things at each other, hoping against hope that the other would take flight.

Finally Goliah advanced by imperceptible degrees, and the old black, daunted by his imposing size, decided to force the issue with all the bluff he had in him. He landed on Goliah's back like a demon and the battle was on. And what a battle! They rolled and clinched and bit and tore in a fiery-eyed tangle, amid puffs of gouged fur. They tore each other's ears and tried grimly to disembowel each other with roweling hind legs, and the sounds of the fray roused the entire neighborhood. Dogs barked and voices sounded. And throughout the whole fracas the blue-eyed Persian, the source of it all, struck attitudes on her pedestal, listening to the screams of pain as if to music. She rubbed her sides against the stone pillar, and had the din been less frightful she might have been heard to sing.

The winner of a dog fight is he who is on top, but the winner of a cat fight is he who is on the bottom. Fortunately cat fights do not last more than a minute or two. Goliah ended his in record time by securing the bottom position early in the game and holding his opponent on top of him in a grip like death. When he released his hold at last, the black tom had had plenty and fled into the night, Goliah after him. When the victor returned two minutes later, the pedestal was deserted. The lady, having caused all the ructions possible, saw fit to hide. But she did not hide very hard, for Goliah found her easily enough and brought her to time on a few matters of contrariness.

ONCE won, the Persian proved no flagrant mistress; her seductions were rare enough to offset her captious ways. Goliah led her over the back wall and into the alley world he knew, nor was she loathe to follow. For two rapturous days and nights the pair adventured through the city's byways, leading a colorful guerrilla life filled with battle, love, and sacrifice. They lived mainly on glamour, disregarding mundane hunger, but the Persian liked the life and all connected with it far better than her former cushioned state.

On the third day their romance ended quite abruptly, when they parted, naturally and without a thought on the matter, to go their separate ways, for cats are too self-centered to share their lives and homes together except during the brief period of mating. Quite possibly the Persian returned to her home. As for Goliah, he took up his former lonely life where it had left off.

One day there came to him down the breeze a powerful all-enveloping smell, long since forgotten, but provocative of buried memories that revived their being within him through some backwash of the senses. Following his nose, Goliah arrived in due time at the city dump grounds, a vast low-lying stretch along the bay shore, and the identical place, had he known it, where old Jan had found him as a homeless kitten.

It all seemed familiar to Goliah, and he decided to remain for a time, choosing for himself a shelter—the wreck of an old trunk half buried amid the débris. The first night the trunk was hotly contested for by another homeless habitué of the dump, but Goliah made short work of the affair. He was a warrior of sorts now, standing a good inch higher than any average tom; his fighting tactics matched his physique, and it was only a battlescarred veteran who could stand up to him for more than half a minute.

Within a week he was stalking with magnificent unconcern whenever and wherever he willed across the new domain, the overlord of a vast fiefdom, while the former barons of the region watched in green-eyed malice.

Two months passed, and one day old Jan made one of his periodic trips through the dump grounds. He looked older and sadder than ever before as he wandered among the mounds of débris looking for likely bits of iron and rubber to fill his cart. The two ran on to each other quite suddenly.

Tail up, Goliah rushed forward to meet him, uttering quick garrulous cries in such rapid succession that they blent in a long wail of bliss. And Jan, sitting on the trunk, muttered the things Goliah loved to hear—inconsequential nothings but miraculous in vibrations. Jan hefted him and marveled at his growth. He flexed Goliah's powerful foreleg as he would the arm of a growing boy and felt the hard muscles underneath.

" Oh my, oh my," he kept muttering, " what a beauty ! " and he tickled Goliah in the ribs and scratched his head.

To Goliah in his rapture all the terrible mistakes of the past were righted again and the whole future mapped out in bliss, and when Jan rose to go, Goliah confidently followed him. But when he mounted his cart and drove off, the cat was left hopelessly behind. His Friend had come back, all his dreams had been brought to life again only to topple about him in ruin. For a long time thereafter his hollow melancholy howl resounded over the junk flats as he wandered disconsolate and miserable about his domain.

But a week later Jan returned and brought with him some fish for Goliah as of old. He sat and smoked while Goliah ate, and when later he drove away in his cart, Goliah crouched on the seat beside him.

THAT evening the man sat and smoked in his old place at the kitchen table, and the kettle sang, and the cat lay in his old place beside the stove, filled with a poignant and wonderful bliss—a great peace and a great love blent. From time to time as he purred he looked up yearningly at the man out of his mysterious slits of eyes. He had noted, as only a cat could, that all the old things in the house had been set back in their original places.

But he kept starting at every undue sound. He was listening for the return of his enemy.

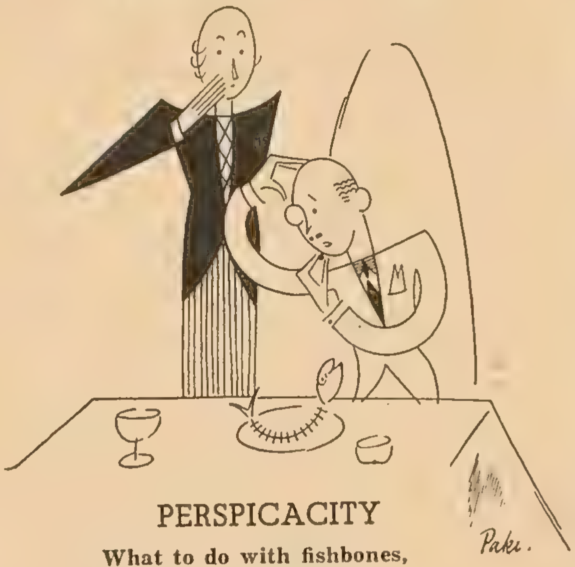
All the next day and the next night he watched and listened, but Mrs. Stolper did not come back. Strange to recount, she never came back.

A few days before, through the wagging tongues of neighbors, her obliquities had caught up with her, ending the play.

THE END

BEHAVE YOURSELF

BY DELLA T. LUTES



PERSPICACITY

What to do with fishbones,
Olive pits, and such
Is a thing that shouldn't
Trouble you too much.
In fact, to solve the problem
Shouldn't take a minute
If you have a waistcoat
With a pocket in it.
Otherwise—the edge of your plate.

Thomas H. McInnerney to Speak on Liberty Forum Broadcast December 6

LARGER than steel, larger than automobiles, the milk industry, including all its products, has a value of $3,500,000,000 a year. The head of one of the greatest companies in the industry, Mr. Thomas H. McInnerney, president of National Dairy Products Corporation, will be the guest speaker on the Forum of Liberty radio program, Thursday, December 6. The program will be broadcast over the Columbia Broadcasting System at 8.30 P. M., Eastern Standard Time.

Mr. McInnerney was born in Dubuque, Iowa. He graduated from the University of Illinois, specializing in pharmacy, and his first after-college enterprise was the management of his own drug store. In the year 1906 he became general manager of a New York department store and later he founded his own department store in Rochester, New York. He organized the National Dairy Products Corporation in 1923.

Mr. McInnerney is director of the Ward Baking Corporation, Lehigh Valley Railway, New Jersey, Indiana & Illinois Railroad, United Stores Corporation, Tobacco Products Corporation, Gimbel Brothers, and B. F. Goodrich Company.

The Forum of Liberty will be broadcast over these stations: Akron, WADC; Albany, WOKO; Baltimore, WCAO; Boston, WNAC; Buffalo, WGR; Chicago, WBBM; Cincinnati, WKRC; Cleveland, WHK; Detroit-Windsor, CKLW; Fort Wayne, WOWO; Hartford, WDRC; Indianapolis, WFBM; Kansas City, KMBC; Louisville, WHAS; New York City, WABC; Philadelphia, WCAU; Pittsburgh, WJAS; Providence, WEAN; St. Louis, KMOX; Syracuse, WFBL; Toledo, WSPD; Washington, WJSV.

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Each tablet is equivalent in Vitamin A and D content to a FULL teaspoon of cod liver oil

● White's Cod Liver Oil Concentrate Tablets are the easy, modern way to give children those cod liver oil properties which help build strong teeth and bones, strong bodies . . . And help promote resistance to disease in general. The nauseating fats and upsetting taste and odor have been eliminated—yet the tablets contain all the precious vitamin A and D content of cod liver oil.

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White's COD LIVER OIL CONCENTRATE TABLETS

Some Women Always Attract

The women you most admire, and perhaps envy, prize their beauty and guard it. Their lustrous eyes and clear skin are the result of daily care. Above all else, these women keep their systems free of the poisons of constipation. Thousands of such women find Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets a matchless corrective. Made of pure vegetable ingredients. Know them by their olive color. They are a safe substitute for dangerous calomel. Not habit-forming. All druggists, 15c, 30c and 60c.

Initiation

A Short Short Story

by
JOHN ERSKINE

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

THE tall freshman made his way back to the fraternity house in the November dusk. Reluctantly he shoved open the door into the living room where the veterans of the house were gathered in advance of the evening meal to read a magazine or smoke a philosophic pipe. From the edge of the billiard table dangled impressive legs belonging to the chairman of the Initiation Committee. At the approach of the freshman he sat up.

"Here's our little experiment! What did old Wiggan do to you?"

"I asked that first question, and he put me out, as you knew darn' well he would!"

The crowd laughed. The chairman looked severe.

"Then you didn't ask question two or three?"

"Couldn't, I tell you!"

"Well, that's just too bad! No work, no supper!"

The freshman was reaching the end of patience. "Ah, let up on me, Billings! I've taken your fool orders all day!"

"Just for that, young man," said the chairman, "you'll go at once to the corner of Market Street, and you'll wait for the incoming trolley. You will signal the car to stop. You will then put your foot on the step under the conductor's eyes, tie the shoe lace on your right foot, and then thank the man politely for the use of his car. Can we trust you alone?"

The freshman glared back at him. "If I've got to be such an ass—" He remembered not to slam the door as he went out.

Well, he'd be a sport and go through with it just this once.

The car was behind schedule but not enough. His heart sank when the headlight came up the hill. The motorman got his signal, the brakes groaned, the freshman put up his foot.

"Would you mind tying mine too?"

A charming ankle, thrust right under his eyes! She was about to get off the car. A knockout of a girl with a roguish face, a tilted nose, a blue hat down over one cheek, and a bundle under each arm. Her shoe, as she had indicated, was untied. He attended to it.

The conductor's arm ached, reaching up to pull the bell. "Lady, you'll have to do your dressing somewhere else!"

The freshman straightened, as a first move toward chivalrous combat, but the girl jumped down, laughing, and the car went on.

"Let me carry those bundles."

She tilted her head back to look up at him. "If you're going my way--"

"Sure I am! Which way is it?"

"How nice of you! Just down the road."

She handed him the smaller bundle.

"Why not both?"

She laughed. "This one's precious! It's my new hat. You've got my party slippers. No harm if they drop."

He resented the implication but she chatted on:

"I'd like to go to a dance tonight—and the hat was in the window, so I just had to have it, though I don't need it at all. I suppose that's why it's precious."

"What dance is that?"

"Oh, a small thing, at a professor's house."

"Gosh, that must be dull!"

He thought she leaned against him slightly.

"It probably will be," she said. "But you have to take what you can get."

"Do you belong here?"

JOHN ERSKINE
was born in New York and was graduated from Columbia in 1900. Later he taught in Amherst and in 1909 returned to teach at Columbia. He is an accomplished musician, but is best known for his lectures and for his voluminous literary works.

"Born and raised!" she admitted cheerfully. "Are you one of the students?"

"I'm a freshman," he confessed.

She glanced up. "You look much older." She *was* beautiful! "Have you been initiated yet?"

"It's going on now," he admitted. "This afternoon they sent me to Wiggan, the astronomer, to see if I could ask him three questions before he threw me out of his office."

She laughed. "I can guess the first question: 'Professor Wiggan, do you think Einstein is strong in his mathematics?'"

"How did you know that?"

"It's a college joke. They always ask it."

He slipped his hand from her elbow up to the more interesting part of her arm. "I don't suppose you know Wiggan?"

"Met him, of course. He's a hard man to know."

A dark thought afflicted him. "I suppose you know some of the other students pretty well."

"No, I don't."

He felt relieved but not completely. "I thought you might be going to the dance with one of them."

"Oh, dear, no!"

"You're not going alone, are you?"

"I might ask Professor Wiggan to take me."

He had read somewhere of unnatural romances, tainted with senility. "I'll bet that stiff's got a crush on you!"

She considered this idea. "I doubt if there is any love, but he might want to protect me."

He moved over nearer to her, but at that moment she turned from him at a sharp right angle. "Here's where I live."

"I say," he exclaimed, "I wish you'd promise me something! Don't let that old slob—"

"Well?"

"I mean—could I see you sometime?"

"I wish you would."

He saw her heart in her face as she glanced up at him. "If I could," she said, "I'd ask you in now."

He tried to help her out.

"Not now, of course—not when your folks are at home."

"Oh, that part of it's all right. There's only father, and he's—well, rather dreamy."

HER hands were under the large hatbox as it fell. "I knew you were going to drop that! That's why I said it. No, the name isn't Wiggan."

She removed the shoe box from his paralyzed fingers.

"Oh, I say," he groaned, "you had me scared for a moment."

"You're nice!" she exclaimed, mounting the steps, "and it's mean of me to make use of you this way. There isn't any dance tonight."

He stammered.

"But you told me—"

"I had to get a college boy to walk from the car to the house—and get rid of him afterward."

"Get rid of *me?*"

"It's the sorority."

"The which?"

"High school—they're taming me too!"

She waved her hand, not unkindly. The door closed and he was alone with the universe.

THE END

Paul Jones
★★★★
WHISKEY

*The recipe for the perfect Egg-nog is given below

MAKE YOURSELF A BOWL OF

Merry Christmas!

THIS year, let's have a real old-fashioned Merry Christmas! An Egg-nog Christmas!

But the egg-nogs must be exactly right. Which means the whiskey in them must be of the best.

Just load up your larder with Paul Jones and you've got a start toward the perfect egg-nog. And toward perfect cocktails and high-balls, too.

For Paul Jones is as mellow and kindly as old Kris Kringle himself. For it's made the *only* way truly great whiskey can be made—by the costly old-fashioned method which Frankfort has used for *four generations.*

Paul Jones is *all straight whiskey,* naturally aged in charred oak barrels in U. S. bonded warehouses under the *most rigid* government supervision in the world.

Get some Paul Jones now and try it. You can be sure of its purity. For it comes sealed in the exclusive Frankfort pack that *must be destroyed* before the bottle within it can be removed.

"Irvin S. Cobb's Own Recipe Book"—the finest mixing manual ever written—plus $100 worth of humor. Send 10¢ in stamps for your copy. Address Frankfort Distilleries, Dept. 453, Louisville.

Frankfort makes a whiskey for every taste and purse: FOUR ROSES, Antique, Old Oscar Pepper, Shipping Port.

* * *

*FOR A PERFECT EGG-NOG

Beat separately the yolks and whites of 6 fresh eggs. Add ½ cup of sugar to the yolks while beating, and ¼ cup of sugar to the whites after they have been beaten very stiff. Mix the egg whites with the yolks. Stir in 1 pint of rich cream and 1 pint of milk. Then add 1 pint of Paul Jones Whiskey and 1 ounce of Jamaica Rum. Stir thoroughly, and serve very cold with grated nutmeg on each glass. (This recipe makes 5 pints of Egg-nog.)

PAUL JONES WHISKEY

★ FRANKFORT DISTILLERIES OF LOUISVILLE & BALTIMORE ★

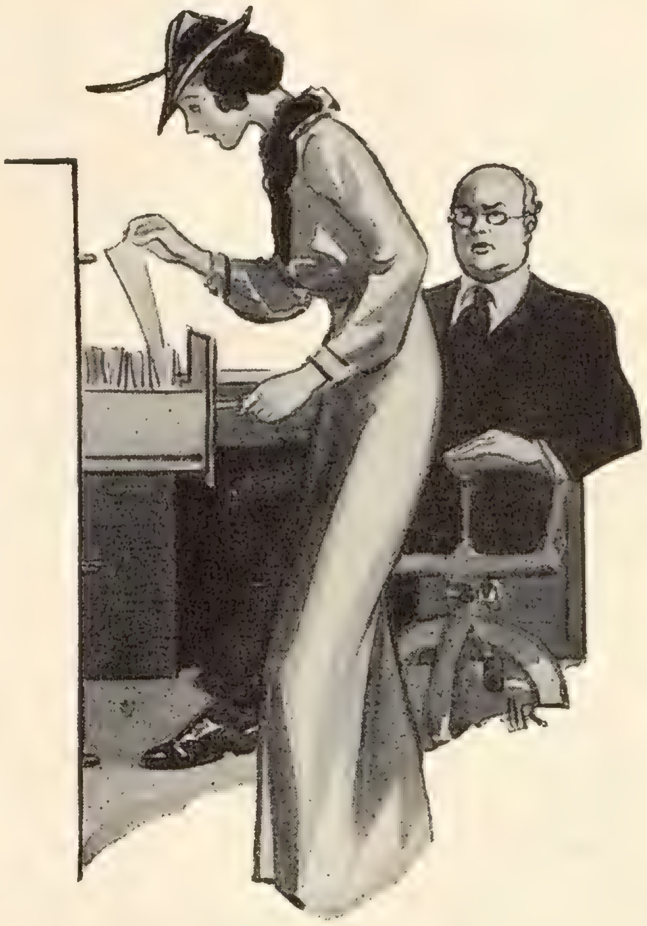
This advertisement is not intended to offer alcoholic beverages for sale in any state wherein the sale or use thereof is unlawful.

For the Living

A Short Short Story

by HAMILTON WILLIAMSON

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 56 SECONDS



THE old doctor himself opened the door at her ring. His pale-blue eyes bent their gaze upon her.

“Come in, my dear. Right this way, into my office. Well, even if a man's retired he can still call his office his office, I suppose. There, take that comfortable chair and I'll sit here at my desk. The old trick, you see—you in the light and me in the shadow.” He laughed pleasantly. “What's the trouble? You look pretty well to me. Tired, but pretty well on the whole, I'd say.”

“Doctor!” The word burst from her. “You don't know me. I'm Elsie Bogart.”

“Upon my soul, so you are! Nurse Bogart. I couldn't manage to place you, all dolled up like that. Mighty pretty, too. Migh-ty pretty. Never saw you except in uniform before.”

With a tense seriousness she told him: “I'm on the Andrews case, doctor.”

“Well, are you?” His earnestness matched hers now. “I didn't know. Let me see. The accident was a good while back, wasn't it?”

“Over a year now.”

“Whittlesey's handling it, isn't he?”

“Yes, doctor.”

“Couldn't find a better man, here or anywhere.”

“Oh, but, doctor—he's so discouraged! Mr. Andrews won't *let* himself get well.”

The old doctor permitted himself a faint smile. “Refuse to believe the physician can do everything, don't you?”

“Oh, but how could any physician possibly—when the patient has—has caused the death of his own wife?”

With his pale eyes on his desk the old doctor said: “I knew Agnes Andrews from a little girl. Treated her, along with the whole family. Agnes Butterfield she was then. Beautiful creature. When the car rolled over the bank she probably died instantly. Or so I was told. That ought to be a comfort to Bob Andrews.”

“Oh, yes. It ought,” she wailed. “And he ought to be up now, walking around and facing the world with his head up. But he won't. For weeks he kept crying out in his sleep, ‘Agnes, forgive me!’ It was awful.

“You see, doctor, he'd been drinking that night. She had, too. They all had. It was a gay party they were coming home from. He never had a strong head. He knew that. He knew what was in the drinks, too. He'd helped mix them. But he thought he was all right enough until they got to that soft curve in the road. Then, suddenly, he went all fuddled.

“Lying there in bed he kept going over and over that. And over every bad thing he'd ever done in his life. There wasn't much bad in his life. But he'd keep saying he never did a really good deed for anybody. Got so morbid. Oh, doctor, I just couldn't bear it. He's the most adorable person in the whole world. So I—I—”

She choked. Pressed her hands against her face.

The old doctor rose, got her a glass of water, made her drink it, sat down again. Then, very quietly he said: “Tell me what you did.”

“I—I told him I was going to break the most solemn promise I ever made to a friend. Agnes and I were friends, you know, doctor. ‘The promise,’ I told him, ‘was one I made to your wife.’ He sat straight up in bed for the first time.

“I said, ‘Agnes was worried about herself—about a sharp pain—and—and the way her mother went.’ I told him she had got me to go with her to a doctor and that the doctor had said—”

She couldn't go on for sobbing.

Softly he finished the speech for her: “You told him how the doctor diagnosed it. You told him he had done the most merciful deed in the world—releasing Agnes.”

“Oh, yes, doctor, just that.” Her clear voice broke through her grief. “Agnes, I told him, wished she could die. If only lightning would strike her—and no one—especially he—ever know about the other—horror.

“Doctor, it worked the most marvelous magic. He was getting well—fast. Two lovely months we had—until—”

She stopped again; waited for composure. “Doctor! He asked me to marry him. I had saved his reason, he said.”

“Why not marry him, my dear? You love him?”

“Oh, yes. *Yes.* I adore him. That's why I couldn't. I told the lie for his sake—not for mine. And when he asked me, the way I refused—the way I acted—made him doubt. Oh, he mustn't doubt. Already he's slipped back. He said I just had to give him the name of the doctor she'd gone to. I—I gave him—yours.” She stopped, frightened.

Slowly he nodded. “Yes, I see.”

Her words fluttered on: “He wants you to come to him. Now. He says he can't wait.”

THE old doctor's eyes held hers calmly. “And *you* want me to go. You want me to say Agnes did come to me. And that I found, like her mother, she had waited too long. That she promised me to go to a specialist. Promised, too, to tell her husband. That, in fact, I was sure she had told him.”

The girl's hands were clasped as if she were praying. “Oh, if you would say that. If you could. For him!”

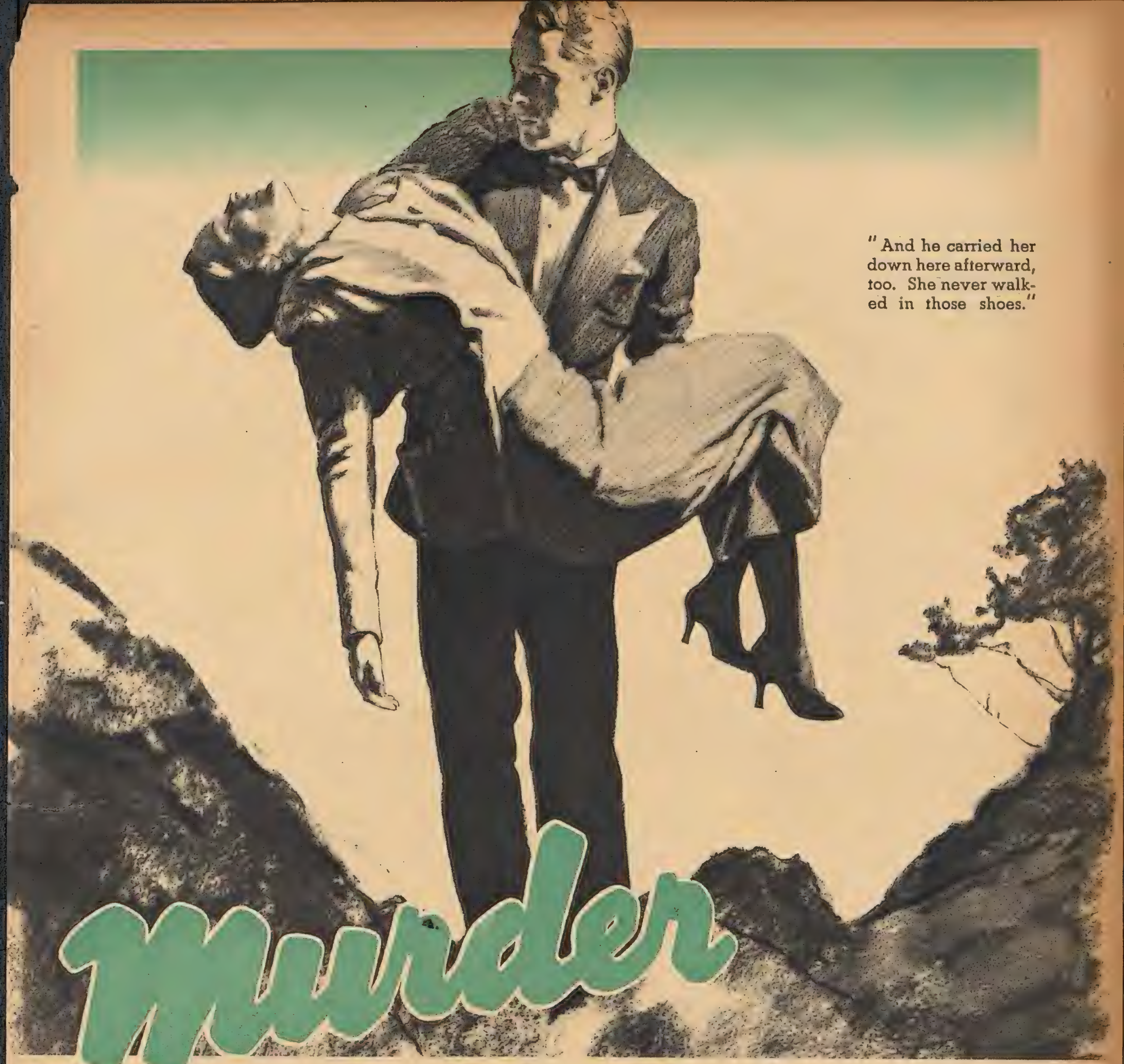
“I can, my dear, gladly. For you both. Because, strangely enough, it happens to be the truth.”

He watched her stand, her face, for a second, an oval of pure joy. Then she was crying hysterically: “It isn't true! No! You are just being—good to us.”

“So you think I would lie for you and Andrews? That's a compliment,” he said, and added slowly: “A good doctor lies when he has to.”

Her slender body drooped but straightened at his crisp “Turn round. There, that file. Open drawer A. Take out the folder marked ‘Andrews, Agnes.’ Read it. It's your title to happiness, my dear.”

THE END



"And he carried her down here afterward, too. She never walked in those shoes."

Murder of Dr. Casanova

READING TIME
33 MINUTES 58 SECONDS

The Story of a Man Who Loved Too Many Women—A Vivid Tale of Secret Amours and a Mysterious Nemesis

by **LUCILE ANETEL**

ILLUSTRATION BY J. HENRY

PART FOUR—THE FIFTH CLIP

SHE was lying on her side, one hand under her cheek. Near her lay a small overnight bag, dark blue purse and gloves. She had been dead quite a long time.

Jason gaped. He looked at the woman's face. It wasn't a pretty face now. It was a swollen and disfigured sight. Very evidently she had been strangled to death.

"Maybe the same guy that killed him killed her," Detective Perkins ventured.

"Of course," Sergeant Donovan said witheringly. "Any one could see that. And he carried her down here afterward, too. She never walked in those shoes." He indicated the high-heeled dark-blue shoes with their shining buckles. They were unscratched and unstained.

"What's more," he continued, "it wasn't a holdup.

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There is a lot of money in her purse and she's still got on those."

Jason noticed the big diamond above her wedding band, and the string of pearls. ("Look like real ones, too," he thought.) From among the ruffles of her blouse there peeped an edge of a glistening ornament.

"Are there any clues?" asked Jason hastily. "Can you tell anything from the footprints?"

And as the two men searched the ground near by Jason quickly removed a jeweled chalet clip from those soft white ruffles. Donovan, returning, saw the young man bending over and studying that motionless figure.

"Naw," he said. "The ground's as hard as a rock. There ain't been a rain in a month of Sundays. Do you know who she is?"

"I think I do," said Jason soberly. "I think she used to be Lila Gay Gibson."

Jason left behind him the horrified Van Winkles and capable Donovan, who was busy telephoning Rome and Utica numbers. But Jason had taken it upon himself to break the news to Angelo of this third tragic death.

He was driving Dinny's car back to Utica, and as he drove his way steadily through the traffic he dreaded his self-appointed task more and more. He sensed, he felt—he *knew* that Lila had meant something very special to Angelo. But there had been an element of forlornness in his talk of her which did not suggest that Lila's affection for him had ever been other than that for an old friend and her beloved's brother.

Jason slowed down as he saw Deerfield Corners ahead. He decided to get some gas and have another word with Collins. That young man was at the front when Jason stopped.

"Hello, Collins. Give me five gallons, will you?" Jason greeted.

"Sure. So you're driving the doctor's car back home again. Cripe, what a trip it had the last time I did this little job! Say, I forgot to tell you before, though, that Dr. O'Day came back before he was killed—alone."

"Came back?" repeated an excited young man. "Did he stop here? Tell me what happened!"

"Well, I'd closed up for the night. It must have been half an hour or so after he got gas here—round that, anyway," said Collins with maddening deliberation. "And just as I'd started for the house—I live just a little way down the road—a car came from the Rome direction. I got off on the side, for it was coming pretty fast. It was the doctor's roadster again."

"Did he see you?" asked Jason.

"I don't think he saw me, and I couldn't see much, only that it was his car and that he was alone. But it's funny, huh? If he was killed out there, he must have turned around as soon as he got to Utica and gone right back again."

"You didn't see him return?"

"No; I went right to bed."

Jason paid the boy and drove off, leaving an injunction to call the O'Day house if he thought of any other detail.

Angelo opened his door at Jason's knock. "Hello there! Did you just get in? Where have you been?"

"Out to Van Winkle's. I drove out with Donovan and Perkins." Jason tried to continue but his voice faltered, ceased.

"What's the matter, Jason? You're all in." Angelo noted professionally the other's exhausted, strained manner and unnatural paleness. "You mustn't take this too hard, you know," he added in concern.

"I want to talk to you a minute. May I come in?" Jason entered the room and closed the door.

"Angelo, Lila Gibson didn't go to Reno."

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE—

JONATHAN VAN WINKLE, a farmer, is awakened before dawn by the whinnying of his restless mare. He finds the body of Dr. Dennis O'Day, with his skull crushed in, lying beside his car in the Rome road. Jonathan telephones the O'Day home in Utica for the victim's brother, Dr. Angelo; but the latter is out, presumably on a case. Jason Jones, a friend of the O'Days, hurries to the scene, and picks up a jeweled clip resembling a Swiss chalet near the body. It is the only clue, the instrument which caused the doctor's death having disappeared.

From Williams, a Utica jeweler, Jason learns that Dr. Dinny had had four such clips made. One went to Primrose Evans; another to Celia Townsend, whom Jason secretly loves; a third to Mary Van Winkle, the farmer's daughter; and the fourth to Lila Gay Gibson. He sets out to discover which of these owns the clip he found on the murder scene.

Celia Townsend, whose rich father hated Dinny, produces her clip. Back at the O'Day home, Dinny's Aunt Harriet gives Jason three diaries the handsome young doctor kept. These revealed a love affair between Dinny and Lila, and an intimation that Angelo also loved her. Jason recalls there was tar on the Rome road, and that Angelo washed tar from the tires of his car when he returned home. A fourth diary disappears.

Lila Gibson, it seems, boarded a train for Reno two hours before the killing. Jason calls on Primrose Evans, and her brother, Llewellyn, proves bitterly antagonistic. The girl produces her clip, and after Jason leaves she commits suicide. Mary Van Winkle also has her clip, and claims she was working at the O'Day Press, owned by Aunt Hat, when Dr. Dinny was killed. Collins, a gas-station attendant, says he filled Dinny's tank an hour before his death, and a woman was in his car. Back at the death scene, Jason and the police find the body of a woman in a near-by ravine.

"She didn't? Where is she?" Angelo asked quickly.

"She is here—but she's dead."

"Dead! Lila? When? How? How do you know?" Jason didn't recognize Angelo's voice.

"She—she died about when Dinny did. We just found her. In the ravine."

A silence fell.

Angelo's fingers arranged and rearranged in neat piles the bright clips on his desk. All his attention seemed absorbed in them. His face was controlled and expressionless.

Jason spoke: "When did you see Lila last?"

The other turned dull eyes on him. "Day before yesterday. Wednesday afternoon. Tell me, how did she die?"

"Some one strangled her." Jason brought the words out reluctantly. "But I presume they will have an autopsy to be certain."

"An autopsy—" Angelo's abnormal calm shattered as he repeated the word. "But they mustn't have an autopsy!" he said urgently. "They can't, I tell you! Because, don't you see, she was pregnant!"

It was Jason's turn to be voiceless.

"She told me, that last afternoon when she came to my office. She didn't seem to mind, but I was horribly worried. That's why I tried to find her later. She couldn't have a child. Her husband, you understand, he—" Angelo stopped. His beautiful Lila, in his eyes always more sinned against than sinning. He couldn't go on, even to Jason.

"WHAT do you mean, Angelo?" Jason asked slowly. "That you tried to find her later? When?"

"When I was in Rome," Angelo answered, "on my pneumonia case. I went around by her house. It was dark, though, and she had left."

"What time was that? When did you get to Rome?" Jason insisted patiently.

"Let me think. I was called a little after twelve; it must have been around twelve thirty."

"After that, after driving past her house, you went directly to your case?"

"Yes."

"And when did you leave there?"

"When did I leave? Around four thirty, I believe," Angelo answered. "At any rate I had just got in the house at five when you called—that would make it about right."

"What was the name of your patient?" Jason inquired.

"I don't see why it's necessary to drag them in," said Angelo shortly.

"My dear man, I believe you were there, and they won't be dragged in," returned Jason.

Angelo put a penitent hand on Jason's shoulder. "Forgive me—my nerves are ragged. Get washed and let's eat."

Jason was on his way downstairs when he remembered that Angelo hadn't told him the patient's name after all.

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Aunt Hat had surprisingly little to say of Lila's death when she was told at dinner. Jason felt she suspected the depth of Angelo's feeling for the dead woman.

As they were leaving the dining room the doorbell rang.

"If that's any one for me," Angelo directed, "I can't see them. I'm going to Rome."

The maid came back from the hall.

"It's Mr. Perkins, and can he see Dr. Angelo?"

Angelo looked undecided and then shrugged his shoulders and went into the hall. Jason strolled after him.

"What is it, Perkins?" began Angelo. "I was just going out."

Perkins looked hot; his pink face shone with perspiration. He turned even pinker at the doctor's words as embarrassment was added to his troubles.

"It's only this, Dr. Angelo. As a matter of form, the sergeant wants a memorandum of your movements Wednesday evening."

"They are very simple, Perkins. I was called at the club by a patient of mine in Rome. A pneumonia case. I left a little after midnight and got there in half an hour or so, going directly from the club."

Detective Perkins interrupted: "How did you go, doctor—by what road?"

"By the Westmoreland road. It's nearer to Rome that way from the club."

"And when did you leave Rome?"

"About half past four in the morning."

"I see. And you returned by what route?"

"By the same way I went," Angelo answered. "I came in the house just as Mr. Jones called us from Van Winkle's."

"And may I have your patient's name?" Perkins asked. "It's only a matter of form, you know," he added placatingly.

The pause was imperceptible.

"The name is Wilson; the house is 1306 North James Street."

Jason drew a relieved breath.

The next minute Perkins rose. "Thank you, doctor. I didn't like to bother you but it was necessary."

"I know," Angelo said. "We can't always do what we'd choose." And Jason wondered if he heard a muttered "unfortunately" follow.

AFTER Perkins's departure Angelo left for Rome. "Lila hasn't any one," he explained, "and I must do what I can for her. There will be telegrams to send and things to tend to."

The deck chair on the porch tempted Jason severely, but he scolded himself out to the garage and into his car once more.

He drove in the direction of the pool room where Lew Evans had said he spent Wednesday evening.

He found the place fairly empty on this warm night. "Gone to the beach and for rides," Jason reflected. "I hope Lew remains conspicuous by his absence, as our better authors say. I'd as soon not see him."

Two or three boys were around the slot machines and a desultory game of pool was going on at one table.

Jason asked for a package of cigarettes and a bottle of ginger ale, and fell into conversation with the brilliantly suspendered man who waited on him, discussing the League games, Presidential nominations, and of course prohibition. Eventually, as Jason had expected, the murder of Dr. Dinny came up. One or two youths joined in the discussion.

SUDDENLY Jason heard: "But Lew says he thinks it's some one the doc knew."

"Lew," said Jason—"is that Lew Evans you mean?"

"Sure. Do you know him?" the boy asked.

"Not well," Jason denied thankfully. "But why does he say that? Did he see any one that looked suspicious?"

"Naw," was the answer. "He's full of hot air. He don't know a thing. We played poker here till four o'clock that morning."

"Some late session," commented Jason. "When did you start?"

"Oh, we played steady from eleven on. Lew didn't come in till after two, though. He'd been out with Bill on a tow-car call. Wreck on Paris Hill."

"Then he stayed till you broke up at four?" Jason asked.

"Sure; and he lost five dollars, too. Was he sore!"

Jason made his departure almost immediately, for he heard Primrose's name mentioned. He hated to think of the mouthing of her little story by the slack lips of her own brother's intimates.

When he reached the O'Day home again, he found a note on the telephone stand to call Sergeant Donovan. He dialed the number and the sergeant answered. The conversation was brief and one-sided, but when Jason hung up his face was a curious study of relief and perplexity.

He settled himself on the veranda to await Angelo, napping contentedly until a glare of headlights turning in at the drive swept past him and the car stopped. When Angelo got out to open the garage door, Jason met him. The two men stood in the blaze of the headlights.

"I thought I'd tell you, Angelo," Jason said in greeting. "Donovan called up and said he'd telephoned Wilson's in Rome and they corroborated your story."

He watched the doctor's face, but Angelo merely said, "Then that's that." Jason wondered later if it was his imagination or not that across Angelo's face there had seemed to pass a very fleeting look of surprise. . . .

Dr. Dennis O'Day's funeral was at ten o'clock on the morning of the third day after his sudden demise. Jason Jones rode in the carriage with Angelo and his Aunt Harriet, the chief mourners for that gallant young man whose oblation of joy had been a beatification to all but those who loved him deeply. To them he had brought also disquietude and pain.

During the last prayers Jason glimpsed Celia Townsend in the circle of mourners at the grave. He said a word to Angelo as he and Aunt Harriet turned toward their car, and then, stepping back into the throng of people standing silently by, he worked his way over to where Mr. Townsend was awaiting his car.

"Are you going straight downtown?" he asked the elder man.

"Yes, I am," was his brief reply.

"Do you mind giving me a lift?"

Since it was impossible to refuse under the circumstances, Mr. Townsend assented with as much grace as he could muster.

The big car began to pick its way down the long winding hill.

Jason leaned over and closed the glass partition in back of the chauffeur.

"Mr. Townsend, where were you at three o'clock on Thursday morning?"

"You mean—"

"Yes, the morning that Dinny was killed. I am doing a little untangling, and it seems best to put each person in his definite place before going ahead."

"Why, you young whippersnapper!" the banker thundered. "You intrude your presence upon me and then have the presumption to question me! Of all the unmitigated cheek! If the police have any inquiries to make of me, that is a privilege of their office and they know where to find me. But I shall have no dealings with snooping outsiders.

"Robert," he called into the speaking tube, "this young man is getting out."

THE chauffeur drew up in front of the covered entrance to the Olbiston Apartments.

"Now that you mention it," said the quite unruffled young man, "I am in need of a little exercise. As a matter of fact," he continued, "there are certain innuendoes going around that might interest you. So if you change your mind and want to have a little talk with me after all, you'll find me at the O'Days'."

As the car drove away in majestic silence Jason became philosophic. "Well, the idea was good but it just didn't work," and he continued down Genesee Street.

Celia's father was right, though his terms had been unnecessarily harsh. He *was* assuming prerogatives not belonging to him in going about prying into the movements and motives of every one who might conceivably have had a grudge against Dinny. He had no real authority to back him, yet he had to go on; he must somehow force those unwilling answers.

Celia had her clip all right, but how about Mr. Townsend's threats? And, in going to the dance at the club with Dinny that evening, the girl certainly hadn't had her father's approval, at

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THOUGHTS turn homeward as Christmas nears. Those who can, plan happy family gatherings. It isn't always possible, however, to go. Sometimes the distance is too great; sometimes business interferes. But even if you can't be there in person, you can be there *by telephone.* You can exchange cheery greetings . . . hear the sound of loved voices . . . talk over family affairs. * * * * One reason "telephone reunions" are so popular is that they're so inexpensive. After 8:30 P. M., for instance, a three-minute station-to-station call to most cities 150 miles away costs only about 50 cents.

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least in so far as her escort was concerned.

Townsend had hated Dinny.

Jason's thoughts turned to Llewellyn Evans. It was time to take stout measures with that youth and make him tell what he had heard Celia say about her father that Wednesday night, and the circumstances under which she said it. Of course it was more than possible that Evans was lying.

And then there was Collins ready to swear that Dinny had returned to the city—

Had Mary Van Winkle told everything she knew? Was that fantastic story of hers to be swallowed whole? She had seemed honest enough, as honest as Celia and Primrose—Primrose, who of them all had known the gentlest side of Dinny, who gave him peace but not inspiration, who died when he died—as Lila, too, had kept the tryst in death.

They had loved him in such different ways: Angelo most truly of all; Aunt Harriet most protectively; Lila most passionately; Primrose most exclusively; Rip Van Winkle—who could know exactly how deeply her infatuation was buried under that tranquil manner of hers?

Two people at least had hated him: the father of Celia and the brother of Primrose. Mr. Townsend's venom against Dinny might be no more than that of the extremely strait-laced father who felt that the proprieties were being outrageously assaulted when a man of Dinny O'Day's temperament so much as looked in his daughter's direction; but Celia had one of Dinny's clips, and Mr. Townsend objected to being questioned.

Llewellyn Evans's shallow dreams had been shattered. In his frustration he centered his hatred upon the person who might have made their fulfillment possible. From the time when he fully realized that there was very little probability that Primrose would ever marry Dinny, he had nursed his hatred on the gossip which followed Dinny's name.

WHAT important information was Jonathan Van Winkle holding back? Or, at the very least, what was he thinking about that he was so scared of mentioning? He was worried about Rip, yes. He had expected her home and she hadn't arrived. But even the most casual observer could see that Rip's parents didn't really believe that she had any direct connection with Dinny's death.

Who of all those people wanted Dinny's latest diary most badly, and who could have gained access to it? If only Aunt Harriet had taken a little more care! Somehow, it didn't seem like her to have let it slip out of her hands.

Back to Rip again. She had been on the Rome road, by her own admission. It would have been possible for her to have killed Dinny, but would she have killed Lila—in that way?

Were Dinny and Lila killed by the same person?

But Rip had her clip. In fact, each girl had had her clip. That was the biggest snag of all in the whole tangled web.

Supposedly, four clips had been made. Yet he had four, plus one. Somewhere, at some time, for some one, rubies and sapphires and diamonds had been gathered and mounted together into this fifth clip. Jason fingered them over in his pocket, once more counting them, reassuring himself that the cruel, difficult answer would be the same. He gathered them up in a nervous fist and the hard stones cut into his palm, demanding recognition and solution, jeering at his helplessness.

HE mustn't think it. He couldn't, wouldn't think it. Yet it *had* to be fitted into the pattern! The tar on Angelo's car—

Angelo and Dinny had loved each other as few brothers did. But Angelo quietly revered the name he bore. The old O'Days had been men proud of their integrity, proud of their capacity for facing life righteously. Angelo could, perhaps, stand the mere fact of Dinny's bringing disgrace on himself, but what were his reactions to the feeling that his brother was blackening the honor of all the line? And then, Angelo too loved Lila. Could his brotherly love for Dinny surmount that secret passion? Angelo blamed Dinny—not Lila but Dinny alone—for the relationship which, from the beginning, they had taken so little effort to hide from him. God, what a mess it all was! Lila on her way to Reno, to get a divorce, of course. So she could marry Dinny? She had told Angelo her plans just a few hours before the double tragedy. But Angelo— No, no! It couldn't be Angelo!

Besides, there was the extra clip again. It did return like a ghost! Where, when, and for whom had it been made? Perhaps the jeweler had been holding out on him when he said there were only four. Well, a second call would take only a minute and could certainly do no harm.

Williams's Jewelry Store was cool behind the harsh but effective green-and-orange awnings. The precious stones displayed in the glass cases shone palely, oddly at variance with the heated glitter of noonday outside. Mr. Williams himself came forward and greeted Jason even before his eyes had accustomed themselves to the dim light.

"Well, Mr. Jones," he exclaimed, "I had just been thinking about you! One can't help thinking about it, you know, at odd moments. It seems so unfinished—such a short life for a spectacular character like Dr. Dinny. We had expected big things of him when he was a little older and had settled down. And he was buried today!"

Jason nodded silently as Mr. Williams sighed his personal lament for the premature death of his glamorous patron and acquaintance.

"Did you find out anything from

the clips? That is—of course I realize that your inquiries are strictly private, for the present at least, but—" The jeweler was suddenly ashamed of his self-confessed curiosity.

"No, Mr. Williams," Jason replied seriously; "we haven't learned anything from the clips yet. That is the reason why I came in to see you now. Are you *absolutely positive* that you made only four of the chalet clips for Dr. O'Day? And would you be willing to swear that that design was used by no one else?"

Mr. Williams was startled and indignant. "Of course I made only four clips, and all of them were ordered and paid for by Dr. O'Day. It was Dr. Dennis O'Day's own design. I remember distinctly that I told you so on the morning he was killed. It would have been decidedly unethical for me to use that design excepting at his orders."

Jason sighed his apology. "But there are five clips, you see—the one I found in addition to those belonging to the four women you named." He pulled the handful of trinkets from his pocket and dropped them upon the green-velvet cushion reposing on the top of the glass case. They fell with a little plop into the soft nest.

Quickly they forgot Jason's discourtesy as Mr. Williams's sensitive fingers arranged them neatly and appreciatively on the green square. He counted them silently, incredulously. For an instant he beamed upon them, seeing them together for the first time. Then his glance sharpened and his hand quickly picked out the errant one. "This," he denounced, "isn't mine!"

"No?" questioned Jason.

"No," he reiterated. "It's not even identical. You can see for yourself that the stones are very slightly larger." He turned it over. "The maker didn't sign it. There is no telling where it came from, other than that it was a good house, as the workmanship is intrinsically fine."

JASON took the clip and compared it with one of the others. "Well, that shows me up for a dumb ape," he said. "I shan't assume anything at all in the future. As a matter of fact, this whole thing has got me running around in circles. Suppose you straighten me out as much as you can. Do you think Dinny would have had one made elsewhere for any reason? Was there ever a time when your business relations were, shall we say, temporarily strained?"

"Dr. O'Day and I had the most cordial relations at all times. I have always had the original copy of his drawing. Of course he could easily have made another, but I don't see why he should have, as I am very sure that my work satisfied him in every respect. I must admit that I find this just as confusing as you do. I would have been willing to swear, just a few minutes ago, that there were only four of these clips in existence."

"Well," confided Jason, "I've got another clue or two. Maybe I'll get a lead through them that will bring the answer to this. You've been very kind, Mr. Williams," he said, gathering up the clips once more and dropping them into the ignominious darkness of his pocket.

"Any time I can do anything," said Mr. Williams graciously, "it will be a pleasure."

Jason continued on his way down Genesee Street until he reached the O'Day Press, feeling a vast relief that he could now turn his investigations into their more normal channels.

THE printing company had been closed in respect for the bereaved family, but Jason had requested that Mr. Meyer, the manager, meet him at the office at one o'clock. The place was locked when he arrived, and he welcomed the opportunity of beginning his work alone. To his surprise, however, Mr. Meyer arrived almost immediately, armed with an effulgent cordiality. He remembered suddenly that it was an occasion of sorrow and became condolatory, speaking of Dinny in a hushed voice, and then rushed ahead to offer Jason his most hearty coöperation. His overabundant help became a hindrance, but with mild persistence Jason slowed the man down until he was able to cover the work at his own tempo.

The accounts were, he found, in perfect order. There were, however, some items listed on the accounts payable which looked like repeat orders for stock too closely following one another to seem reasonable for a business of its size. And on the accounts receivable the charges for "extras" seemed greater than the quantity of work warranted.

Jason suddenly recalled a phrase of Rip Van Winkle's which he hadn't understood at the moment: "He just accidentally scratched a half-tone with a piece of metal which he just happened to have in his hand."

Well, tomorrow he could come quietly down, check up the customers' correspondence to learn whether there had been complaints of overcharges, and then follow one or two jobs through from preliminary estimate to final settlement.

He worked with steady concentration until almost three o'clock, and found that the mind he brought to bear on the problems of the O'Day Printing Company was all the keener for having been occupied in another direction for the past few days.

"Well," he acknowledged in satisfaction at his accomplishment, "William James was a wise guy. He said a mouthful when he said: 'We learn to swim in winter and skate in summer.'"

The coroner's formal investigation into the deaths of Dr. Dennis O'Day and Mrs. Lila Gay Gibson took place at three o'clock on the afternoon of Dinny's funeral.

Jason Jones, as one who saw the body of his friend before the arrival of the police, had been served with

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mandatory notice for his presence. The inquest was just getting under way when the young man arrived. All the people who saw Dinny during those last hours were present—almost all, amended Jason as he thought of the clip whose owner might never be found.

Angelo was called to the stand first. He testified that he had attended the Wednesday night dance at the Yahnundasis Golf Club, and had received an emergency call from a patient in Rome at twelve o'clock. He left the club immediately and drove to Rome by way of the Westmoreland road, which was the more direct route from the golf club, and arrived at the patient's bedside shortly after twelve thirty. He left the patient at four thirty and, returning again by the Westmoreland road, arrived home at five o'clock just as Mr. Jones was trying to reach him by telephone to tell him of his brother's death.

Yes, his brother was at the clubhouse at the time he had left for Rome; he had seen Dr. Dennis on the dance floor only a minute or two before he received his call.

No, he knew of no enemies that Dinny had created. His brother had been liked by almost all who came in contact with him. Mrs. Gibson and her husband had been friends of the family for many years. Mr. Gibson had been in Russia for over a year.

Yes, he knew that Mrs. Gibson was about to leave for Reno. He had seen her on Wednesday afternoon, at which time she told him so. No, he knew of no serious trouble between Mr. and Mrs. Gibson. She had merely told him that she wished to get a divorce. No, she had not consulted him professionally for several months. He knew of no one who would desire her death.

And with tightly pressed lips Angelo O'Day left the witness stand and returned to his chair beside his Aunt Harriet.

JASON heard Celia Townsend's name called. She stepped quickly to the chair indicated and seated herself with natural grace, as though she were quite unconscious of so many watchful eyes. She was composed and very pale. Jason wished that it hadn't been necessary for her to be present. Not once did she survey the room but with a steeled steadiness gave her full attention to the coroner's questions. He was as kind and brief as the obligations of his office permitted him to be.

Dr. Dennis O'Day had brought her home from the dance at approximately one forty-five. Her father was up at her arrival and she talked with him in the lower hall for a few minutes before they went upstairs to their rooms. Just after she had closed the front door she had seen, through the glass panel, Dr. O'Day's car drive away. Dr. O'Day had not confided in her in regard to any further plan or meeting for that night. She had assumed that he was going home when he left her.

While his daughter was being questioned Mr. Townsend stared bleakly before him. Jason thought of their morning encounter, and wished that the father rather than the girl were in the chair and that he were being given a devilish cross-examination to which he had ready only half the answers. Jason gleefully fancied himself as the coroner during those few minutes.

Collins took the stand next. He stated that Dr. O'Day had purchased five gallons of gasoline a few minutes after two o'clock. Dr. O'Day had got out of his car and walked around to the cap when he, Collins, was unscrewing it; had remained there until the tank was full; and then, paying him, had reëntered the car with a word or two to his companion which Collins didn't catch.

YES, he had noticed the person in the car, but hadn't been near enough to get a good look at her. She wore dark clothes and a little dark hat, with her black hair showing a little on the side. Her face seemed whiter than most people's skin, as he remembered it, but maybe that was only because it seemed so in the night. Of course he was tired after a long day and hadn't paid very particular attention. Yes, the police had taken him to see the body of the young woman, and though it looked pretty much like the woman who had been with Dr. O'Day, he couldn't swear so for certain.

Yes, Dr. O'Day drove out the Rome road. No, that wasn't the last he saw of the doctor. As he was going home—about two forty, he'd judge—Dr. O'Day's car went past him again, headed toward Utica. He was driving pretty fast but, yes, he could swear that it was Dr. O'Day. No, he couldn't swear whether or not there was some one in with the doctor, because he was standing on the driver's side of the road; but he thought the doctor was alone this time.

Mr. Van Winkle was the next witness. He stated that he had found the body of Dr. Dinny O'Day when he arose because of the whinnying of his horse at about three o'clock. She was a little skittish sometimes and would kick and get out of the pasture. Dr. O'Day's body was lying along one side of the road, near the bridge. Well, the body was just a few feet from the car, the car was about sixty feet from the bridge, and the bridge is one hundred and fifty yards from the house.

No, sir, he didn't hear nothing at all, just the horse. Well, he supposed that if somebody'd made enough noise he could have heard them, but he didn't; no, sir, just the horse.

No, he'd just made sure Dr. Dinny was beyond help; he hadn't disturbed nothing. (There was an almost imperceptible faltering here.)

Well, he had to take care of the mare, didn't he? He couldn't leave her out in the road to be hit. Folks drove so fast during the night, not paying attention to where they were going. Yes, sir, he'd answer the question. He went right back to the house and woke up his wife, because he was upset, finding Dr. Dinny dead like that. Yes, he did telephone just as soon as he possibly could. Well, it was about half past three. Well, maybe that was quite a time, but he'd had to put the horse away and put up the pasture bars. Well, they weren't all down—just the top ones; so first he'd had to take down the lower ones, drive the horse in, and put all the bars back. Well, yes, the pasture gate was on the way to the house, but maybe he was slower because of being upset. He'd phoned Dr. O'Day's house for Dr. Angelo, and the young man over there had answered and come right out. He'd said not to do nothing until he got out there. Well, he had been going to phone the police after he'd called Dr. Angelo, but the young man had said over the telephone to go out and stay with Dr. Dinny, so nobody'd come along and touch him. He said he'd take care of everything.

Yes, he knew Dr. Dinny. He had come out to the farm a few times—perhaps five or six. No, sir, he'd never had words with Dr. Dinny; he'd always liked the young man, what he'd seen of him. No, sir, he had never seen Mrs. Gibson when she was living. She had been at the house just once, he believed, to see their old furniture and things that had been handed down, but he had been out in the fields at the time and heard about it from his wife afterwards. No, sir, his wife wasn't awake when he left the house to bring the horse in. He had had to wake her up when he came in. She didn't go out to see the body at all. No, he didn't know of any one at all who was around at the time that Dr. Dinny and Mrs. Gibson were killed.

Well, he had noticed the ridge on the forehead, but he hadn't noticed anything else in particular about the body. No, sir, there wasn't a single other thing that he could tell about those murders—well, deaths, then!

Jason noticed that the old man was almost trembling with relief when his questioning was over, and that Mary patted him comfortingly when he returned to her side.

The coroner was calling witnesses in the order in which they belonged on that sad time schedule. Jason himself took the stand. He gave short, concise testimony as to times, the position in which he found the body, the condition of Dinny's clothes, the telephone calls to the police and Angelo O'Day.

On further questioning he testified that his friendship with Dennis and Angelo O'Day was one of long standing, and that he was visiting at their home, as he had been called to consult Miss Harriet O'Day on some of her business affairs. He told of attending the dance at the golf club, having driven up to the clubhouse with Angelo, and leaving at the time that Angelo had been called away, going back to the O'Day residence on the trolley.

THE coroner rewarded the conciseness of his replies with a brief smile and nod.

Sergeant Donovan outlined the ground over which his labors had carried him, first storming at the "criminal" delay before he was called, which was fully an hour after the finding of the body. He referred to Lila in every instance as "the Gibson woman," and, in spite of the testimony which he knew was to follow, conveyed the impression by his tone that Dinny had been on an expedition of knight-errantry when he met his death.

"We shall now," said the coroner, "have the medical opinion in regard to the causes of these two deaths. Will you please take the stand, Dr. Hampden?"

Dr. Hampden bustled up to the chair. He was important as only little men with due appreciation of their capacities can be important.

His statement verified the supposition that Dr. Dennis O'Day's death had been instant, and had been caused by a blow on the temple by some heavy object which left the dust of iron rust in the wound.

He spoke slowly now, giving each word full value.

"Traces of blood showed on long scratches on the back of each hand. Other than that there were no bruises to give evidence of a struggle."

Dr. Hampden shifted his papers and his glance leisurely compassed the room. He was very conscious of the sensation he was about to create here in the coroner's office where the friends of Dinny O'Day and Lila Gibson were gathered.

He knew into what pandemonium his statement would throw the whole city.

"MRS. Lila Gay Gibson," he continued, "died as the result of manual strangulation. Blurred digital imprints showed around her throat. There was no other injury to the body.

"She was," he added, "pregnant at the time of her death."

Dr. Hampden's voice rang out clear and resonant. "Moreover," he said, "chemical and microscopic examination of suspicious-looking particles taken from the ends of Mrs. Gibson's finger nails gave definite proof that they were particles of dried human blood."

The silence which followed his statement was at first merely the stillness which is created when people disbelieve their ears.

Then through the lengthening silence there seemed to crackle and lash the surging surprise and emotion which the meaning of his words extorted.

The coroner dismissed his assistant from the stand and began his summary in rather a disjointed fashion.

"Gentlemen," he concluded his address to the jury, "it is necessary in this case for you to decide whether Dr. O'Day and Mrs. Gibson were killed together by the same person or persons, or whether the deaths were separate incidents.

"You all know the position that Dr. O'Day occupied in this community. You know that the O'Day family has lived here for many generations, honorable men and women, respected quiet gentlepeople. It surely isn't necessary for me to recall to your minds Dr. Dennis O'Day's own innumerable charities, his standing in the noble profession to which he was called."

Visibly he appeared to get a grip on himself before he could continue that terrible harangue.

"Dr. Dennis O'Day is not alive to defend himself, to defend the name he bore. And yet it is your sworn duty to give full consideration to the facts which the testimony of this inquest has brought forth. These are the questions which you must answer. It is for you to decide.

"First, at whose hands did Mrs. Lila Gay Gibson meet her death? Second, who or what was responsible for the death of Dr. Dennis O'Day?"

The coroner's jury takes over the case. What will its verdict be? The evidence indicates that Dinny may have murdered Lila. But how was he killed? Or were both slain by another? Jason Jones continues his private investigation in next week's installment, and encounters another baffling angle to the mystery.

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 25

1—Leviticus 2:7; 7:9.

2—William Shakespeare; they appear on his tombstone.

3—George Vancouver, English navigator, 1758-98.

4—A paralysis of some of the fibers of the optic nerve, resulting in partly obscured vision.

5—Helen Gould in 1900.

6—On January 25, 1886, from Montreal to Port Moody, British Columbia.

7—Eblis.

8—A living organism, either plant or animal, that lives in or on some other organism from which it derives its nourishment.

9—Maud Allan.

10—The First, or Rainbow, Division.

11—No.

12—Ulysses, by Tennyson.

13—"A quintal of *fish*."

14—A sacred stone in the southeast corner of the Caaba—the Moslem holy of holies—toward which the prayers of all Mohammedans are directed.

15—The two-cent stamp of the 1869 issue.

16—They are all styles of printer's type.

17—Yes: Eugene G. O'Neill in 1920, 1922, and 1928; for three of his plays.

18—Chestnuts.

19—Placer gold found in very minute flourlike particles.

20—One who makes dresses or cloaks, etc., for women.

FINAL INNING

$2,000 POSTAGE STAMP GAME

FILE YOUR ENTRY NOW

HERE is the final group of $2,000 Stamp Game reproductions. Now you can go ahead with the preparation of your contest entry as rapidly as you wish. Study over the complete list of countries involved in the contest before you make your selection of a subject of the letter of preference required by Rule 2. In arranging your entry do not spend time and money on elaboration. The simple presentation will carry the same weight as an ornate one, so why go to needless trouble and expense? Concentrate on accuracy of identifications and the qualities required in the letter.

The task of judging will be undertaken immediately the official closing date is reached and announcement of awards will be published in the first issue of Liberty available after the decisions are reached. Prize checks will be forwarded to the various winners coincidentally with the publication of the awards.

THE RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks Liberty will publish photographs of a number of postage stamps issued by foreign countries. On each stamp the name of the country of issue will be blotted out, and the object of the game is to determine the countries by which the various stamps were issued.

2. Cash prizes as listed in the schedule on this page will be awarded to the 223 entries which most accurately identify the countries by which the stamps were issued, accompanied by a message of not more than fifty words telling " Which country of those represented in the contest I would rather visit, and why."

3. The most accurately identified set of stamps accompanied by the best message will be awarded the first prize, etc. Messages will be judged on the basis of interest, originality, plausibility, and neatness.

4. Any one, anywhere, may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

5. Write or type the name of the country of issue in the space beneath each stamp. Carefully executed tracings of the stamps are acceptable. Hold all of your identifications until you have the complete set of ten groups. Write or type your name and address plainly on the first sheet of your entry. Then mail them, together with your message, to Liberty Game of Postage Stamps, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

6. Do not submit ornately decorated entries. This is a needless expense and will have no influence upon your being awarded a prize. No entries will be returned.

7. All entries must be received not later than Wednesday, December 26, which is the closing date of this contest.

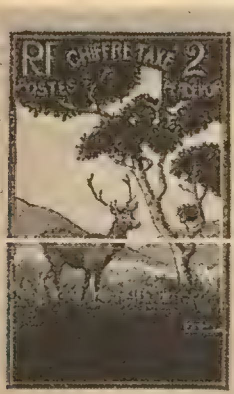
8. The Contest Board of Liberty will be the judges, and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final. No correspondence can be entered into regarding entries.

CASH PRIZE SCHEDULE

FIRST PRIZE	$500
SECOND PRIZE	200
THIRD PRIZE	100
TWENTY PRIZES, each $10	200
200 PRIZES, each $5	1,000

THIS IS GROUP 10

95



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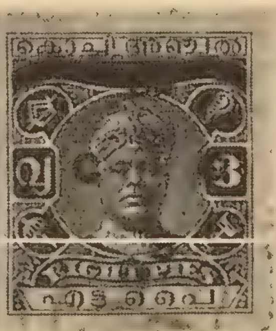

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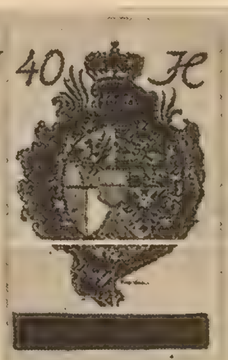

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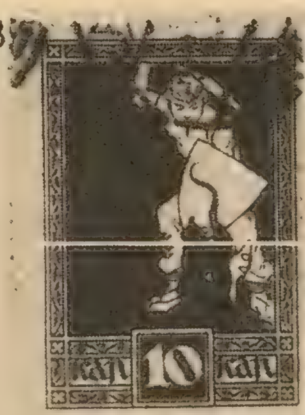

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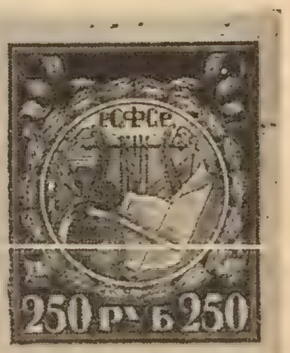

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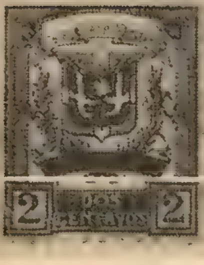

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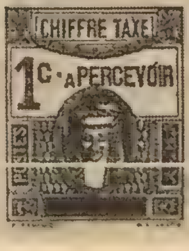

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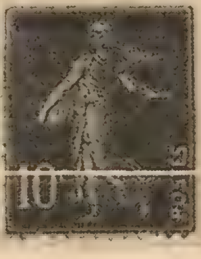

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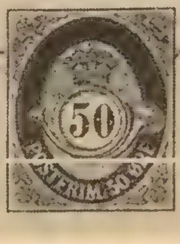

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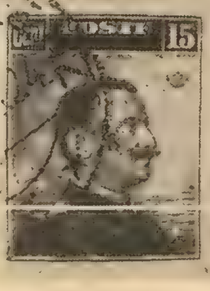

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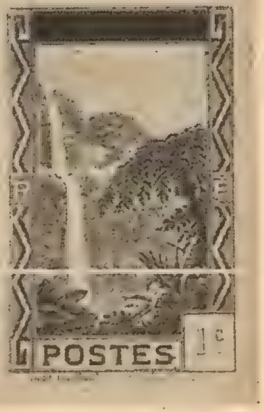
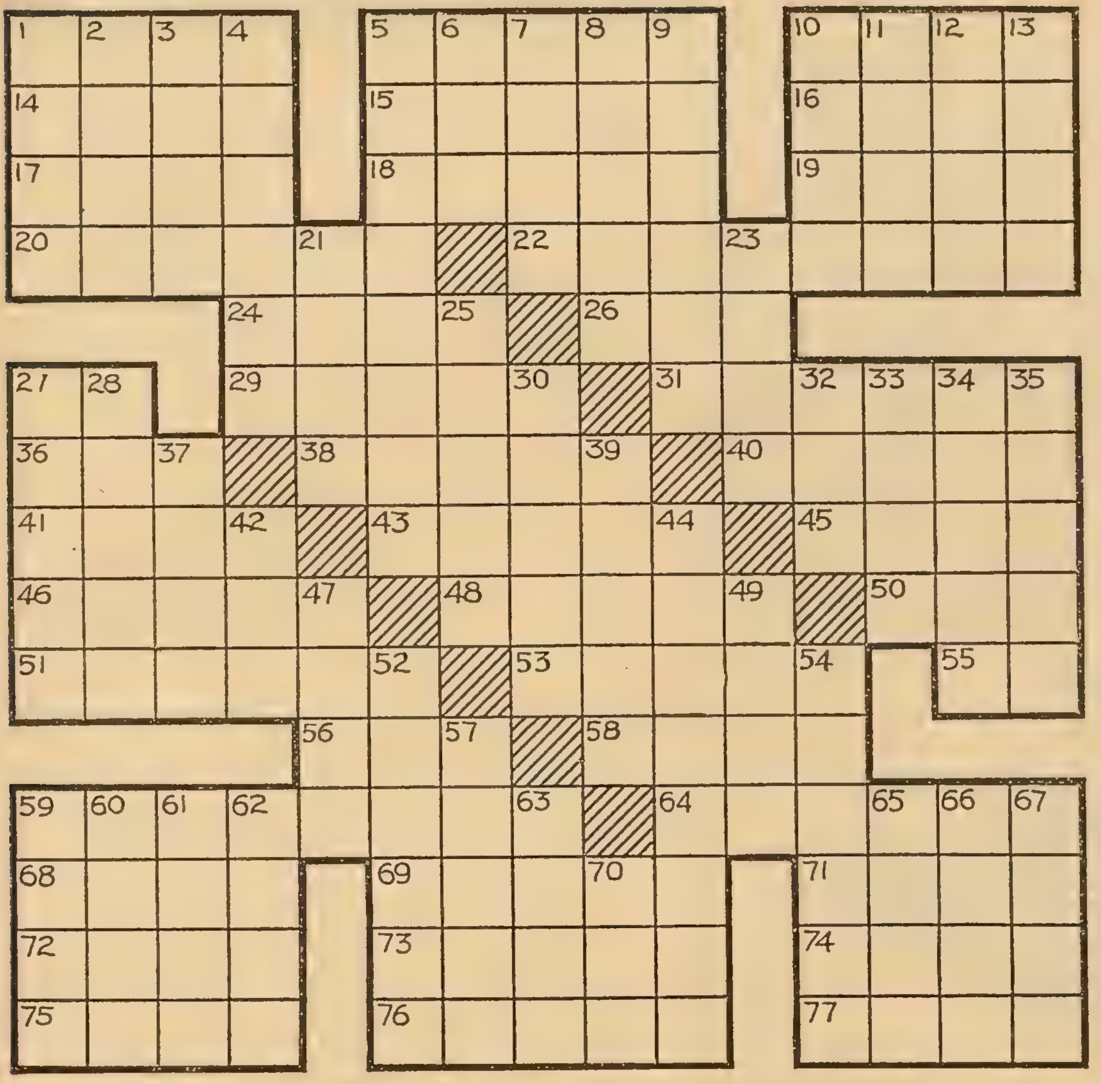


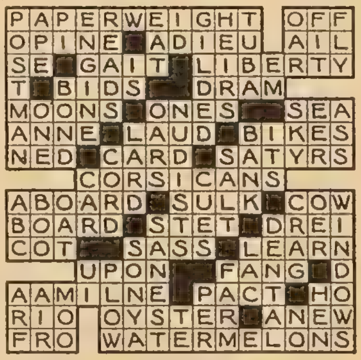
A NEW CASH PRIZE REBUS CONTEST STARTS NEXT WEEK!

CROSS WORDS



HORIZONTAL

1 Examine closely
5 A fairy or elf (plural)
10 To strive
14 A tropical plant
15 Solitary
16 Persian poet
17 The priest in mosques who recites the prayers
18 Ascended
19 One of a Mongoloid tribe of Assam
20 To pack again, as for shipment
22 Fragrant
24 To sound, as a bell
26 Attempt
27 A measure of type
29 Silken fabric
31 Traps
36 To mark with small spots
38 Aventitious sounds accompanying breathing
40 Century plant
41 The rainbow (poetic)
43 Bathed
45 Surrounded by
46 A track or footpath
48 Caravansary
50 Winglike process
51 A stinging insect
53 Posterior end of an animal body (plural)
55 The symbol for tin
56 Exclamations
58 Greatest in quantity or number
59 Woman's undergarment
64 A shade of red
68 Heroic poem
69 Woman's name



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T	■	B	I	D	S	■	■	D	R	A	M			
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F	R	O		W	A	T	E	R	M	E	L	O	N	S

Answer to last week's puzzle

71 Notion
72 The woodbine
73 Worship
74 Vessels used in cooking
75 Availed one's self of
76 Prophets
77 Kill

VERTICAL

1 To change position
2 Arrived
3 A homeless street wanderer, especially a child
4 Wanderers
5 Of the character of a parent
6 A high priest and judge
7 Feminine personal name
8 Indisposed to move
9 Spanish gentleman (plural)
10 State of insensibility
11 Leave out
12 Combining form: equal
13 Early Scandinavian navigator
21 Prevaricator
23 Bird of the starling kind
25 Venomous lizard (plural)
27 Feminine personal name
28 Round hill or point of land (Spanish)
30 On no occasion
32 Turkish title of respect
33 An incarnation of Vishnu (Hindu mythology)
34 Misfortunes
35 Town in France
37 Tiara (poetic)
39 Whey of milk
42 Iniquity
44 A flatterer in the court of Dionysius
47 Meadows
49 His real self (Latin)
52 Man's name
54 Narrow pieces
57 The sole of a plow
59 One of the Philippine Islands
60 Sacred bull
61 Pronoun
62 Frosted
63 Central American tree
65 Image
66 Bristle
67 Comfortable
70 Stray

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

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Taking Chances

"Heights are no mental hazard" to Miss Bourke-White, here perched on a gargoyle at the sixty-first floor of the Chrysler Building.

A Close-up of America's Most Venturesome Girl Photographer

by RAE NORDEN SAUDER

READING TIME ● 7 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

A SLIM young girl is crouched in a steel basket attached to a traveling crane which, as it describes its slow arc, hovers above molten metal that sends up scorching white flame—*a camera clicks!*

The same girl is a speck a thousand feet in the air, poised on scaffolding that surrounds the unfinished tower of the Chrysler Building. Wind, pranking about with a howling note, tries to toss her to the pavement far below; but she, balanced nonchalantly, keeps her position on the swaying cradle—*and a camera clicks!*

Once again she is seen. She is treading lightly planks that bridge a lake of acids that would consume her flesh were she to stumble—*a camera clicks!*

The camera is being operated by the girl herself.

Margaret Bourke-White she is, gayly going through fire and water in the pursuit of her art and saying characteristically, "I have never lost a plate." She translates, in photographs that have startled the world and created a whole new school, the commonplace into the unusual; she sees beauty and immortalizes it where no other eye had observed it before—

Exquisite angles formed by millions of feet of crisscrossing wires. Light and shadow playing with macabre effect over blast furnaces.

Eerie nighttime compositions of inert monsters that are the wheels of industry during the day. Avenues of pipes. Oddly graceful poses of moving machinery. The pretty discarded for the powerful; the camera made the servant of imagination.

Margaret Bourke-White is not a daredevil. The unintelligent type of courage that preludes most accidents is alien to her. She calculates as quickly as her camera shutter works, and as accurately. She knows when *not* to take a chance and how to stick to her decision.

Thrills are the accompaniment to what she does; they are never the sole objective. "I've never been afraid," she says casually. "If it were a sport I was interested in, or if I were deliberately stunting, I should perhaps have been scared occasionally. Startling effects in pictures come about by the placing of the camera at extraordinary angles—and in lots of queer places. Those places aren't always easy to get to, but regard for the safety of my cameras has stopped me from taking really foolhardy chances."

Her eyes are direct as a seaman's, and she has a God-given sense of balance. Heights are no mental hazard. She shot pictures of each step in the construction of the Chrysler Building. Before the silvery outer layers were applied to the tower, she had to focus her camera's eye up, through, and around the skeleton. The camera must be held fast—and it took three men to anchor it, clinging to the tripod. The lady's equilibrium kept her on her own two feet for hours. Gasps were wafted faintly from the crowd below. Crisp orders came from the lady.

Literally breath-taking was an experience in Cleveland, in a blast furnace. She thrilled to the huge, dark, ominous shapes lit by jagged Dante-esque flames. Up there, she said, was the perfect vantage point from which to shoot. Oh, no, the superintendent contradicted. She could not set foot on that ladder. A pocket of deadly carbon-monoxide gas had formed just there.

She thought of her prodigious lung capacity—records at college in under-water swimming. Like lightning, camera hugged tight, she had gained the foot of the ladder. The boss, the foreman were stunned, frightened. She hesitated just a second, expanding her lungs, dashed up the ladder, focused at top speed, clicked once, raced downward, and expelled that one life-saving deep breath. She was a little sorry for the group from which she had fled; they looked so white. She was sorrier she hadn't had the nerve to change plates on the ladder and take another picture.

Russia and its first Five Year Plan opened up marvelous

aking Pictures

RAE NORDEN SAUDER *is the wife of a Philadelphia lawyer; is herself a graduate of the New York University Law School; has been writing ten years, contributing to the magazines, reviewing books, creating newspaper features and advertising copy.*

vistas to Margaret Bourke-White. She was made a guest of the Soviet government when they learned she was contemplating a series of pictures on their industrial development. The great honor robbed the initial trip (she has made many since) of much excitement. She recalls a "funny" incident, though, in Siberia, where there was an interesting steel mill going up.

"The scaffolding," she explains, "wasn't high enough. I poked around by myself, and to my joy spied a gas off-take pipe, apparently disused, which was posed at a slant that ended far above. No one was looking, so I dragged my camera into the pipe and squirmed through, emerging into a pretty windy nest at the mouth of the pipe.

"It was awkward fixing the camera, but I was just about to shoot, when—bang! My camera was shaken from its perch and I was almost hurled out of my pipe. Workmen had started hammering at the other end! Every time they stopped for an instant, I readjusted my camera; and the competition between the vibration, the sun's vagaries, and my balance half in and half out of a slippery cylinder, with nothing below but space, kept up for two hours. I got a few good shots, but you should have seen the faces of those Soviet workmen when a greasy girl in overalls slid out of their end of the pipe with a big camera huddled in her arms."

One winter she lived far north in Canada in order to provide photographic records of the making of a newspaper, starting her preliminary work with the lumber camps in the summer and ending up with the log jams in the spring. There was nothing in her contract about a six-million-dollar fire so gorgeous and awe-inspiring that she stayed within the forbidden area for forty-eight hours at a stretch, grinding away for dear life, trying to remain invisible.

"A slim girl, gayly going through fire in pursuit of her art and saying, 'I have never lost a plate.'"

IN the Ruhr Valley she was arrested as a spy and spent a few uncomfortable hours worrying. About her fate? No, indeed; about her plates. Reassuring telegrams attesting to her honest purposes arrived from high authorities in time. She had been photographing new industrial plants, not a bit interested in the near-by fortifications—but how were the police to know that?

She received an unexpected coat of tan in the traveling crane of a steel mill in Indiana. The terrific heat blistered the camera, and the plates, as used, were passed with sleight-of-hand speed to the helpers, who protected them. Always the plates!

The acid bath that is the veritable Lake of Death is used in one of the processes of wire dipping, and it was over this that she had to pass.

In the Caucasus the only transportation was muleback. "Oh, yes; I was the only woman." They poised on saw-tooth projections over chasms and descended steep crumbling paths. Suddenly, lickety-split, came Cossacks tearing along from a near-by village. A group of escaped convicts, armed to the teeth, was galloping their way. The Cossacks ordered the little party to turn back. "Turn back?" echoed Miss Bourke-White. "I hope we meet them." They didn't, but it wasn't her fault.

A miner has as many superstitions as a sailor. She was ignorant of these when she contracted to "do" all the phases of anthracite coal mining near Scranton, Pennsylvania.

An elaborate network of wiring had to be rigged up to provide lighting. The batteries were placed at the mine entrance, but the wires reached a thousand feet down and covered four miles. Guides, representatives of the company, men to adjust the cameras, and electricians formed the bodyguard of the young photographer.

They picked their way "against the grain"—opposite to the route of the miners themselves. Miners think that is bad luck. It's also bad luck if a woman goes down in a mine. "We'll hurry with our job," Miss Bourke-White announced tersely, "so we won't alarm the men." *Pffffff*—every one of the lights went out! Fuse trouble. Pictures impossible now. The party turned back, groping, guided by a few flash lights and the lights of the miners' helmets they wore.

But what were those sounds? Chilling, primitive, terrible. "The men!" shouted the official to Miss Bourke-White. "It'll be a panic—the lights going out, a woman down in the mine! Something must be done. Can you sing?" "I can't but I will," she responded as she raised her voice to its lustiest. She sang and sang—jazz, college songs, cheers, hymns, nursery rhymes. Her whole party joined in as they inched along, and one by one the miners took up the refrains. Thus primitive terror was held back by the power of song—which is equally primitive.

It is a mere six years since this dynamic personality was graduated from college. Now she directs her studios and a large force of employees personally and has each of her ten capable fingers in a different pie. One "pie" is photo-murals, examples of which can be seen in the broadcasting studios of Rockefeller Center. Another is color photography. Another is the physics of light. Then there are the movies, up to new tricks when Miss Bourke-White grinds. And articles. Books, illustrated by herself. Also a large family of snakes and alligators which she "mothers," attesting to her diversified interest in all science; for the laboratory phase of Miss Bourke-White's life is claiming her more and more.

Disregard of physical danger is one of the admirable qualities of youth and too frequently the secluded laboratory is sought only after youth has passed. The splendid figure perched on the scaffold a thousand feet in the air typified gallantry and courage—excellent attributes to bring to research—and it's good to know she's safe.

THE END

Vox

FOUR ★ ★ ★ ★ LETTER

HELL — AND WOMAN AT THE STEERING WHEEL

MENA, ARK.—My husband, who is practically always right, stated recently in plain Alabama English that this country was going to hell and that woman was at the steering wheel. Bully for her! No longer does she have to be content with back-seat driving!

But why is it going to hell? Because women are indulging familiar vices which men have enjoyed for so long? Or because they are fast developing a single standard of morals? Years ago, when a man wronged a girl and managed to evade the trusty shotgun, the Mother Grundies pulled aside their many and lengthy skirts and the girl wasn't considered good enough to work in their kitchens. But what about the young man? He was invited into their parlors and given another chance to make good—yes, good at wronging their own daughters.

How many chaste wives of today, who were virtuous before entering the so-called holy state of matrimony, ever kept a man from straying from his fireside in search of warmer and more glowing fires if he was wont to go? It wasn't the memory of that virtue that kept the bored male from wandering. It was his fear of being found out—the consequent likelihood of losing his home. These husbands are creatures of habit. Their digestive organs can't stand sudden upsets in family relations. So, too often, it is the wife's cooking and not her chastity that keeps the roving male from roving.

I believe the stability of a nation depends largely on its women; especially its mothers. I do not think America is proud of its women who have thrown discretion to the four winds; but I think women are tired of the double standard practiced by their men.

I have a daughter approaching young-womanhood. It will soon be time for me to tell her the "facts of life." Maybe she will laugh at me openly and say, "Mother, be your age!" Or she may spare my feelings and, secretly pitying me, say to her best friend, "My dear, you should have heard mother! Honestly, it was priceless." But I hardly think she will do either.

I will not begin by saying, "It is all right for brother to go here and there, to do this and the other, but it is taboo with you." In drinking, I will remind her that, above all, it destroys her capacity to think straight. As for the single standard of morals, I hope I may impress on her that whatever else a woman may sacrifice to be on an equality with man, it must never be her reverence for her body. Men seem to do very nicely without this; but no woman can honor a temple which she has allowed to be defiled.

Perhaps Edgar Guest said it for me when he wrote:

I have to live with myself, and so
  I want to be fit for myself to know;
I want to be able, as days go by,
  Always to look myself right in the eye.

And though women—vain creatures that they are—still work their mirrors overtime, I still have a lot of faith in my sex and I can't believe that the world is going to the bowwows yet.—*Nina Walker Watkins.*

NOTE TO VOX POPPERS: *Please do not send letters especially for Four-Star consideration. While $25 will be paid for letters of special value, it must be understood that all letters are submitted as free-will offerings—and no letter can be returned.*—VOX POP EDITOR.

★ ★ ★ ★

COLLEGE EDUCATION FOR FLYERS

TALLADEGA, ALA.—The paragraph in Bernarr Macfadden's editorial, Neglect of Air Defense Spells National Suicide (November 10 Liberty), wherein he states that the country should have a large reserve of civil aviation schools, appealed to me.

There must be thousands of boys who are handicapped or you might say barred from learning to fly, even though it is their ambition, due to the fact (as in my case) that they are not able to pay for a private course or eligible for a government course. By being eligible for a government course, as I understand it, a boy has to have at least two years of college education; but we who are not fortunate enough to get a college education are stopped before we start.—*William J. Tinney, Jr., Talladega Light and Water Commission.*

DOG HOUSE OR WHITE HOUSE?

CHICAGO, ILL. — Senator Huey P. Long's article in November 10 Liberty, I Am in the Dog House, gave an interesting insight into the great battle he is waging against his political enemies, who are dominated by the moneyed powers. Give us a few more men like Long in the United States Senate and the depression makers—the Wall Street monopolists—will be driven out of control of the country forever. — *George Swanson.*

AUSTIN, TEX.—So Huey Long admits he is in the dog house. Well, that's where he belongs!—*Alfred E. Menn.*

BALTIMORE, MD.—Senator Long should be our next President. We need a fighting executive at the head of our nation, and it seems to me he has the fight in him to pull us out of this depression mess.—*D. A. M.*

POK-TA-POK

OTTAWA, ONT.—Congratulations to Meigs O. Frost on his revelation of the great game of pok-ta-pok in Football Is Sissy Stuff (November 3 Liberty). He should introduce it on the American continent. Incidentally, Liberty's editorials on Canadian policies are always appreciated.—*Maurice O'Flynn.*

TORONTO, ONT.—Meigs O. Frost must have been full of beans when he wrote Football Is Sissy Stuff. If so, I'm going to buy myself some beans and make a little easy money writing bum articles, like good old "Meigsy."—*A Satisfied Liberty Fan.*

EYES WILL POP

MONTREAL, QUE.—Here's a mark for that Puzzler in Lansing, Michigan, to shoot at. He wrote in November 10 Vox Pop that he finished one of Liberty's Cockeyed Cross Word Puzzles in an hour and only referred to the dictionary twice. That's kindergarten stuff.

I finished the straight puzzle in November 3 Liberty in fifteen minutes and the Cockeyed one in the November 10 issue in twenty minutes without reference to the dictionary or anything else. I imagine eyes will pop when they read this.—*J. Raymond.*

"WIFEY DOESN'T LIVE HERE ANY MORE"

SOUTH BEND, IND.—As a countersuggestion to Miss E. Snigg's letter in November 10 Vox Pop that married folk be made to renew their marriage licenses annually as a means of added government revenue, I'd propose that this country do as Italy does and tax "single blessedness." Who escapes more taxation than the old maid and bachelor? Has Miss Snigg ever paid any taxes of any kind?—*George F. Hager.*

CHELSEA, MICH.—I'd like to ask Miss Snigg this question: Would failure to renew marriage licenses mean that our marriages would be dissolved? If so, I'm for it.—*Married But Hopeful.*

SEATTLE, WASH.—If you don't renew your dog license, you can't let your dog run any more; your automobile license, you can't drive any more; your fishing license, you can't fish any more. And, according to Miss Snigg's proposal, if we didn't renew our marriage license, we couldn't be married any more. What a break for some married men!

They'd all join in the chorus: "Wifey doesn't live here any more!"—*R. L. B.*

[We have been flooded with answers to Miss Snigg's proposal—far too many for publication in our limited space. Others who wrote included Mrs. D. F. Isaacs, Rochester, N. Y.; Mrs. William G. Phillips, Topeka, Kan.; A. J. Cogg, Schenectady, N. Y.; Mrs. E. Brooks, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. Mary A. Barnett, Thomaston, Conn.; Mrs. Hotard, New York, N. Y.; and Rube Kessler, Altoona, Pa.—VOX POP EDITOR.]

LIBERTY'S CALENDAR

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—I suppose I am Reminder No. 9,999, but I don't want Liberty to forget to remember to put the calendar on the cover of its first issue of 1935. It's just the right size for the kitchenette.—*R. E. Gifford.*

BET GRANDMOTHER'S BUSTLE

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—I agree with Elsie Robinson in her scathing criticism of the average young woman of middle-

Pop

class society in Is This the American Girl? (November 3 Liberty.) It was decidedly refreshing to me to see this type of worthless girls so ably sized up by one of their sex.—*E. L. Mengshoel.*

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I haven't howled before, but what person who knows could keep quiet after Elsie Robinson's tirade against the American girl? What's so darned wrong with American girls? I'm one, and I've known hundreds of others. I live in a club with one hundred and fifty of them, and I like them, as a whole.

Send a girl with no principles to a girls' school—one who lies and cheats—and she is despised by the others. Honor among American girls hasn't fled.—*A Girl.*

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH—You can bet your grandmother's bustle that everything in Elsie Robinson's article on the American girl is absolutely true, right down to the last word.—*Dorothy C. Hill.*

SPRINGFIELD, ILL.—I do not agree with Elsie Robinson that the American girl's brain is a mere mechanism to ape the lascivious poses and artifices of her favorite movie star and her one ambition is to anchor herself to some poor boob who will have to pay and pay for the leisure and luxury she believes is her due. The modern girl is made of stronger stuff than was her grandmother. How many women of past generations would have had the courage to become breadwinners in a world that still belongs to men? —*Clair Jacobs.*

[More next week. This is too good to drop.—VOX POP EDITOR.]

FOR SECRETARY OF WAR

ST. MARTINVILLE, LA. — I nominate Bernarr Macfadden for Secretary of War! He is one of the few publishers who realize our acute need for proper air defense. He proves it in his splendid editorial, Neglect of Air Defense Spells National Suicide, in November 10 Liberty.—*Lloyd Resweber.*

NEW HAVEN, MO.—"Forum of Liberty is on the air!" Those words will draw me to the radio like a magnet. Liberty is indeed fortunate to have as commentator Edwin C. Hill.

May I make one suggestion? In the field of physical culture one man stands supreme. That man is the publisher of Liberty, Bernarr Macfadden. I look forward to the day when Mr. Macfadden will speak to us on physical culture over the air. —*John Burmeister.*

WE WERE PROUD OF IT, TOO

TROY, OHIO—I consider Edith Wharton's Roman Fever in November 10 Liberty the most finished short story that has appeared in your magazine. It is perfect.—*H. R. A.*

SHOCK MIGHT BE SERIOUS

MARION, IND.—I am glad I am not the only one who abhors Beverly Hills's four-star ratings of artistic flops. I quote from the trade publication Motion Picture Herald: "If we ever met a 'down-to-earth' reviewer, one who keeps the movie masses in mind, the shock might be serious. The vast majority of criticisms are directed to the intelligentsia, comprising less than 5 per cent of theater patronage."

Continuing, the Herald writer says: "While Liberty's critic, like others, caters to what showmen call the 'highbrow' element, that magazine's circulation most emphatically does not."

Are all critics highbrow? Isn't there any one who can review and star-rate pictures according to the taste of the great American public and not to the taste of the intelligentsia? — *Ralph Cokain, Indiana Theater.*

CANNED AIR

PHOENIX, ARIZ.—One must admit that California is a wonderful state, even though it did steal the Colorado River from Arizona and tried to claim the Grand Cañon as being a part of Los Angeles.

If Californians had Arizona's pure air and climate they would can it and sell it to sickly Easterners by the carload.—*Bill Williamson.*

CHICKEN COOP FOR HOME

HUNTINGDON, PA.—W. B. K.'s outburst in November 10 Vox Pop regarding former President Hoover's recent writings shows that as an economic and literary critic he is a very good poet. Trying to make a scapegoat of a former administration is the great indoor sport of the poor citizen and cheap politician.

In this section conditions are so bad some of the unemployed have to live in chicken coops. Instead of a chicken in every pot, it's a chicken coop for home, sweet home.

But I'll not say that the policies of the present administration are to blame. —*Philip H. Jung, Consulting Chemical Engineer.*

WHAT A UNION!

SYDNEY, N. S.—Not long ago Canadian and United States representatives met at Niagara Falls to celebrate more than a century of peace between their two countries. Consider two of the most powerful nations in the world living side by side with three thousand miles of unfortified border line between them.

To European minds such a thing must seem like a dream, a wonderful vision that couldn't possibly be true.

Yet to Canadians and Americans it is not at all strange. They have so blended, in so far as thought, customs, and mode of living are concerned, that they can be classed as the same people. What a union—what strength for world peace—this combination would be: Canada plus America plus England! — *James F. Wallace.*

A BARBER RISES TO OBJECT

PAINTED POST, N. Y.—In Why Nobody Loves a Politician (October 27 Liberty) H. L. Mencken leads one to believe that practically all officeholders are incompetent or grafters. That kind of criticism tends to make citizens lose faith in their government. Undoubtedly there are grafters holding public office, but I believe the vast majority of officeholders are honorable people comparable in ability, integrity, and decency with any group in private life.—*Frank C. Platt.*

RIVERSIDE, CALIF. — H. L. Mencken classes a politician with a barber and a bartender. I am a barber and don't mind being classed with a bartender; but I don't appreciate being classed with a politician. There is a certain percentage of barbers who are honest.—*J. W. Booth.*

STEPHENVILLE, TEX.—Mencken was wrong to blame altogether the politicians. The people who elect them also are to blame. Proper qualifications for a public office are just as necessary as for a doctor or a school-teacher; yet how many officeholders possess those qualifications?—*J. E. Fitzgerald.*

DETROIT, MICH. — I don't like Mencken. He's too danged superficial. It doesn't matter whether a man makes his living by politics, religion, or catching mice—he must know his bait; and a politician certainly knows how to bait the people.—*K.M.R.*

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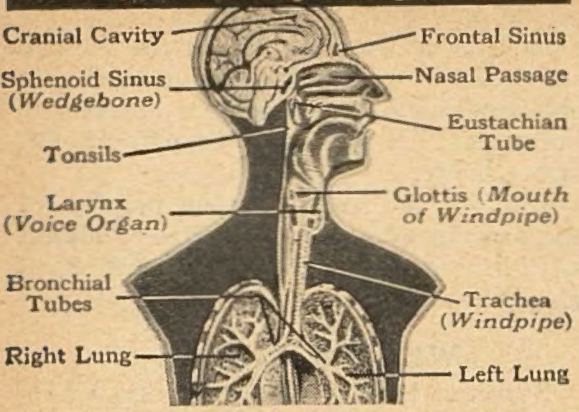

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Cover by WINFIELD HALL

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IS ENGLAND FORMING AN ALLIANCE WITH JAPAN?

By
Colonel Edward M. House

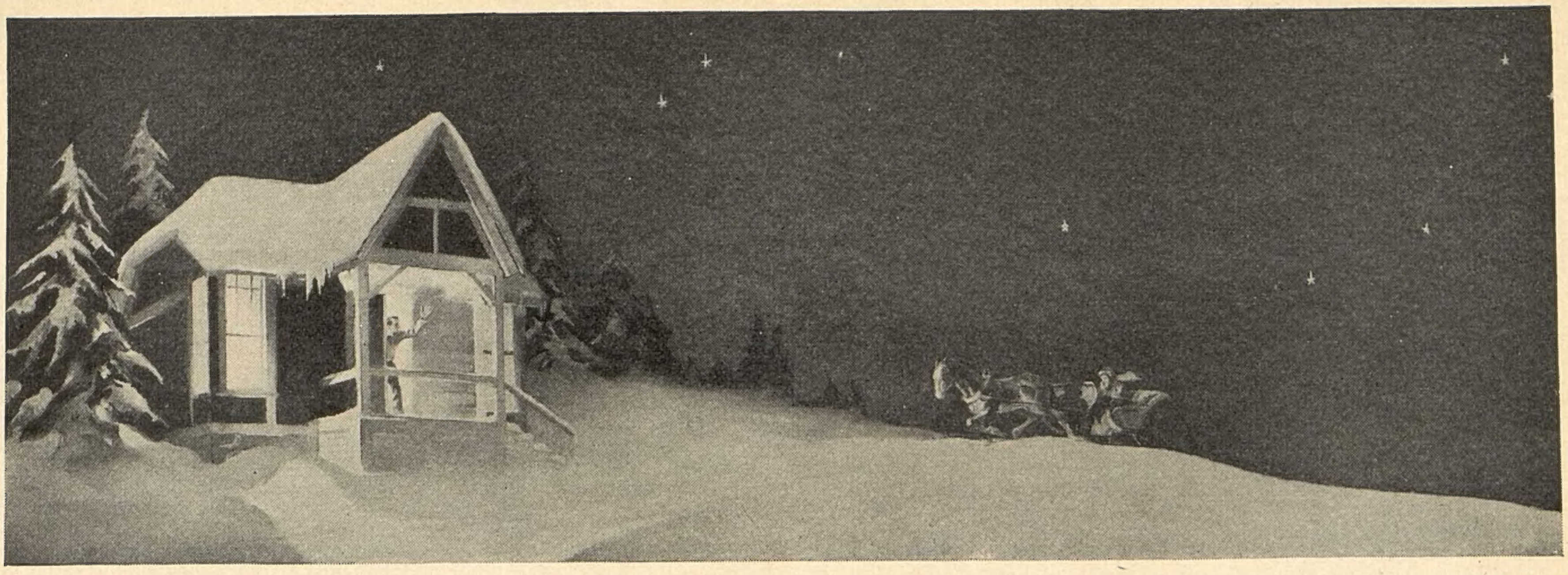
A warning of new peril in the Pacific and new storm clouds over Europe

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF JIMMY DURANTE

By
Clara Beranger

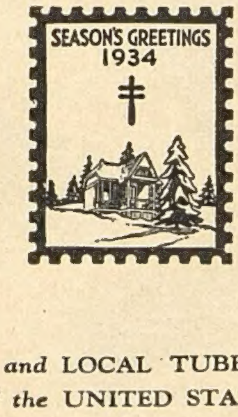
How a Bowery urchin followed his nose to fame and fortune and happiness — and the inside story of how two women helped him

Other stories and articles by Beatrice Grimshaw, Taylor Bynum, Max Brand, Anna Roosevelt Dall, Edward Doherty, and others



The 'Little Red'

In this one-room cottage at Saranac Lake, N. Y., the modern treatment of tuberculosis began » » Young Dr. Edward Livingston Trudeau had gone to his favorite hunting ground to die of the disease » » But he discovered that the more he rested the better he felt » » His recovery convinced him that rest is the vital factor in effecting a cure, and he built the little sanatorium in 1885 to treat others » » Today it is a museum affectionately known as the 'Little Red' » » Koch's discovery of the tubercle bacillus, Trudeau's regimen of cure, and Holboell's idea of the Christmas Seal made possible the organized fight against tuberculosis » » Progress has been made, but tuberculosis still kills more persons between the ages of 15 and 45 than any other disease » » Help conquer it by using Christmas Seals on your holiday letters and packages.



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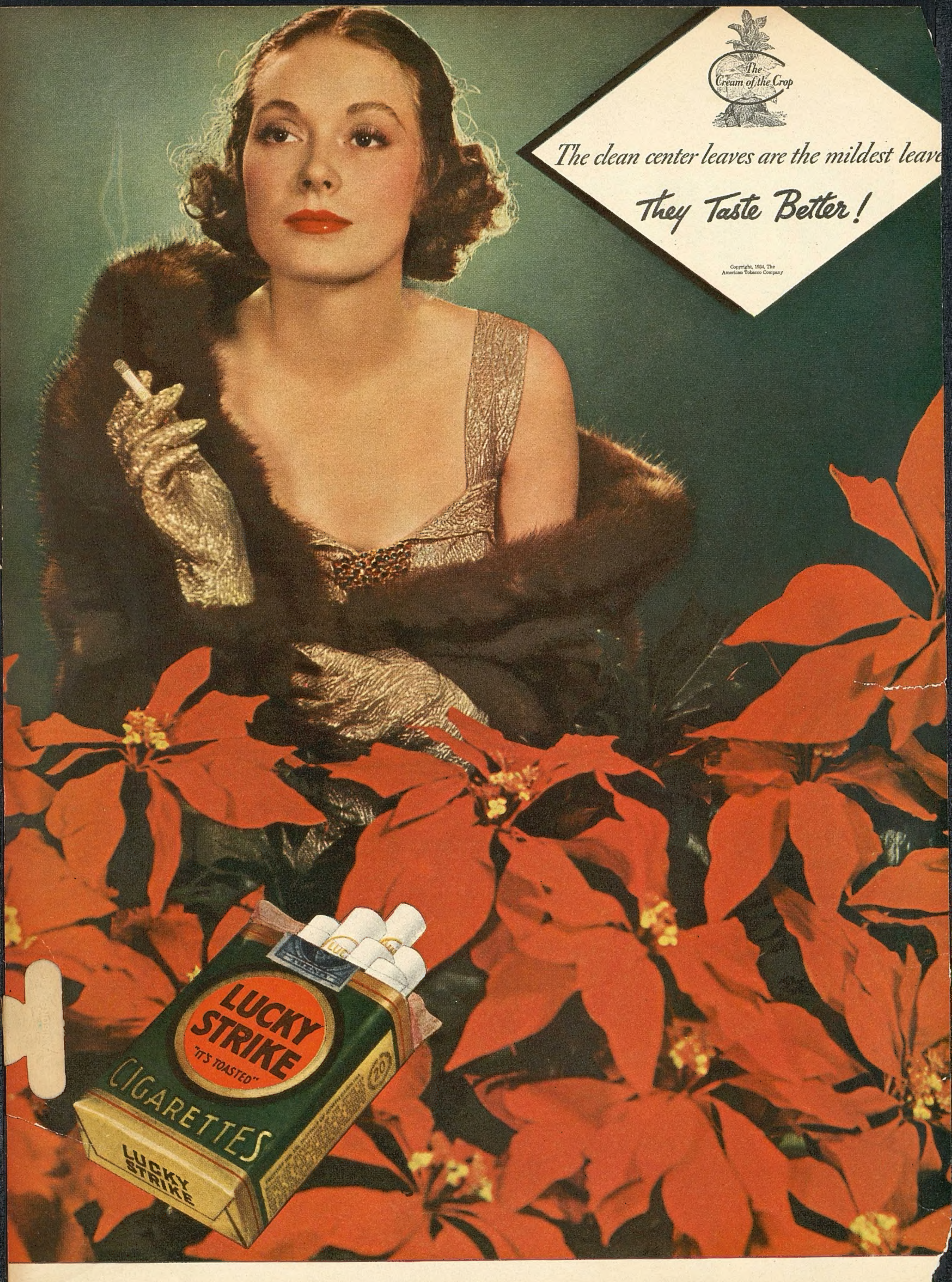
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